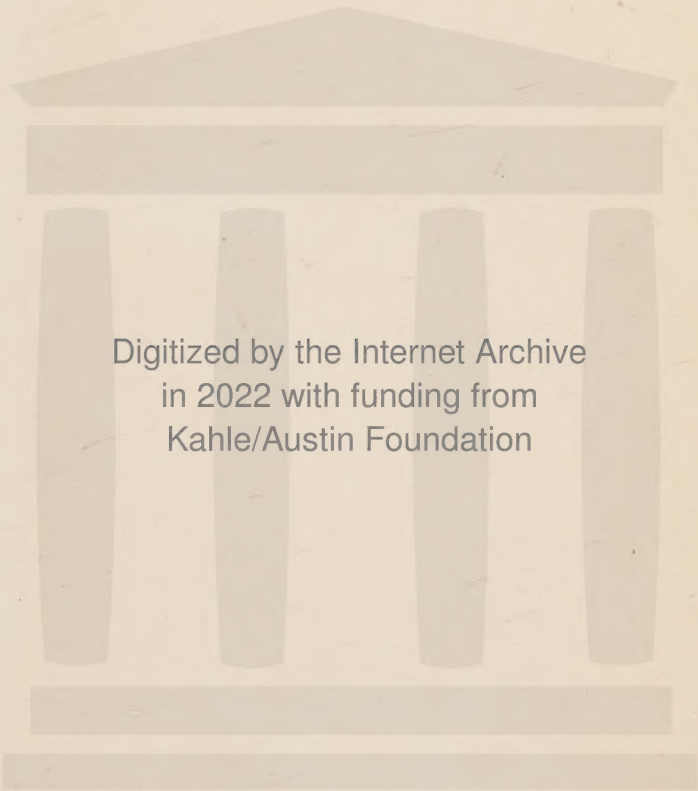
Life Story of Orson F. Whitney



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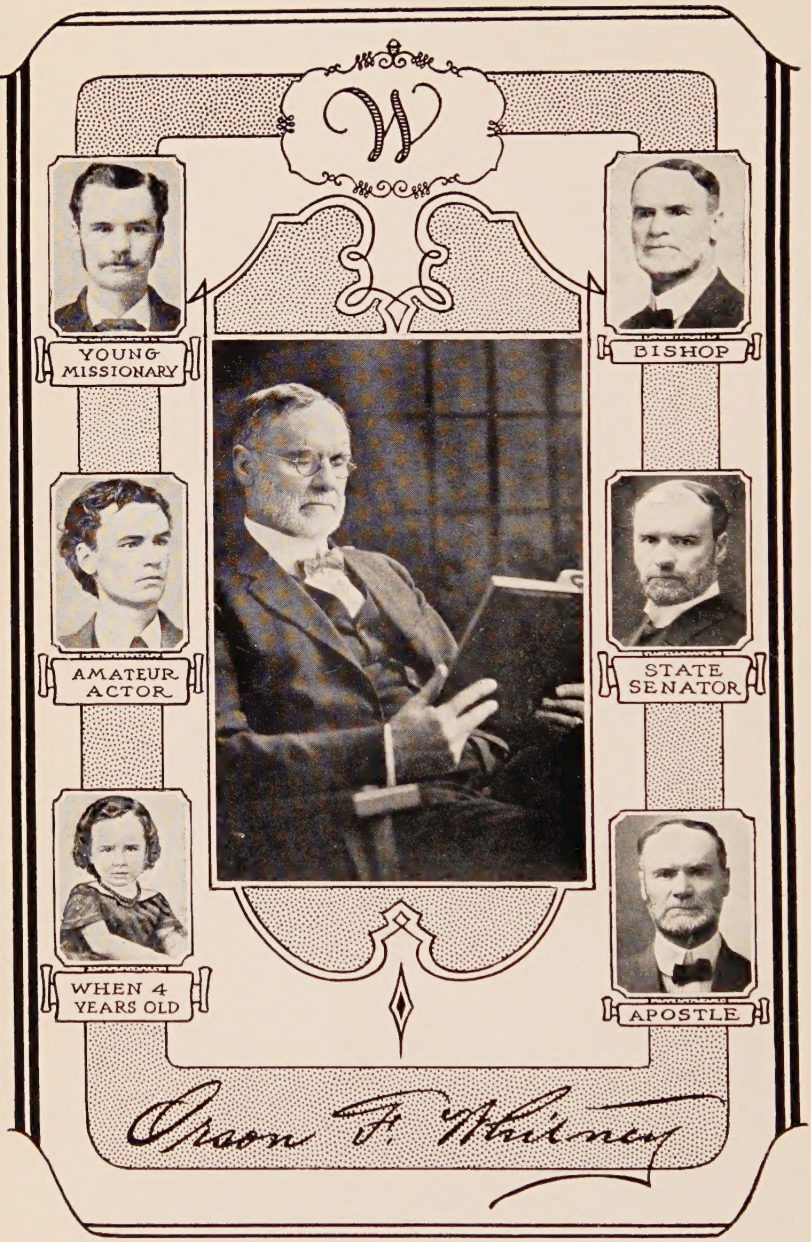
W
YOUNG MISSIONARY
BISHOP
AMATEUR ACTOR
STATE SENATOR
WHEN 4 YEARS OLD
APOSTLE
Orson F. Whitney

Through Memory's Halls

The Life Story of

ORSON F. WHITNEY

As Told by Himself

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the cup in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."
—Moore

GEORGE E. MAYCOCK

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To My Children

THIS book is for you, and for such of my kindred and friends as I have reason to believe will feel a sympathetic interest in what is here recorded.

I cannot bequeathe to you gold and silver, houses and lands. My life has not been spent in acquiring earthly riches. My parents gave me something far more precious than that which moth and rust can corrupt or thieves break through and steal. They taught me true and noble principles, and shed the light of a good example upon the path they wished me to pursue. I have tried to do as much for my sons and daughters, and the manner of my trying and some of the results are set forth in these memoirs, which I leave as a legacy to my posterity.

No apology will be needed for an attempt to make the work entertaining as well as instructive; nor for a frequent use of "the first person singular," without which no autobiography would be possible. If, in the opinion of some, I have gone too far into matters private and personal, it is to be hoped they will bear in mind that this book was written, not for the general public, but for those nearest and dearest to me. These, I am sure, will not be critical upon such points,—indeed, would feel disappointed if this story of my life were anything else than a free, frank, familiar statement of the doings, sayings and recollections of the one who wrote it and sent it forth.

Father

July 1st, 1930

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I

The Whitneys of England

1066—1635

THE Whitneys of Whitney, in Herefordshire, are rated in genealogical lore as "one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the West of England." The name Whitney, originally spelled Witenie or Wyeteney—meaning "white water"—dates back to and even beyond the time of the Norman Conquest, A. D. 1066. It derives its origin from the River Wye, near the border of Wales, where yet stand the ruins of Witenie Castle. The name is also said to signify "The Island of the Wise Men." Whitney Parish is still extant.

"The babbling Wye," as Tennyson terms it in "In Memoriam," has its source near the summit of Plinlimmon, whence, rushing through the picturesque mountains of Wales and breaking into foam (white water) over the rocks of its rugged channel, it enters upon English ground and pursues a placid course till it mingles with the waters of the Severn. From the lovely scenery along its banks, the Wye is famed as the most beautiful river in England.

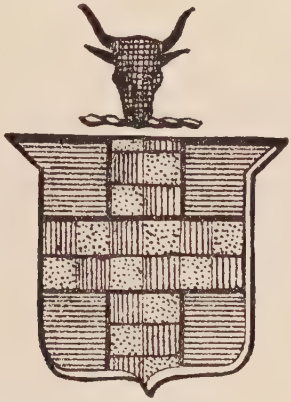
Witenie Manor, the abode of the early lords of Witenie, antedated the coming of the Norman conqueror. Some of those lords were of Welsh descent, one of them a Knight of the Round Table in the reign of King Arthur. But the founder of the family was of Flemish stock, affiliated with the conquering Normans. Prior to their advent Aluard, a Saxon, had held the land, but at the time of the Domesday Survey (1081-7) it was "waste," with no owner save the king as Paramount Lord.

William, duke of Normandy, who became William the First, king of England, had Flemish troops in the army with which he invaded Britain. One of his officers was Turstin the Fleming, son of Rolf and husband of Agnes, daughter of one of the great barons of the realm. Speaking of Turstin, Hon. William Whitney Rice says: "He was a valiant fighter, one of the northern sea rovers who joined the army of William on the expedition for the conquest of England. The amount of bounty allotted him by William (nine tracts, including the Witenie estate) shows that he was a man of position and consequence. He was specially commissioned to guard the frontiers against the incursions of the Welsh, and for this purpose had his castle situated on the Wye and within the bounds of the present manor of Whitney. His son Eustace, who inherited his property, assumed the name of Whitney, which has been borne from that date to the present time. The Whitneys were the chief men in the vicinity, sheriffs of the County and members of Parliament."

Sir Randolph, a grandson of Sir Eustace de Whitney, accompanied Richard Coeur de Leon to the Crusades, and greatly distinguished himself by his personal strength and great valor. Sent by King Richard on a mission to the French commander, he was attacked by three Saracens, one of whom, the leader, was brother to the great Saladin. Sir Randolph stoutly defended himself, but his assailants were gaining on him, when a Spanish bull, feeding near the scene of the conflict, attracted by the red dress of the Saracens, made a furious charge, putting two of them to flight, thus equalizing the combat between the English knight and his principal antagonist. The latter was wounded and left for dead, after which his two minions were pursued and despatched by Sir Randolph, who then proceeded upon the mission of the king. Thus originated the Whitney Crest.

Dr. Harry Beverley Deas, in an article on "Genealogy and Arms," published in the Salt Lake Herald, March 2nd, 1902, says: "In the eager striving for the accumulation of wealth, the American people have paid too little attention

to their ancestry; until now, when it is almost too late, they are beginning to ask, Who are we? Where did we come from?" Accompanying the article were cuts showing the ancestral arms, crests and mottoes of many Utah families, among them the Smiths, Kimballs, Wells and Whitneys. I shall present but one of them here:



WHITNEY

Arms: Azure, a cross, componee or, and gu.
Crest: A bull's head, couped, sable, armed, argent, the points, gules.
Motto: Magnanimiter crucem sustine. (Bear the cross with magnanimity.)

Let it not be supposed that I set any undue value upon such things, obsolete and antiquated as they are. But they once were useful, and still possess historical interest. Nothing that tends to light up the past and turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, can be consistently ignored by those for whom these memoirs were written.

One of the Whitneys was slain in a battle with the Welsh during the reign of Henry the Fourth. Another followed Henry the Fifth to France and fought at Agincourt, where the English were so wonderfully victorious. A Captain Whitney is said to have been a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh's, and a Lieutenant

Whitney fought on the Royalist side at Worcester, in the time of Cromwell. Many other eminent men have borne the name and helped to make it honorable.

The Whitneys intermarried with great families. By that means their blood became mixed with the blood of Saxon, Norman and Plantagenet kings of England, and with that of the royal houses of Scotland, France and Spain.

The last of this knightly line, which was destined to lose itself in the life-stream of Puritan New England, was Thomas Whitney, gentleman, of Westminster (now part of London), a scion of the Whitneys of Whitney, on the banks of the Wye. His uncle, Sir James, was sheriff of Herefordshire, knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1570. His grandfather, Sir Robert, had been knighted by Queen Mary in 1553. Thomas Whitney married Mary Bray, and one of their nine children was John Whitney of Watertown, Massachusetts, our earliest American ancestor.

John, with his wife Elinor and their five sons, embarked at the port of London in the spring of 1635, and in June of that year they ended their voyage on the shores of the New-Old World. John Whitney had received a good education, probably at the famous Westminster School, and had become a full-fledged member of one of the great trade guilds of that time. In Watertown he held successively the offices of selectman, clerk and constable. He died in 1673, "aged about eighty-four years," and from Massachusetts his descendants spread out over other parts of the Continent.

Eli Whitney, the famous inventor; Josiah Dwight Whitney, geologist and professor at Harvard; William Dwight Whitney, philologist, Sanscrit scholar and editor of the Century Dictionary; William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Grover Cleveland, and many other distinguished Americans, are branches of this family tree. There are other Whitneys in America, but this record has to do only with certain direct descendants of John and Elinor Whitney of Watertown.[a]

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a For most of the foregoing data I have drawn upon the Whitney Genealogy, compiled by Colonel Frederick Clifton Pierce, a scion of the Whitney family on both the paternal and maternal sides. His book was published at Chicago in 1895.

II

American Ancestors

1795—1870

SOME of the Watertown Whitneys migrated to Vermont. At Marlborough, Windham County, in that State, my paternal grandfather, Newel Kimball Whitney, was born, February 5, 1795. He was the eldest son and second child of Samuel and Susannah Kimball Whitney. One of his ancestors, Captain Samuel Whitney, my great-great-grandfather, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. The complete male line of my Whitney forebears in America runs back as follows: Horace K., Newel K., Samuel, Samuel, Samuel, Nathaniel, Nathaniel, John, John—the last-named, John Whitney of Watertown.

The early life of Newel K. Whitney—the first of our line to become associated with the Latter-day Work—was that of the average New England boy—farming in summer, schooling in winter, and choring the year around. He had native business tact, and at the age of nineteen was a sutler or merchant in a small way at the historic village of Plattsburg, on the west shore of Lake Champlain. This was during the War of 1812. At the battle of Plattsburg he took part in the engagement that resulted in the defeat of the British.

Next we find him at Green Bay, Lake Michigan, established as a trader with the Indians. There he narrowly escaped death at the hands of an infuriated savage, who, angered at his refusal to supply him with liquor, sought his life. He was saved by an Indian girl named Modalena, who grappled with the red man and held on till his intended victim was well out of the way.

Subsequently, at Painesville, Ohio, he fell in with a merchant named Algernon Sidney Gilbert, who, feeling a friendly interest in the young trader, took him into his store and taught him book-keeping. Later he became junior partner in the firm of Gilbert and Whitney at Kirtland, not far from Painesville, near the southern shore of Lake Erie.

Newel K. Whitney married Elizabeth Ann Smith, a young woman from Connecticut, whose acquaintance he had formed while on business trips to and from the City of New York. Grandmother Whitney says of her husband: "He had thrift and energy, and accumulated property faster than most of his associates. He was proverbially lucky in all his undertakings, insomuch that it was often remarked among our friends, that nothing of 'N. K.'s' ever got lost on the Lake, and no product of his exportation was ever low in the market. We prospered in all our efforts to accumulate wealth. Our tastes, our feelings were congenial, and we were a happy couple, with bright prospects in store."

Add to this that he was honest, punctual, straight-forward, and the reader will have a fair pen portrait of the man who became the second Presiding Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Though not college bred, he was educated, possessed great natural intelligence, read much, thought deeply, and kept abreast of the spirit of the times.

In religion, Newel K. Whitney and his wife were Disciples (reformed Baptists) when the Gospel found them. They belonged to a congregation of which Sidney Rigdon was the head, and in which Parley P. Pratt was a rising preacher. The Whitneys became Latter-day Saints when Oliver Cowdery and other Elders came from New York to Ohio, on their way to Western Missouri, to carry the Gospel to the Indians, or "Lamanites," as the Book of Mormon terms them.[a] The Church was then about seven months old, having been organized by Joseph Smith and his associates at Fayette, Seneca County, New York, April 6, 1830.

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a The other members of the Cowdery party were Peter Whitmer Jr., Parley P. Pratt and Ziba Peterson.

Some of the Kirtland Saints, hearing that the Church intended moving westward, began to pray for the coming of the Prophet. One day—it was in February 1831—a sleigh containing several persons drove in from the East and drew up in front of the mercantile store of Gilbert and Whitney. A stalwart young man sprang out, walked up the steps into the store and to where the junior partner was standing. Extending his hand as if to an old and familiar acquaintance, he exclaimed: "Newel K. Whitney, thou art the man!"

The merchant was astonished. He had never seen this person before. "Stranger," said he, "you have the advantage of me; I could not call you by name, as you have me."

"I am Joseph the Prophet," said the stranger, smiling. "You've prayed me here; now what do you want of me?"

Joseph Smith, in the State of New York, had seen Newel K. Whitney, in the State of Ohio, praying for his coming to Kirtland; had seen him so vividly—not with the natural, but with the spiritual eye—that he knew him when they met. This was one of the rare powers possessed by the "Choice Seer."[b]

Such, according to our family folk lore, was Newel K. Whitney's introduction to the head of the Church. Doubtless that meeting had been divinely prearranged, Joseph's vision preparing the way for an interview between him and the man who was to have the honor of entertaining him and his wife during the early weeks of their residence in Kirtland. Says the Prophet: "We were kindly received and welcomed into the house of Brother Newel K. Whitney. My wife and I lived in the family of Brother Whitney several weeks, and received every kindness and attention which could be expected, and especially from Sister Whitney."

Newel K. Whitney became Bishop of Kirtland, where the first Stake of Zion was organized. When called to that responsible office—the duties of which were similar to those of Bishop Edward Partridge, who had been sent to "build up Zion" in Missouri—he shrank from it, saying: "Brother Joseph,

b Book of Mormon—2 Nephi 3: 6, 7, 15; Doctrine and Covenants 131:7,8; Pearl of Great Price—Moses 1:11-14.

c History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 145, 146.

I cannot see a bishop in myself." "Very well," said the Prophet, "then lay it before the Lord." He did so and in the silence of night came a voice from Heaven: "Thy strength is in Me." Hesitating no longer, he accepted the office, and magnified it to the end of his days.

Bishop Whitney was a staunch friend to the Prophet, standing by him when many faltered and fell away. They frequently traveled together, and shared each other's confidence. On one of their journeys, returning from Jackson County, Missouri, in May 1832, the horses of the coach on which they were traveling ran away. While going at full speed both passengers leaped from the vehicle, the Prophet landing in safety. But the Bishop, "having his coat fast," was caught in one of the wheels and thrown violently to the ground, breaking his leg and foot in several places.

This accident delayed them for several weeks at a public house in Greenville, Indiana. There the Prophet's food was poisoned; but his faith and that of his friend thwarted what he believed to be an attempt upon his life. While still suffering from the effects of the poison, he made his way to the bedside of Bishop Whitney, who administered to him by the laying on of hands, and he was instantly healed.

Feeling that he had enemies in Greenville, the Prophet now proposed that they set out for Kirtland. "Brother Whitney," says he, "had not had his foot moved from the bed for nearly four weeks, when I went into his room, after a walk in the grove, and told him if he would agree to start for home in the morning, we would take a wagon to the river, about four miles, and there would be a ferry-boat in waiting which would take us quickly across, where we should find a hack that would take us directly to the landing, where we should find a boat in waiting, and we would be going up the river before ten o'clock, and have a prosperous journey home. He took courage and told me he would go. We started next morning, and found everything as I had told him."[d] Another instance of Joseph's power as a Seer.

d History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 271, 272.

Bishop Whitney passed through many of the fiery trials that beset the Saints, and followed the fortunes of his persecuted people, moving first from Ohio to Illinois, and thence into the Wilderness.

A Ward Bishop and an Alderman at Nauvoo, he afterwards became Presiding Bishop and Trustee-in-Trust for the Church, sharing the latter office with Bishop George Miller, who subsequently fell away. At the time of the exodus from Illinois Bishop Whitney was prominent in the leading councils of the Church.[e] Having sent two of his sons with the Pioneers, he remained at Winter Quarters on the Iowa frontier, superintending, conjointly with Patriarch Isaac Morley, the emigration of the main body of the Saints. In 1848, at the head of a company, he with his family crossed the plains and settled in Salt Lake Valley.

He was still Presiding Bishop and still Trustee-in-Trust. He had no appointed counselors, but was advised by Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, who with President Willard Richards then stood at the head of the Church. While serving in that dual capacity, he also presided over the Eighteenth Ward, one of the nineteen ecclesiastical divisions into which "Great Salt Lake City" was originally divided (February 1849). During the same year he became Treasurer and Associate Justice of the Provisional State of Deseret, the first civic government organized in the Inter-mountain West.

Grandfather Whitney died September 23, 1850. In a post mortem tribute signed "E. R. S." (Eliza R. Snow) and published in the Deseret News at the time of his death, he is referred to as "one of the oldest, most exemplary, and most useful members of the Church," which in him "suffers the loss of a wise and able counselor, and a thorough and straight-forward business man. It was ever more gratifying to him to pay a debt than to contract one, and when all his debts were paid he was a

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e February 26, 1847, Bishop Whitney met in council with President Brigham Young and others, at Winter Quarters, "to consider the appointment of a Pioneer Company and their requirements for the journey." Essentials of Church History, p. 435.

happy man, though he had nothing left but his own moral and muscular energy. He has gone down to the grave leaving a spotless name behind him, and thousands to mourn the loss of such a valuable man."

It will interest the posterity of Newel K. Whitney to know that his eldest daughter, Sarah, was sealed in celestial marriage to the Prophet Joseph Smith; the event taking place at Nauvoo, Illinois, not long before the Martyrdom. Bishop Whitney himself voiced the ceremony, which had been given to the Prophet by revelation. Therein Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, is mentioned as one of the Bishop's ancestors.

In a patriarchal blessing pronounced by Father Joseph Smith Sr. upon the head of Newel K. Whitney, these words occur: "And, as thou art a descendant of Melchizedek, one of thy posterity shall be like unto him before the Lord; and he shall be a benefit to thy posterity."

Both these documents are still in existence. They serve to explain why Grandfather Whitney named one of his sons Jethro, and another, Newel Melchizedek. The latter, who was the youngest-born of the Bishop's first wife, died early. Jethro, the son of a plural wife, matured to manhood, but is now deceased.

My father, Horace Kimball Whitney, was Newel K. Whitney's eldest son, born at Kirtland, Ohio, July 25, 1823. His parents being well-to-do, he was given every advantage of schooling then available. Gifted with a capacious and retentive memory, he inherited and acquired a taste for learning that lasted through life. In boyhood he was quite a prodigy among his mates, owing to his scholarly attainments. "Ask Horace," became a proverb with them. They styled him "The Walking Dictionary." To prevent him from studying too hard, his father would take away his light and send him to bed; whereupon the persistent seeker after knowledge would open his window, put his head and book outside, and read by moonlight.

I have heard him tell how he would cross the street from the home to the store, with his finger on a strange word, to get

from his father its meaning or the correct pronunciation. When, puzzled over some statement in his book, he referred the matter to his sire, the latter simply said, "Read on"—the next sentence probably giving the desired explanation.

A mere child when his parents were converted to "Mormonism," he was still but a lad when the Prophet founded schools at Kirtland for the study of languages. Horace was one of the first students enrolled, and speedily acquired a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin. In English he was already proficient, and likewise "quick at figures." He also cultivated music, sang melodiously, and played the flute like a master.

As a youth he was fond of athletic sports, especially swimming, and is said to have saved the life of an older boy who, diving in a deep mill-pond, became entangled in roots at the bottom, and was nearly drowned when Horace dove after him, brought him to the surface, and helped him to the bank. The rescued lad, who had bullied his rescuer on former occasions, became his fast friend from that hour.

Moving from Kirtland in the fall of 1838, the Whitneys would have proceeded to Far West, Missouri, then the headquarters of the Church, but were intercepted by news of mob troubles and the pending expulsion of the Saints from that State. They spent the winter at Carrollton, Illinois, where Horace sought employment as a school teacher. Though several years under the statutory age, he looked older. Pleased with his readiness and accuracy in answering the questions put to him, the examiner said: "I presume you are about twenty-one, Mr. Whitney." "You needn't guess again," was the shrewd reply; and this non-committal speech won for him the coveted position.

At Nauvoo he learned the printer's trade, and was a compositor on the "Times and Seasons," having as a fellow employee, George Q. Cannon, then a lad several years younger than himself. His bright gifts and genial disposition made him a general favorite.

His relations with the Prophet and other Church leaders were intimate. His journal tells how he pitched a game of

quoits with President Joseph Smith and Jedediah M. Grant, while waiting for a steamboat upon which he and Elder Grant were about to start for the Eastern States on a mission. Joseph had previously ordained him an Elder. This was almost a year before the Martyrdom, which occurred while Horace was away. He visited his mother's relatives in Connecticut, taught school in Stephentown, N. Y., and returned via Kirtland to Nauvoo.

Horace K. Whitney married Helen Mar Kimball, the eldest living daughter of Heber Chase Kimball by his first wife, Vilate Murray. The ceremony took place in the Nauvoo Temple, February 3, 1846; President Brigham Young officiating. Helen (my mother) was a native of New York State, born at Mendon, Monroe County, August 22, 1828. It was at Mendon that the Youngs and Kimballs came into the Church. Mother, prior to her union with my father, had been sealed to the Prophet, her own father performing the ceremony.[f]

The Kimballs, like the Whitneys, were of English-American stock, Heber C., like Newel K., being a native son of Vermont and of Revolutionary ancestry. The Murrays were of Scotch descent. Heber C. Kimball was a tried and trusted friend to the Prophet. In 1835 he became an Apostle, one of the original Twelve ordained in this dispensation. In that capacity he headed the first foreign mission of the Church, opening the Gospel door to Great Britain at Preston, Lancashire, in July 1837. Ten years and five months later he was chosen First Counselor to President Brigham Young, and held that office as long as he lived.

Heber C. Kimball possessed the gift of prophecy in a greater degree, it was thought, than any other member of the Church, excepting its mighty founder. Many of his marvelous foretellings are famous in "Mormon" history. His wife Vilate had a poetic temperament, and wrote tender and beautiful verses. Like "Mother" Whitney, Vilate Murray Kimball will

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f Joseph had said to her: "If you will take this step it will insure your eternal salvation and exaltation, and that of your father's household, and all your kindred." To bring about the fruition of this promise, Helen Mar Kimball gave herself to the Prophet in celestial marriage.

always be regarded as one of the noblest women of this dispensation.

On the Missouri River Horace K. Whitney and his younger brother Orson were enrolled in the Pioneer Company led by President Brigham Young to the Rocky Mountains, entering Salt Lake Valley, July 24, 1847. Grandfather Kimball was also a member of that historic band.

My father returned the same season to Winter Quarters for his family, and with them recrossed the plains in 1848. My mother lost her first two children—Helen Rosabelle and William Howard—in their infancy; the former at Winter Quarters, the latter near Sweet Water River. Her third child, Horace K., died about a year later, in Salt Lake Valley.

Father's life in Utah, though busy, was comparatively uneventful. For a while he worked as a printer and was among those who, in June 1850, set the first type for the Deseret News, the pioneer journal of the Rocky Mountain region.

At the time of "The Move," when Johnston's Army was approaching Salt Lake City, and the people, fearful of what the troops intended doing, left their homes and traveled south, our family sojourned for a season at Provo. Father remained, however, as one of the guards at the capital, until the army had passed through the all but deserted town. In the Utah Militia ("Nauvoo Legion") he was Major of Topographical Engineers.

Always a lover of the drama, he became one of its earliest exponents in Utah, a member of the Deseret Dramatic Association, playing at the Social Hall (where the premier performance was given in January 1853) and at the Salt Lake Theatre, which opened nine years later. After leaving the stage he was connected with the Theatre Orchestra. Most of this service, both dramatic and musical, was gratuitous; he and his associates playing without pay.

During almost his entire life in Salt Lake Valley, Father was a bookkeeper in the office of the President of the Church. In 1869-70 he filled a short-term mission to his native State, renewing acquaintance with some of his father's and mother's relatives in and around Kirtland. This was probably his one

absence from Utah after taking up his abode here. I recall no other.

An incessant reader, he reveled in the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and other great masters of literature. Though a charming conversationist, with sparkling wit and ready pen, he shunned publicity and was without ambition for office of any kind. While not spiritually-minded in the extreme—resembling in this respect his father rather than his mother, who was spirituality personified—he was moral and upright, a law-abiding citizen, a good husband and father; and they who knew him best esteemed him most.

III

Boyhood Days

1855—1868

ORSON Ferguson Whitney—such was the name chosen for me by my parents, and confirmed upon me as a babe when I was blessed and christened. Born in Salt Lake City, Sunday, July 1st, 1855, I was named for my father's brother, Orson K. Whitney, pioneer and missionary; and for my father's friend, James Ferguson, adjutant-general in the Utah Militia, and one of the earliest and brightest stars in the local dramatic firmament. They were both absent upon missions, Uncle Orson in the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), General Ferguson in Ireland, when I came upon the scene.[a]

Seldom if ever was I called Orson by my playmates. My first nickname was "Bub"; afterwards I was "Whit," and eventually "Ort."

The humble house in which I first opened my eyes upon this world, has long since disappeared. I have no recollection of it. It stood, I have been told, in a lane running off North Temple Street, about midway between Main and State. But my boyhood days had another home, which I remember well. It faced north on City Creek, nearly upon the site of its vanished

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a A letter dated July 30, 1855, written by my father and addressed to Elder John T. Caine, then on a mission in the Hawaiian Islands, makes this jocular allusion to my birth: "We have lately been presented with an heir to our vast domain, consisting of half a lot in the 18th Ward, G. S. L. City. The great event took place on the 1st of July, at ten minutes past ten p. m. This prodigy we have styled—in remembrance of our well beloved and absent brother and friend—Orson Ferguson Whitney. Another reason for its name is the superior excellence to which we expect, in the plenitude of our paternal self-gratulation, the man-child will attain in the course of human events and coming years!" This letter, found among the effects of Elder Caine after his death, was presented to me by his daughter, Mrs. Martie Caine Patrick.

predecessor. Most of the school grounds in that vicinity, where now stand the Brigham Young and Joseph F. Smith memorial buildings, originally belonged to the Whitney Corner, where my grandfather settled in the autumn of 1848.

Father had three families, two of them simultaneously. His wives were Helen Mar Kimball, Lucy Amelia Bloxom and Mary Cravath. The second I never knew, she having died nearly four years before I was born. The third wife, "Aunt Mary," was almost a real mother to me, carrying me in her arms as a nurse before and after her marriage to my father. At first she lived in the same house with my mother, but when her own children began to come, Father provided her with a separate domicile. The houses were in the same lot, and he stayed week about with each family, fairly dividing his time, attentions and limited means with both. His children loved one another almost as much as if the same mother had borne them; and that love, I am happy to say, has never grown cold. We had our childish differences, but they were no more serious than those among any flock of children, and melted like frost in the sunshine of our advancing years.

My earliest distinct recollection was "The Move," in the spring of 1858. I was not then three years old, but clearly recall incidents connected with the journey to and the sojourn at Provo, where our folks dwelt that summer. One incident that impressed itself upon me, physically as well as mentally, was the accidental scalding of my head by a hired help, a girl, who carelessly wrung a hot dishcloth over me as I sat upon the doorstep of our humble cabin home. They say I was rather hot-headed when a boy. I certainly was on that occasion.

Put to school very early—too early, I think—I grew tired of the indoor confinement long before I had mastered all the rudiments of a common school education. Healthy, though not robust, I loved the open air, was fond of exploring the near-by hills and canyons, and often played truant to indulge that fondness. This, however, was not until I had entered upon my "teens," and the enticements of baseball had reinforced nature's attractions. Up to that time I was an exemplary

student, and at one period wore the teacher's silver medal for good conduct. Looking back upon those days, I cannot but conclude that since I needed physical development, my acts of truancy were more of a blessing than a bane. They worried my parents, however, especially my father, who was anxious that his children should have plenty of schooling. He often remarked that if he could leave them nothing else, he would do his best to give them "a good common English education." He certainly did his best in that direction.

I must have inherited something of his marvelous memory and love of books. A great reader even in childhood, I could easily memorize anything that I wished to retain. My mind seemed to photograph, not only the reading matter, but its very position on the page; so that I could see it mentally even after the lapse of many years. I read Hume and Smollett's History of England when a small boy, and could name all the monarchs of that realm in the order of their reigns, relating also the principal events in which they figured. British history, my father told me, was an excellent preparation for studying the history of the United States. I found it so; and in spite of George III and his red-coats, I never quite got over my love for the dear old Mother Country. I include Scotland, of course, the native home of some of my forebears. Greece and Rome stood next in my affections; and then other heroic nations. I was very fond of history. Even in fiction, historical stories, pictures and plays suited me best. And the more romantic they were, the better I liked them.

Shakespeare's works—Hamlet, Macbeth, and other famous tragedies—I pored over when a child, having found acting copies of them in my father's library. Later, I witnessed these and other great plays on the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre.

My first teacher—the first that I remember— was Mary Ellen Kimball, one of the wives of my grandfather, President Heber C. Kimball. She taught his private school, wherein his children and those of near neighbors were the pupils. The school house was a small frame building fronting west on Main Street, nearly a block north of City Creek. I began with the

First Reader, having mastered the Alphabet and "A—b-abs" at home. When asked by my teacher where I had learned my letters, I answered with charming naivete: "I never did learn 'em—I always knew 'em;" it being my childish supposition that nothing could be *learned* out of school.

In after years this teacher told me that I possessed as a child strong powers of concentration. "You could always keep your eyes on your book," said she, "though other boys might be whispering or playing on either side of you." I can well believe it; for even now, when thinking intensively, I neither see nor hear what is going on around me.

Oftentimes I amused myself and amazed my companions by taking up some book entirely new to me, glancing at a paragraph, and then, while looking off, repeating it word for word without the slightest hesitation. I could not do that now, though my memory in some respects, particularly as a retainer of early incidents or of choice literature learned in former years, is considered remarkable, "almost uncanny"—to quote a friend's comment upon it.

I loved reading and hated arithmetic. Spelling and penmanship seemed to come naturally. I was always at or near the head of my class in spelling or reading. Later, elocution and rhetoric appealed to me strongly. But anything involving mathematics was difficult and distasteful.

My father had an original way of teaching. A well remembered instance occurred when I was a small boy. For some reason I had confounded the words "asked" and "told," and was continually using the one for the other. My male parent corrected me in a most effectual manner. Having sent me to get my shoes repaired, he said on my return: "Now report your errand." "Well," I drawled, "I told him if the shoes would be done tomorrow"—"And he asked you 'yes,' I suppose?" broke in Father. That was enough; I never made the same mistake again. My speech was mended more permanently than my footwear.

My mother never taught school, but would have excelled as a teacher had she trained for it. Gifted both in speaking and

writing, she had a fund of forceful language, wrote vigorously, and spoke with dignified deliberation. When she arose, tall and stately, yet humble and unaffected, to "bear testimony" as she sometimes did in fast meetings, all was still, every eye was upon her, and every ear bent to listen. Her very appearance was impressive.

Another teacher of mine was an English woman, who also taught in the Kimball school house, and subsequently at her own home. Expert in arithmetic, she had little patience with anyone who was not. Moreover, I bothered her with questions, asking for explanations that she could not always give. This annoyed her, as it does most people. One day she said to me, with some asperity: "You're a dunce." It cut me to the quick, but at the same time set me to thinking: Who is nearest a dunce—one who asks questions, or one who cannot answer them?

Until then I had got along pretty well with this teacher. It was her silver medal that I had worn for one hundred per cent deportment; a larger boy being decorated in like manner for the same reason. Those medals were a positive misfortune. How the other boys hated us! My life was made miserable until, much to my relief, the medal was taken off.

One day President Kimball came in, and in his right hand was a long carriage whip. "Sister Pratt," he inquired, "who is the worst boy in school?" She named him, tearfully, for she knew what was coming and could be tender-hearted at times. It was one of his own sons. Forthwith the husky youngster, the terror of his mates, was called to the center of the floor and thrashed. "Next," Grandfather demanded; and the next-to-the-worst was named and treated in like manner, and so on down the line. It looked cruel, but was really kind. I noticed, too, that the long lash curved rather leniently around the quivering form of each juvenile culprit. The moral effect, not physical pain, was the end sought. I was one of the immunes, but Grandfather turned to me as he was leaving and said, his black eyes piercing me through. "And you behave *your*self."

It hurt me more than a whipping would have done. I

never could endure scolding, even when I deserved it; and on that occasion it was undeserved. He knew it, too, but doubtless thought it wise to sound the note of warning. It probably kept the other boys from pounding me into pulp.

Grandfather could be stern, but he was also just and kind. His chastisements were well meant, and no doubt much needed. His children loved him none the less. Not one but would have died for him. And they were a brave lot, those Kimball boys —not a coward among them. Their reverence for their noble father was one of their most prominent characteristics.

Fond of fun and frequently indulging in mischievous pranks, I never was cruel, nor would I countenance cruelty in others. I once saw two boys of about my own age and size take a crutch from a poor old cripple and throw it out into the deep snow bordering the uphill path that he was toilsomely climbing. It filled me with pity and indignation. I ran and restored the crutch to its grateful owner, amid the laughter and jeers of his thoughtless tormentors. Had my strength been equal to my will, I might have kept the crutch long enough to belabor their backs with it. It was such antics as theirs that made Grandfather's whip a necessary factor in school discipline.

Most of my fights when a boy—and they were not many—were in behalf of someone who was being imposed upon. If ever I struck first, it was after some boy had knocked a chip off my shoulder, a chip placed there by some bigger boy who was "spoiling for a fight" (by proxy), and would have called me "coward" had I refused to play the part he had assigned me.

Exceedingly sensitive, quick to feel an injury or a slight, I could also forgive on the least show of kindness or a desire to conciliate. While not by any means of an angelic disposition, but having a rather explosive temperament, often giving way to fits of unreasonable anger, I regained self-control about as quickly as I lost it, and it was never difficult for me to return good for evil after my wrath had cooled. Revenge is foreign to my nature. I have always felt that retaliation lowers a man to the level of the one who has wronged him.

The Civil War began when I was less than six years old.

My sympathies, such as they were, went south of the Mason and Dixon line—not for Secession, nor because of any comprehension of the merits of the strife; but simply because it was natural for me to side with the weak against the strong. I was always for "the under dog in the fight."

Patriotism I had been taught from the cradle. Washington and other heroes of the Revolution were my idols. Many a night before "The glorious Fourth" I sat up with my boy companions, practically without sleep, that I might be among the first to greet the Goddess of Liberty at daybreak with a salute from our little toy cannons.

Patriotic—yes; though having no great love for noisy demonstrations, even on Independence Day. The thunder of cannon close by was never agreeable to my ears. Shrieking locomotives, steam whistles, or any other harsh, raucous sound shocked and repelled me. I felt everything so keenly. A word or even a look could comfort me or cast me down. I regretted this phase of my disposition until taught by experience and reason that the power to feel is a precious possession; that sensitiveness is not a curse, but a blessing, since they who suffer most can also enjoy most.

Loving agreeable companionship, and tenderly attached to my playmates, such as were congenial, or to any other object upon which I had set my affections, I also loved solitude and shunned crowds and excitement. A friend once said: "Whenever there is a fire down the street and crowds are running to the blaze, Ort can be seen going home or moseying off in some other direction." This was quite true, or not much of an exaggeration. There had to be a better reason for my doing or saying anything, than the fact that others were doing or saying it.

While not much of a sport, I clearly recall the thrill of catching my first fish. Not the capture of a stray mountain trout, taken with my hands in City Creek after the water had been turned out of the main channel to supply side ditches or mill-wheels, leaving one or more finny flounderers in the shallow pools thus formed—no, I have done that, too; but I now refer to my first catch out of the Jordan River. Thither I went, a

mere urchin, with my uncle Orson and other disciples of Walton, duly equipped with rod, line and bait. I had the beginner's proverbial "fool luck," hauling out a fine trout from a stream where suckers and chubs abounded and trout were "as scarce as hen's teeth" or truth in the average fish story—this one, of course, being an exception. What was yet more exasperating to my friends, and therefore embarrassing to me, was the fact that it was the one, solitary "speckled beauty" taken that day by any member of our party. Going home that night, I made a discovery—my hat didn't fit.

Herding cows and digging segoes on the hills around Ensign Peak; milking the family bovine and driving her to suburban pastures in different parts of our then village-city; chicken raising, peach drying, and other domestic industries, were among the occupations of my boyhood.

And then the May walks—Oh! the May walks, up City Creek Canyon to "The Natural Bridge," to "Green Bushes" or "Pleasant Valley," gathering from the hillsides beautiful wildflowers for girls even more beautiful, and feeling richly repaid with their entrancing smiles, as we laid the fragrant offerings at their dainty feet! The delightful lunches, too, and the innocent diversions, "six sticks," "pomp pullaway," and "copenhagen" —the last a prime favorite because of the kissing possibilities it afforded. O Memory! Memory! Hast thou aught more charming, more delightful, locked up in the treasure house of things that were?

I shall never forget the day I was baptized. It was in the spring or early summer, and I was in my eleventh year. Why it had not been attended to earlier, at the regulation age of eight, I cannot tell. The baptism took place in City Creek, when that stream ran down an uncovered, unpaved channel right in front of my mother's gate. A fall near Grandfather Kimball's grist-mill was the scene of the ceremony, and he was in charge. He had rounded up all the boys of the neighborhood—all that were eligible, and his sons David P. and Charles S., just home from the British Mission, did the baptizing.

I approached the ordeal with considerable trepidation,

having been made "a coward of water" by bigger boys, who, when "in swimming" with us youngsters, ducked us and held us under till the breath had almost left our bodies. Afterwards I learned to swim and liked it; but never enjoyed diving. Nothing short of a conviction that baptism was essential to salvation could have induced me to go under the water at that time. The fact that I was not drowned or even strangled, gave me almost as much joy as the assurance that my sins were forgiven and washed away.

I had done nothing worse than to snowball passing pedestrians, or stretch strings across dark sidewalks to knock off the high hats of haughty dudes. But my conscience pricked me, and I was glad to get rid of that load of guilt on such comparatively easy terms. To the best of my recollection, it was my uncle, David P. Kimball, who baptized and confirmed me.

From my mother, whom in person I was said to resemble (as she resembled her father), I inherited a poetic-religious temperament; and from her as well as from Father, musical gifts. They were both good singers, and I was always singing or whistling. At the latter I became quite an expert.

I was also fond of "speaking pieces," my father's early dramatic experience being partly responsible, I suppose, for my natural leanings toward the stage. He never embraced the profession, but played, as did his associates, purely for the entertainment of the local public. He took me, when a child between six and seven years of age, to see the first performance at the Salt Lake Theatre, March 8, 1862. I also recollect, though dimly, one or more plays at the Social Hall—now, like the dear old Theatre, a memory, but at that time Utah's main temple of the drama.

I have said that my father, both as musician and actor, played without pay. Let me add, that he had two regular seats (complimentary or otherwise) in the Theatre parquet; and I could be found in one of them as often as my turn came to occupy it. Thus I was enabled to witness the best histrionic productions of the period, and they contributed very materially to my education.

We went early to the Theatre in those days. The doors opened at 6:30 p. m., and performances began at seven. During the waits between acts, lively domestic conversations often went on in the usually crowded auditorium. One evening, just as the orchestra had suddenly finished a fine overture with a mighty crash, a woman's voice shrilled out upon the silence: "We fry ours in butter!" At another time a good sister with a new set of false teeth—the first that ever crossed the plains—took them out of her mouth and passed them along the row where she was sitting, that all might have a close-up view of the "grinding monopoly."

"The plug's out, boys!" This announcement among juveniles in the audience referred to a homely though effective device used by the invisible prompter, as a signal for the orchestra to stop playing. It was the unplugging of a round hole in the west proscenium arch. When that hole was seen, the boys as well as the musicians knew that the bell was about to ring for the rise of the curtain.

At various schools, taught by such men as Henry I. Doremus, Alexander Ott and Lucius W. Peck, during the decade of the sixties, I won prominence as a declaimer. "Casabianca" ("the boy who stood on the burning deck") and "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed" were among my earliest efforts in that line.

In the Seventeenth District School I took regular lessons in elocution, making what my teacher, Professor Peck—a typical Yankee pedagogue—deemed excellent progress. The required exercises developed my vocal organs and strengthened my slender frame. The first requirements were an upright position and deep breathing, after which the class would thunder forth vowels, sub-vocals and sentences like these: "Stand up, erect, thou hast the form and likeness of thy God." "Three times a day, fill the lungs to their utmost capacity with sweet, pure air, thereby giving health to the body, beauty to the face, and grace to the movements." For improved articulation we would reel off such exercises as the following: "Thaddeus Thickthong, the thoughtless thistle-sifter, thrice

thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb." or: "Amidst the mists and coldest frosts, with barest wrists and stoutest boasts, he thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts."

Some thought me proud, because I walked with head erect, shoulders thrown back and chest expanded, as I had been taught. It was not pride. It was simply the legitimate and wholesome result of early training in the grand old art of elocution.

My associates at that time were the Kimball boys (my kinsmen); also the Reeses, Felts, Taggarts, Claytons, Pitts and others. Though living upon the same block, within hailing distance of the Lion and Bee Hive houses, up to my fourteenth year I had little or no acquaintance with any of the Young family. I stood in awe of them, and in greater awe of the lame eagle in the President's garden, just over the high stone wall, from the top of which Kimball and Whitney urchins could look down longingly upon the luscious grapes and peaches so carefully watched over by that fierce though limping king of birds. Where it came from, I never knew; but its presence was a ubiquitous fact in the experience of any trespasser. When this vampire—for it resembled one—waving bat-like wings, bore down upon its prey, the latter, in hurried flight from the scene, might not leave hope behind, but I couldn't say as much for his shirt or trousers. Possibly the bird had been trained by the gardener to attack any stranger who entered there, and an angel with a flaming sword could not have guarded more effectually that inviting Eden. Not that we planned any raid upon it. There was no need—no great temptation. The Whitneys and Kimballs had fine orchards of their own.

The Claytons were a musical family. At their hospitable home on North Temple Street, almost within a stone's throw of the Whitney Corner, I spent many happy hours. It was proverbial of me and my chum, "Ab." Kimball, that when we were not asleep we were "down to Clayton's." William Clayton, the head of that interesting household, was a fellow pioneer with my father, and like him one of Utah's earliest musicians.

IV

Stage-Struck

IT was during those days that I made my first ambitious attempt at "barn storming." For the information of those unfamiliar with the vernacular of the stage, let me here explain that the phrase "barn storming" has no necessary relationship to any act of a nefarious character. It simply means the production of plays in barns or shacks, in lieu of regular theatres, when the latter are not available. The following piece of mingled fact and fiction, which I wrote for the Salt Lake Herald in May, 1879, purports to describe the incident in question:

A Dramatic Reminiscence

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er the scene and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age."

Few young persons of emotional temperament, whose fairy godmothers permitted them to open their eyes within reasonable distance of a theatre, have passed the adolescent period without experiencing the sensation more accurately than elegantly termed "stage-struck." To me it came early, whether for the reason that I had an actor for a father, a maternal guardian who would rather have me die than follow that far in his footsteps, or a disposition embodying the essential elements of a stage hero's mentality, I cannot say; but

certain it is that at an age when the tendrils of character begin to climb after the destinies of life, I was thoroughly imbued with an ardent love for the dramatic profession. My boy friends had made me believe that I possessed ability in that direction. At least they said they had never seen such acting as mine! And what more could I ask in the way of encouragement?

It was a time when the drama here was Young—as was the lion's share of the average audience—Kimballs, Wellses, and a few others making up the balance; when dried peaches and parched corn, munched industriously from parquet to third circle, vied with the orchestra in killing time and tune between the acts; and when the good, old-fashioned theatre-going, produce-paying[a] public expected little and were never disappointed.

Passing over some minor incidents common to the careers of all embryo tragedians, I come to the subject of my reminiscence. Inflamed with the fire of the histrionic torch and a burning desire to rival the glory of our elders in "sock and buskin," a number of us boys set about organizing a first-class theatrical combination. George B. Waldron (who had come to Utah from California with Julia Dean Hayne and the Potter troupe) was then the bright particular star of the dramatic zenith, and among other "palpable hits" had set the town agog with his hair-straightening, blood-curdling impersonation of "The Jibbenainosay," in the famous border drama, "Nick of the Woods." Of course we had all seen it—or most of us had; for though doorkeepers in those days felt the dignity of their position far more than they do now, and were cruelly punctilious in the observance of their duties and small boys, yet, when obstacles intervene to the accomplishment of a cherished purpose, boys, like men, though at first "made upright," will seek out "many inventions."

The result of seeing was a desire to imitate, and with a zeal felt but once in a lifetime we set about the arrangement of

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a All kinds of produce were taken, the same as cash, for theatre tickets in those days.

preliminaries. Knives, guns and tomahawks were the properties needed, and to secure the material for them we raided an old saw-mill at the mouth of City Creek Canyon, attacking the lath and shingles there with enthusiasm and jack knives; and—believe it or not—gashing our fingers with more than Roman fortitude to secure, in the absence of paint, a yet more realistic color for the gilding of our wooden weapons.

We had no written parts to memorize. It would have elevated our project to a literary plane that we were not prepared to stand on. Besides it was needless, since each juvenile Roscius, either through the auditory medium connecting the footlights with "the gallery of the gods" or from unimpeachable testimony transmitted by his fellows (who by carrying drinking water had been permitted to witness the piece on the "big stage") was well up in his lines and "eager for the fray." The only thing that prevented the immediate production of "Nick of the Woods" by a company strictly of home talent, was the want of a suitable arena for action.

The Widow Gibbs' barn was centrally located, and in various ways well adapted for a performance of the kind we wished to present; there being, in addition to a number of old benches, a loft that would make an excellent dressing room; also a large double door on the West, which, since we played in the afternoon, when thrown open to the beams of the setting sun, admirably conveyed the idea of a burning Indian village.

After mature deliberation, it was decided that a committee wait upon the Widow and ascertain the lowest possible terms upon which the barn-yard premises of her estate might be utilized in the interest of progress and uplift! In consideration of the objectives in view—the encouragement of home talent, the purification of the stage, and a desire to revive a taste for the legitimate drama—we were told that the matter of rent was merely nominal. A ball of carpet rags, two flat-irons and a "creepy" hen were accepted as ample compensation for one matinee performance. Kindly refrain, gentle reader, from a too close inquiry as to where and how these articles had been obtained!

One awkward stipulation was that a cow occupying that part of the interior we designed using as a stage, should be permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of her stall. Remonstrance was in vain, the widow autocrat was deaf to any modification of the treaty; and notwithstanding the plot of the play made no possible allowance for a cow in any of the scenes, we were obliged to smother our resentment and submit.

The occasion was the benefit of our head tragedian, a boy named "Bub," a sort of enthusiast in theatrical matters, who by common consent was acknowledged the star because his father played the flute in the big orchestra. The price of admission was seven pins, to all parts of the house excepting the two front benches, which commanded a fine view of the cow and the supes' dressing room. For these superior advantages the extra charge of a tallow candle was not deemed exorbitant. It was raining that afternoon, but at an early hour the auditorium was filled with lovers of the art histrionic, to say nothing of dense clouds of dust that sifted through wide cracks in the board ceiling from the loft overhead. This, as I have stated, was a dressing-room—the one used by the principals of the company.

"Joe" Pitt had brought his father's paint down, and was busy putting the facial touches to a tribe of ten Indians in the lower dressing room; and the orchestra, consisting of Tom Ellerbeck with a fiddle and another boy with an accordeon, was in the midst of a splendid overture, to which the cow, terrified by the "notes of dreadful preparation" going on in her immediate vicinity, contributed some very fine bass solos, and all were on the tiptoe of expectancy when there arose a shriek

"So loud and clear,
It seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear."

The cow, now thoroughly beside herself (two cows, as it were) broke from her fastenings, plowed through the curtain,

and leaping over the reserved seats, made a hasty exit by the front door; the ticket-taker allowing her to pass as readily as if she had been a dramatic critic, a policeman, or a member of the City Council. The overture was completely drowned in the pandemonium that ensued—or would have been had the performers attempted to finish it.

But the yells and screams were of short duration; quiet once more assumed the sceptre of supremacy; and all behind the scenes felt considerably gratified over the incident, since we were now rid of a serious embarrassment in the cow, the immediate result of whose absence was a corresponding enlargement in our stage room.

Everybody was anxious to learn the cause of the soul-piercing shriek that had been the innocent source of such a blessing; and when it was ascertained that it had emanated from a red-headed boy, who in making-up as an Indian had got some paint in his eye, which was now swollen to the size of a large apple, the gratitude of the management was boundless, and an immediate raise in salary was the result.

After the orchestra had been induced to complete the overture so unceremoniously brought to a finale, and the *dramatis personae* were all announced as "ready," three distinct chords in G, amid a stillness as of death, was the signal for the rise of the curtain. Up went the carpet, "Hat" Merrill turning the windlass—his own creation—disclosing what was left for the imagination of the audience to convert into a forest. No trees were to be seen, either in natural growth or painted canvas, but it was the best we could do with our limited resources; and the mental dressing of this scene was not the most difficult task required of the intelligent public, since all succeeding ones, whether of water, trees or houses, would have to be supplied in precisely the same manner.

I pass over a few of the first incidents, merely mentioning the audible snicker that rippled over the surface of the sea of observers when the red-headed Indian made his appearance; and the torrent of mirth that burst forth when young Kanarro,

a real Piute, whom we had enlisted on account of his tawny color and ferocious aspect, refusing to be slain with a wooden knife, insisted upon administering blow for blow with his white pine tomahawk on the person of the "Roaring Ralph Stackpole." He (Joe Pitt), finding that, instead of the redskin, he was simply "killing the audience," finally shouldered the obstinate young Lamanite and carried him off the stage.

The scene where the Jibbenainosay makes his "terrific descent of the falls in a fiery canoe," was a difficult one to present under the most favorable conditions; and, added to the inconvenience under which we were laboring, just as the curtain rose, revealing the place of the desperate undertaking, the Widow Gibbs' boy Frank, who lisped and had returned from pursuing his runaway cow as far as the Nineteenth Ward pasture, came bolting into the stable, shouting: "Mothah thayth thith cow can't thtand out in the wain any longah." Our frail bark had again grounded. Choking down the wrath that swelled for utterance, we permitted the good son to lead his cow through the audience, take her up onto the stage and fasten her to the waterfall, which was now in the place she had before occupied.

The difficulty of enacting the scene was thus greatly enhanced. The cataract was a long, smooth plank, well greased to insure the lightning speed of the descent, and placed well up stage, slanting from an opening in the loft to the outside of an imaginary left third entrance. The actor who was to essay the feat had rehearsed it repeatedly and was quite perfect in the business. All it required, since no canoe was used, was to squat down upon the upper end of the plank, cry "I am the Jibbenainosay," and let loose, and "as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love" he was at the other end, unseen but not unenvied by the admiring multitude.

But now the actor felt some trepidation. He knew that upon his appearance, the Indians, just about to massacre the whites, who were on their knees imploring mercy, would fall paralyzed to the earth, as in duty bound; but of the action of the cow, which had already given evidence of a roam-antic

disposition and great nervous susceptibility, he was not so well assured. Already she had "shown the mettle of her pasture"—the 19th—and might do so again. The audience, however, were becoming impatient for the sacrifice, and with his heart in his mouth and his eyes on the cow which, with ears alert and horns outspread, glanced upward with trembling anxiety, the "Nick of the Woods" prepared to descend.

Everything was in readiness; the emigrants were still on their knees, and the Indians, with touching forbearance, had been waiting in the attitude of a massacre for nearly five minutes. "I am the Jib—!" Like lightning from a rifted thunder-cloud or the unexpected peal of heaven's artillery at noonday, the Jibbenainosay came down. Half the length of the plank was described in a millionth part of the time it takes me to describe it, when the cow, frightened out of her wits by the falling redskins and the screeching friction on the greasy plank, gave a loud bellow and bolted toward the fall. Bloody Nathan screamed in terror as the horns of the dilemma approached him, and turning over sidewise fell to the ground a lifeless mass of rags.

The curtain, not to be out of fashion, fell also, and while the united efforts of those behind the scenes were exerted to reconcile the cow and resuscitate the scared tragedian, the auditorium was rent with a storm of applause, which shook the building from pit to dome, causing a few more bushels of dust to descend like the dews of Hermon into the necks of the audience.

In due time the curtain rose on the last act. The scene where the renegade on the bridge shoots the half-breed girl, "Telie Doe" (Vinnie Clayton) passed off successfully. So much so that Miss Telie was nearly killed outright by the enthusiastic villain (one of the Pack boys), who aimed right at her face and said "Die," as the wad struck her forehead and she tumbled over into the orchestra. Of course, if "Rat" had thought he would have shot over, but completely losing his identity in the character he was portraying, he seemed quite

put out when Miss Clayton was finally restored to consciousness.

And now to cap the climax! The Jibbenainosay has been captured by Wenonga the Black Vulture and is tied to the stake awaiting the cruel torture to which he is about to be subjected. The Indians are dancing around their prey, while their swarthy chief, with the scalps of Nathan's wife and children hanging at his belt, stands contemplating with fiendish exultation the figure of his helpless victim. The savage horde presently cease hooting and capering about the stake, and are ordered away by the chief, who wishes to "talk with the Jibbenainosay." After a short colloquy, in which the white prisoner dares his savage foe to undo his bonds and meet him man to man, the noble redskin, accused of cowardice if he refuses, complies, with the words: "I am Wenonga the Black Vulture, and have no heart." Bloody Nathan then springs upon Wenonga, snatches a knife from his belt, and in the hand-to-hand combat that ensues stabs him right where his heart would be if he had one, just as the settlers attack the village, kill all the Indians and set fire to their wigwams. That is how it *ought* to have been done. I have yet to tell how it *was* done.

The sun was just setting. The Indians had quit dancing and gone off; the stage carpenter was waiting to throw open the doors to admit the red sunlight for the burning of the wickiups, and Wenonga had just concluded his speech, "I am the Black Vulture, and have no heart," when his mother, "Aunt Mandy" Kimball, who lived next door, came striding through the audience with a broom, and fetching the heartless Wenonga a terrific whack over the back, exclaimed: "Albert, what did you go away for without cutting me any wood?"

Wenonga broke for the dressing room, followed by his mother. Bloody Nathan stood petrified. The actors all stared with open mouth at the unexpected denouement. The doors were thrown open, the dying sun smiled broadly over the picture, and amid shouts and roars of laughter that frightened the cow so that she dropped upon her knees, the curtain of the stage at Gibbs' barn fell never to rise again.

V

Youthful Years

1868—1874

IN June of 1868 Grandfather Kimball died; Grandmother having gone to her rest some eight months before. At the funeral of Vilate Murray Kimball President Brigham Young said: "A better woman never lived." And at the bier of his old-time friend and associate he uttered this eulogy: "He was a man of as much integrity, I presume, as any man who ever lived upon the earth."

It rained on the day of Grandfather's funeral. I was drenched while marching in procession from the Kimball home near the head of Main Street, to the Tabernacle, where the service was held; thence to the family burying ground on the hill above the home. All day long the heavens wept, but as the first clods fell upon the box enclosing the coffin, the setting sun burst through its cloudy covering and a beautiful rainbow spanned the grave. It seemed like the promise of a glorious resurrection.

Soon after Grandfather's death most of his boys went to work upon the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, which was then nearing completion. Early in August I set out to join them, passing through Parley's and Echo canyons in a covered freight wagon drawn by mules to my destination in Northeastern Utah, about ninety miles from Salt Lake City. It was my first real absence from home.

I was in the employ of my uncle, David P. Kimball, a sub-contractor under J. H. Nounnan and Company. Kimball's Camp was successively on Sulphur Creek, Yellow Creek and

Bear River. With plow and scraper, we and others constructed several sections of the roadbed of the great transcontinental highway.

Only thirteen and slenderly built, I was not put to work as a teamster at first, but was given a pail and dipper and directed to supply the men with drinking water from the creek near by. This job lasted two months, by which time I had become strong enough to drive team and tip scraper. My charge was a pair of blind mules, and I was very proud of my ability to manage them. Could they have seen the "slim Jim" who held the reins, and noted the extreme difficulty with which he handled the heavy scraper to which they were attached, they might not have been as docile as they were.

The first day of my experience as a teamster I committed a blunder that would have humiliated me to the dust, had it been discovered by my companions; luckily it was not. In hitching up my mules after the lunch hour, I failed to cross the lines between them, and when I shouted, "Git up!" the nigh mule went one way and the off mule another—like newly-weds from Hollywood bent upon a separation. About the quickest move I ever made took me to their heads, where I lost no time in properly adjusting the lines and reuniting the estranged couple.

We lived in wagons, tents and dug-outs, and ate three good meals a day. The open-air life agreed with me. I seemed to grow stronger every hour. When not at work we amused ourselves, seated around the camp fire, singing, telling stories, playing games, or victimizing one another with practical jokes. Sunday was a rest day, but no service was held, men of all religions and of no religion making up the camp's personnel. Some of them were discharged soldiers, both Union and Confederate, who had seen service in the Civil War.

In jocular vein I have sometimes said that I *once* chewed tobacco. So I did—*just* once; and it was at this particular time, while I was a water-boy at Kimball's Camp on Sulphur Creek. Our plowman, John Calvin (no relation to the great reformer that I am aware of), was a regular user of the weed.

One day, while he was resting on his plowbeam munching "navy plug," some imp of Satan put it into my heart to ask him for a chew, and into his heart to grant it. It tasted *so* good. Nothing so sweet, so desirable—except the desire for death that came as soon as the poisonous nicotine had got in its work. Pale and trembling I lay upon the ground, sickened to the very soul, hearing faintly the far cries from thirsty throats, but unable to stand, much less to move in any direction. The dizziness and nausea having passed, "Richard was himself again;" but never again did he want a chew of tobacco.

I tried smoking a little later; but the pipe served me the same ghastly trick, and after that there was no more flirting with Madam Nicotine. I have always been glad that I never contracted the hurtful and expensive tobacco habit. I escaped, also, the fate of those ensnared by the seductive lure of "strong drink." Alcohol, no less than nicotine, was always repugnant to my taste. Having no appetite for such things, I deserve no particular credit for letting them alone.

I saw rough life out on the road; but only saw it, and did not enjoy the sight. There were tough men in camp, but I did not seek their society nor enjoy their profane and vulgar talk. With some of the Kimball boys I went several times to Bear River City, a railroad town of mushroom growth two or three miles away—a veritable Sodom of vice, burned to the ground in a riot of drunken violence soon after we came away. I took no harm from my few brief visits to the place, nor did my companions, none of us having any taste for environment or associations of that character.

November came, and there being nothing more for Kimball's men to do, we broke camp, harnessed or saddled our mules, and returned home. I had earned nearly a hundred and fifty dollars, the biggest sum of money I had ever possessed. It clothed me for the winter, and did something toward the general support of my mother's family.

Soon after my return I attended for a brief period a school taught by Mrs. Mildred E. Randall, in President Brigham Young's private school house just inside the Eagle Gate. My

most vivid impression of that school is the Deseret Alphabet, a phonetic system which the Church sought to establish. But it proved impracticable and was soon abandoned. A boy named Heber J. Grant was the star student under Sister Randall—a persevering sort of chap whose chief delight seemed to be in overcoming obstacles. I believe he could have recited the Deseret Alphabet backwards. To look at it was enough for me.

There was also a girl, one of the smartest and prettiest in school—and she never denied it. Across the gulf of sixty years I can hear her saying: "Alma Smith, you've broken up our game. We girls are now going up on the hill to play; and you just follow us *if you dare*!" He dared; and I presume I would have done the same had I been included in the invitation. Susie was a natural leader.

My schooling was cut short at that time by an attack of scurvy, resulting from a non-vegetable diet while out on the road, and aggravated by improper treatment after my return. It kept me housed up for many months, relief finally coming through the application of a simple herbal remedy obtained from a good old Scandinavian sister in the southern part of town. I don't know how I should have survived that long and dreary winter, but for the books, magazines and papers that I devoured, and the game called "Quotation Cards," which had just come out and was then "all the rage."

My sister Vilate, about two years my senior, began taking music lessons of Mrs. Lucy Bigelow Young, one of President Young's wives, whose home was in the Lion House. This brought me in touch with that branch of the President's family. I also took music lessons from Sister Young, whose instrument was the cabinet organ. She taught me the notes, and though I did not pursue the study very far, what she imparted served me well in after years. "Aunt Lucy B." and her daughters Dora and Susie, were very kind to my sister and me, especially at the time of Vilate's death (February, 1870). This sad event left me, in my fifteenth year, the eldest of my father's living children. A few years later my mother's youngest child, Phebe Isabel, followed Vilate into the spirit world.

At the Lion House I was always welcome and was treated like one of the family. The Youngs, I found, were just like other people—only a little more so; and my awe diminished as my admiration grew.

The school year of 1869-70 found me enrolled among the students of the University of Deseret—since renamed the University of Utah. It had its home in "The Council House" (now no more) on the site of the present Deseret News Building. My brother, Horace G., eldest-born of Horace K. and Mary Cravath Whitney, was likewise enrolled. He was a bright boy and a good student. Dr. John R. Park was president of the University, and he, with Professors C. L. De Bellerive, Louis F. Monch, O. H. Riggs, and others composed the faculty.

Again I loomed to the fore—not as a scholar, but as a declaimer. Friday afternoon was the regular time for such exercises and for the reading of manuscript papers edited by members of the student body. The young men's paper was called "The Prickly Pear." The girls gloried in the more pretentious but less belligerent title of "Young Ladies Literary Journal."

President Brigham Young and other notables honored the school at times as visitors. I well remember one of their visits. Overawed by such august onlookers, several of the girls fainted while reading, and one or two of the boys wept aloud. Fearing a similar fate, I braced myself for the ordeal and shouted out my piece, "The Suicidal Cat," with all the lung power at my command. To my huge surprise, it established my reputation as a comic speaker. Comic, forsooth, when I was frightened half out of my wits! Dr. Park, well pleased with my effort, made a special request of me to be prepared with something to recite whenever I might be called upon. President Young, according to report, was highly amused by my "Cat" recitation and made mention of it in his office and family circle. On that or a similar occasion the Deseret News sent a reporter to witness the exercises, and I was one of two or three students specially named by that paper for efficiency in elocution.

Although I had helped to build the Union Pacific Railroad —in the modest manner described—many months went by after my return from the construction camps, before I caught sight of a locomotive. I was skating on the Hot Springs Lake one day, when I beheld for the first time the long-looked-for "iron horse." It was a Union Pacific engine on the track of the Utah Central, a branch road then being built between Ogden and Salt Lake City. I was present when that branch (now part of the Oregon Short Line) reached its terminus at the capital, and saw the driving of the last spike (January 10, 1870) by President Brigham Young, at what is now the Union Depot. The University took recess long enough to enable the students to witness the interesting ceremony marking the completion of Utah's pioneer railroad.

I have said that I was not much of a sport. I seldom went fishing or hunting, and most of the pastimes that appeal to men in general, had for me little or no attraction. I loved music, theatricals, and was fond of some outdoor and indoor games; but the atmosphere of the billiard hall and the bar-room was never congenial with my spirit.

In the field of sports my one infatuation was baseball. I belonged to a club called "The Juniors," and was accounted a good pitcher. The captain of our nine was "Hon" Young, father of the noted sculptor now bearing that name. Our most formidable adversaries were "The Juveniles," Seventeenth Ward boys, who generally beat us, though the teams were pretty evenly matched. Occasionally I played with the bigger nines and was proud of their condescension and notice.

One day a ball "hot from the bat" hit me on the knee, causing intense pain and temporary lameness. I remained loyal to the game, however, until a severe sprain, self-inflicted while pitching, warned me to give up the sport I so dearly loved.

Many years have passed since I felt any desire to invade as a player the dominion of Swatland. But when I see, as often I do, an eager throng in front of a newspaper score board, watching the progress of a game in some distant city, I can

readily realize, from experience, the charm that this fascinating amusement has for so many. I cannot help thinking, though, what the result would be if some zealous missionary should come along and begin preaching the Gospel to that same eager throng. There would be more "home runs," I fancy, than ever were scored on any diamond field at a given time.

The Ward in which I lived—the Eighteenth of the old Salt Lake Stake—had no thorough-going organization in those days; its members attending meetings in other places. My time was spent about equally between the Thirteenth and Seventeenth wards, in both of which I had many acquaintances. If I was partial to the Seventeenth, it is because the Claytons were there. As said, they were a musical family and exceedingly hospitable. Nearly all of them, girls as well as boys, played instruments or sang sweetly, and I took great delight in their society.

An incident that I feared might cost me the good will of that family occurred one 24th of July, when all the Sabbath schools took part in a big parade, the Seventeenth Ward contingent assembling for that purpose along the west side of Temple Block, awaiting word to join the main procession. While playing around with other young fellows, I lit a firecracker and tossed it up, thinking it would explode in the air above our heads. But it came down and lit in the pocket of a linen duster worn by one of the Clayton boys, and exploded there. Instantly, half his coat, one eyebrow and half his hair went up in flame. Merciful powers! I thought—all that from one little firecracker? But it transpired that young Clayton had been carrying a pound of loose powder in that pocket—which fact clearly accounted for the pyrotechnical display. Peeling off the remaining half of his coat, he indignantly threw it into a ditch and went home. For some time thereafter, I forbore to cross the Clayton threshold, lest I might recross it with more haste than dignity. But upon learning that my friend's mother took the reasonable view that her boy was to blame for carrying loose powder in his pocket, I ventured to resume my former pleasant relations with the household.

My acquaintance with President Young's boys led to the organization of Young and Whitney's Minstrels, a white-shirted, black-trousered, burnt-cork combination, which gave quite a notable performance at the Eagle Gate Hall, in the presence of a capacity house, including many members of the Young family. I was the interlocutor (centre man) and "Hon" and Morris Young were end men—bones and tambourine. "Toot" Young played the guitar, and "Tom" Croxall, cornet. They were our main instrumentalists.

During the evening I sang "The Little Octoroon," a song I had learned while working on the railroad. It made a decided hit, being clamorously redemanded. Professor Bellerive led the applause, shouting "bis," "bis," "encore," "encore," from the crowded front. The song was repeated, and was followed by a one-act comedy entitled "Gissippius," borrowed from the repertoire of Murphy and Mack's Minstrels, the first combination of the kind that ever came to Utah. Young Croxall and I were the actors in the sketch. At one point in the dialogue Tom tumbled into a large American flag forming our stage background, pulled it down upon himself, and lay half smothered in its glorious folds—much to the amusement and I doubt not the complete satisfaction of the convulsed audience.

One of President Young's daughters was very much taken with the little ballad that I had sung, and having picked up the tune and words, was singing it one day when her brother Hon and I entered the Lion House. Addressing me she said: "I can sing it better than you can." Hon, loyal to his friend, retorted: "Yes, you can sing it better than 'Whit'—only it don't sound quite so good." After that she was seldom seen to smile.

Dr. Park and Professor Bellerive having gone to Europe on a mission for the Church, the University closed its doors, practically superseded by a school conducted in the Social Hall, with Miss Mary E. Cook as principal. I did not attend that school, but sought employment, whereby to support myself and lighten the burden of my parents.

For several months I drove an express wagon, delivering goods for Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. "Ab,"

Kimball—the "Wenonga" of the Gibbs barn episode—was also a "Co-op" expressman. Part of our daily task was to groom the horses we drove. This work was hardly to my taste, but it was better than doing nothing, and certainly more lucrative.

One winter night—it was Christmas or New Year's eve—I was sent to deliver to the officers at Fort Douglas hampers of turkey and champagne, presented with the compliments of Hiram B. Clawson, General Superintendent of Z. C. M. I. His brother-in-law, "Alf," Judd, went with me. The weather was bitter-cold, and how we escaped freezing is a mystery. Arriving at the Fort, we drove from house to house delivering the gifts. Not one of the young captains or lieutenants thanked us or spoke a word of appreciation; but their commander, General Henry A. Morrow, not only thanked us, but kindly invited us in, and even mildly chided us for coming out on such a night. Nor would he allow us to depart until we were thoroughly "warmed and filled" with all that his well-stocked larder and side-board could supply. There is a difference in men; and those highest up are, as a rule, the most courteous and considerate.

A fall from my wagon while lifting a load too heavy for me (I had not yet fully recovered from my sprain) made necessary a change of employment, and for a short while I served behind the counter of the Z. C. M. I. Produce Department, under Superintendent George Teasdale. Arthur Pratt, an old school fellow, afterwards Deputy Marshal and Warden, was a book-keeper in the same department.

In the summer of 1872—July 31st was the exact date—I made my debut upon the boards of the Salt Lake Theatre. It was the first night that gas was used there, in lieu of coal oil lamps, and the lights went out for a time. But "the people who sat in darkness" waited patiently, and though they saw no "great light," either upon the stage or in the auditorium, the performance experienced no further mishap.

The piece presented was "The Robbers of the Rocky Mountains," a dime novel dramatized by James A. McKnight,

a boy acquaintance. "Jim" played the part of "Pete Burns," a trapper; I was "Kit Bird," the robber chief; and Ab. Kimball, a wild man wielding an immense stuffed club, with which he almost brained one of the robber band who was about letting off a rocket to bring down an ambushed foe upon a sleeping camp. Having dealt the all but fatal blow, Ab backed up stage, gave a loud defiant whoop, and tumbled over a big rock, his feet disappearing last. His name in the play was "Arthur Birdsall," but his penchant for reversing the order of things showed itself even in this. When asked: "Who the d--l are you?" he shouted, "I am Arthur Salsbird." Another incongruity was the starched white dress worn by one of the girls—Emma Wells—impersonating a trapper's wife or daughter.

It was a crude performance, but the press spoke well of it, and the manager of the Theatre, "Jimmie" Harris, son-in-law to President Young, was sufficiently pleased with the manner in which I had played my part to offer me a permanent place in the local stock company; an offer declined out of deference to the wishes of my parents.

Up to a short time before this performance, no thought of appearing upon the "big stage" had obsessed the minds of "The Robbers of the Rocky Mountains;" all arrangements having been made for the production of the piece in the Social Hall. But a sudden turn of affairs changed our plan and thrust upon us a lot of unlooked for "greatness."

To properly equip the Social Hall, which had passed into disuse as a regular playhouse since the opening of the Theatre, we had ransacked, in quest of the old-time scenery, President Young's Lamb Barn, and with what we found there had fixed up the stage in a manner to part-way commend it to a not-too-critical public. But the President heard of it, and forthwith ordered all proceedings quashed and the scenery returned.

We were in despair, but our leading lady, Dellie Clawson, proved equal to the emergency. She was a seasoned actress, having played with the stock company since childhood. In the McKnight production she was a picturesque frontier heroine. Proceeding to the President's Office, "Dell" had a tearful in-

terview with the great leader, explained the matter in full, told how hard "Jim" had worked to "get the thing up," and so moved upon the President's sympathies that he forthwith sent for her father, H. B. Clawson (Utah's veteran theatrical manager) and Jimmie Harris, and told them to have us thoroughly rehearsed, with a view to presenting our play upon the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre.

Dell, with her heart in her mouth, could only sob out her gratitude. After thanking the President again and again she started for the door, intent upon acquainting the rest of us with the glad tidings as soon as possible. But the President stopped her: "What did you say was the name of your play, Dellie?" "The Robbers of the Rocky Mountains," she ejaculated. "Oh, no," said he, shaking with laughter, "It's the robbers of my old barn!"

Soon after that I secured a clerkship in a music store. This, I need hardly say, was more to my liking than currying horses or selling butter and eggs. It gave me an opportunity to indulge my musical tastes. Ever a worshipper of the divine art, I had taken little pains to cultivate it, except in a casual way. For years I had seen my father's flute in the house, without feeling the least desire to touch it. But a serenade by some of my friends, with violin, flute and guitar, so thrilled me, that I took up the flute next day and picked out the tune played under my window at daybreak. It was that immortal melody, "The Mocking Bird," ever charming, ever new. By the time Father came home to lunch, I had so far mastered the air that I played it for him.

Thenceforth his flute was mine. I dived into music—almost drowned myself in it—going whole days without food, poring over old music books and breathing the contents into my beloved instrument. I learned the flute and later the guitar without a teacher, also vamping organ, piano and banjo to my own singing and whistling. Soon I began to play in bands, associated with such amateur musicians as Nephi W. Clayton, Phil. Margetts Jr., Harry Emery and others.

Though considered a good flute player, I was never the

equal of my father as such; nor was anyone else that I ever heard play upon that classic instrument. He made no pretensions to being an expert, nor was he, if judged by technical standards. But his tone, so sweet, so mellifluous, was unrivaled and peculiarly his own. I have never heard anything like it.

The summer of 1873 found me in Southern Utah, a sales agent for the Howe Sewing Machine. During most of the time my partner and I boarded in the family of President John R. Murdock, of Beaver Stake. His daughter Julia (afterwards Mrs. P. T. Farnsworth) was a writer of verses, some of which had been published. At a picnic party in Beaver Canyon Miss Murdock challenged me to compete with her in "building a rhyme." Accepting the dare, I produced a wretched piece of doggerel—only worthy of mention because it was my first attempt at wooing the poetic Muse. Had she snubbed me from that hour—the Muse I mean—I might have been grieved, but could not have been much surprised.

Those who know me now, but did not know me in younger years, may find it difficult to believe that there was a time in my life when I shunned everything that looked like poetry. Perhaps that first production of mine had something to do with it. At any rate I despised all poems, as many do now. How long that state of mind would have continued, had I not picked up a volume of verse and begun reading it, I know not. But this I know: Byron's poems gave me an entirely different outlook, and caused me to love poetry as ardently as I had before disliked it. I do not include all his poems, only the pure and noble products of his genius. The "Hebrew Melodies," "The Dream," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"—these and other brilliant flashes of his marvelous mentality appealed to me strongly and awoke my profound admiration. Whatever Byron's faults as a man—and I am neither his apologist nor his accuser—I owe to him a debt of enduring gratitude, for it was he who introduced me to the whole vast realm of poetic song.

About that time I fell in with the Wells boys, Rulon and Heber, whom I met at the Warm Springs one day. "Heeb"

was a smart, handsome little runt (he grew up afterwards) to whom I paid little attention, owing to his tender years. But to "Rule" my heart went out in the revival of a former friendship at Doremus' school—a friendship disrupted by the influence of a jealous cousin, who told Rule's mother that he "heard that Whitney boy say d——." Rule was called in and I was called down. We parted reluctantly, for we liked each other. But that "d——" proved a reservoir, a lake, which neither of us was allowed to cross. So our friendship took a long vacation. Then came that chance meeting at the Warm Springs. After some conversation I was engaged to furnish music for a birthday party at the big Wells mansion—then upon the site now covered by the Templeton Building. The party was in honor of Rule's little sixteen-year-old sister—whom it would be unfair to name, since she is still living and that birthday was a long while ago. I not only played in the band that evening, but rendered a guitar solo, "The Spanish Retreat," which captured the whole family, General Wells included. From that hour "the Whitney boy" was always welcome there.

The Wells girls, Abbie and Dessie, I had known distantly at Doremus' school in 1865-6. Later, as already noted, I had acted with Emmie upon the stage. But I was hardly acquainted with the other sons and daughters of this numerous and distinguished household. That I should one day be related to them by marriage, had not dawned upon me.

I joined the Theatre Orchestra, then under the baton of Professor Charles J. Thomas, and played the flute along with George Hedger, from whom I took a few lessons. By the way, I must not forget a flute duet played by Harry Emery and me between acts of "The Robbers of the Rocky Mountains." I don't think the audience ever forgot it! The biggest musical event that I ever had part in, was a great festival in the Tabernacle, where our orchestra rendered "The Poet and Peasant" overture.

George Careless, another veteran director of the Theatre Orchestra, told my brother Horace that I was "one of the

coming musicians of Salt Lake City." In vocal music I have never taken a lesson; but such talented singers as B. Bicknell Young and Horace S. Ensign praised my "natural voice." Approbation of this sort set me to thinking of the operatic stage as a desirable arena for professional activity; but the thought bore no fruit. I also dreamed of being a bandmaster, but the dream did not materialize. A good thing, perhaps; it might have proved a nightmare—to the neighbors.

Giving up the sewing machine business, after canvassing Davis and Tooele counties, I reentered the University, which had again opened; Dr. Park having returned from Europe and resumed the presidency of that institution. Professor Bellerive did not return.

By that time I had begun to appreciate, as never before, the value of an education. Putting forth my best efforts to learn, I improved along various lines—in nothing else so pronouncedly as in English grammar. That science I mastered, and became Dr. Park's model student therein. Whenever I was called to the blackboard to diagram or analyze a sentence, he would say to the rest of the class, "Now listen." Rarely if ever did I need correction. When I left the University the Doctor said: "I have taught you all I know about grammar; you know it now as well as I do."

That was the end of my schooling—in the schoolroom. What I learned afterwards was in the University of Everyday Experience. I have always regretted not supplementing the study of English with languages in general. I believe I could have acquired them without much difficulty, having a natural bent that way.

While a student at the old Council House I became connected with the Delta Phi and Zeta Gamma debating societies, adjuncts of the University. But I was a slow speaker, untrained in and caring little for debate; though I envied some of the boys their fluency of speech. It is one of the strange things in my life, that up to the age of twenty-one I had developed no particular aptitude for speaking or writing, the very pur-

suits that I was destined to follow; laying aside music and the drama, to both of which I was fondly devoted and for which my friends deemed me naturally well fitted and designed. I had no literary ambition, no aspiration for oratory, and did not know that I possessed ability in either direction.

VI

The Wasatch Literary Association

1874—1878

DURING my final year at the University, in the month of February, 1874, the Wasatch Literary Association was organized. This, to me, was an important event, not because I was looked upon as the principal founder of the Association, but because of the marked influence it had upon my life.

It was not the first society of its kind to have "a local habitation and a name;" but it was one of the most notable in the entire list of such organizations that have sprung up in Utah since Salt Lake Valley was settled. It had a brilliant if comparatively brief career, and rallied to its standard many of the most promising young men and young women of the community. Some of its members rose in after years to positions of great prominence.

A count of those connected with the Wasatch would include such names as Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Rudger Clawson, President of the Twelve Apostles; Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of Seventy; Heber M. Wells, first Governor of the State of Utah; Richard W. Young, brigadier-general, U. S. A.; Horace G. Whitney, manager of the Deseret News; Harry Emery, theatrical manager; Professor John T. Caine, Jr., of the Utah Agricultural College; Harry Culmer, artist, first president of the Salt Lake Rotary Club; Brigham S. Young, ward bishop and mission president; John B. Read, editor of the Butte (Montana) Miner; Robert W. Sloan, journalist and broker; Laron A. Cummings, chief teller, Deseret National

Bank; Don Carlos Young, architect; Dr. Stanley H. Clawson, James X. Ferguson, Frank D. Kimball and Hampden S. Beatie, Jr., all well known characters in the community.

On the feminine side would be found Martha Horne Tingey, afterwards president of the General Board, Y.L.M.I.A.; May Wells Whitney, Mamie Jones Clawson, Emma, Kate and Emmeline Wells, Luella Cobb, Rett Young, Emily Wells Grant, Annette Wells Culmer, Lucretia Heywood Kimball, Cornelia Horne Clayton, Minnie Horne James, Mary Ferguson Keith, Josephine Beatie Wells, Libbie Beatie Wells, Alice Young Hopkins, Edna Clawson Tibbitts, Birdie Clawson Cummings, Arabella Clayton Gardner, and Ellen Richardson Beatie.

Affiliated with the Wasatch and in frequent attendance at its meetings were such notables as Professor Joseph B. Toronto, of the University of Deseret; B. Bicknell Young, vocalist; J. Willard Clawson, portrait painter; Will. Sharp, president of the Utah Fuel Company; Charles S. Burton, cashier, Utah State National Bank; William C. Dunbar, Jr. and others.

A number of those mentioned were likewise, members of the Zeta Gamma Debating Society, which Dr. Park had organized among the students of the University. The debating society and the literary association ran parallel for several years.

The object of the Wasatch Literary Association was partly indicated by its title. It had its inception in a desire on the part of those who founded it to improve themselves and one another along intellectual lines.

What led to the organization, though it did not fully suggest what was coming, was a casual remark dropped by "Jim" Ferguson, son of the General Ferguson for whom I was named. Jim was then connected in a clerical way with the Utah Legislature, and he and Rule Wells, also a Legislative clerk, were walking up Main Street one day, when they and the writer of these memoirs chanced to meet. In the course of conversation Ferguson said: "Ort, why don't you organize a reading class among the boys and girls?" Rule warmly seconded the suggestion, and I said, "I'll think about it."

I have always thought that Jim "had an ax to grind" in making this suggestion. Being enamored of one of the girls, he had hit upon a plan, as I suspect, for improving not only his mind, but his chances in her direction, hoping it would give him more of her company than he was getting. He had probably heard of fond couples "reading life's meaning in each other's eyes," and that was the kind of reading that interested him most. To be perfectly frank, more than one of us were in the same box with Ferguson on the girl question.

Forthwith I proceeded to the home of Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, on State Street. "Aunt Em," as she was called, had been wife to my grandfather, Bishop Newel K. Whitney, before marrying General Daniel H. Wells, and had borne to the former two daughters, who became respectively, Mrs. Belle M. Sears[a] and Mrs. Melvina W. Woods. Aunt Em was also the mother of Emma, Annie and Louie Wells. I consulted with "Mel" and "Em" who, like their distinguished mater, were great lovers of literature, and the result of the consultation was a resolve to organize, not a reading class, but something on a larger scale, namely, a literary association, in which music should have a place.

Among the suggestions as to its character and conduct, was one offered by Major William W. Woods, General Wells' nephew, who was then paying court to the younger of the two sisters first-named, and was therefore a frequent visitor at the State Street home. He mentioned a society to which he had once belonged, that had as one of its features a "budget box," wherein members would place all sorts of pieces, written or printed, original or selected, anonymous or otherwise, and they would be read to the society at its next meeting, by some member previously appointed for that purpose. Essays, recitations, and other exercises made up the remainder of the program, which always ended with the reading of the budget box.

Major Woods' idea was acted upon as soon as the Wasatch

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a The M. in Mrs. Sears' name stands for Modalena, the heroic Indian girl, who saved Grandfather's life, as related in a former chapter.

was organized, the budget box becoming a staple feature of its weekly program. The Major, who was a member of the Utah Bar, joined the new society, but did not long remain with it. A change of residence to Idaho, where he became prominent in judicial circles, followed an early severance of his relations with the Wasatch. He had not favored that name for the organization, preferring something more classic; but the local patriotism of a majority of the members bore down all opposition, and "Wasatch Literary Association" was triumphantly flung to the breeze.

At its first meeting, which was held at Aunt Em's residence, I was elected president and Emma Wells secretary; in recognition, no doubt, of the active part played by us in working up the scheme and persuading others to join. A treasurer, chosen for the same period—four weeks, if I remember aright—gathered in the fees and fines with which the society met its regular running expenses. The president appointed the budget box reader weekly in advance; likewise a critic, whose strictures were relied upon to offset the facetiae of the budget box and tone down the risibilities of fun-loving members who evinced at times a disposition to sacrifice everything for a laugh. The program committee was appointed monthly. A constitution and by-laws were framed and adopted, and the Wasatch Literary Association started out upon its scintillating career.

Meetings were held Wednesday evenings in private homes, the society assembling upon invitation from members or non-members. The programs were frequently of a very ambitious and meritorious character, and correspondingly interesting and enjoyable. Visitors, often present upon invitation, were generally delighted with what they saw and heard. Lectures, essays, recitations, readings, vocal and instrumental music, and original poems were parts of the intellectual menu. Scenes from Shakespeare and other dramatic works were enacted, and even whole plays presented at times. On such occasions the Social Hall or some other public place would be rented for the purpose.

Well do I recall the critic's stern arraignment of certain members whose ill-timed merriment had marred a Shakespearean dialogue—that between the villainous Iago and the fatally jealous Moor. The dialogue was given on two successive evenings, the impersonators changing parts, so that the Othello of one occasion was the Iago of the next, and vice versa. The critic was John T. Caine, Jr., the Lord Chatham of the society, who, arising in parliamentary dignity and wrapping his toga about him (figuratively speaking) said: "You who have laughed at these gentlemen and their commendable efforts to entertain us, have applauded worse acting upon the boards of the Salt Lake Theatre." The givers of the dialogue—Harry Emery and I—fully agreed with this able and lucid statement of the case!

Usually a blast like that would suffice to sober up those who needed the correction; but if it failed, a fine of fifty cents or more would be imposed upon the offender by the chairman.

Humorous and satirical squibs of all kinds found their way into the budget box, and much amusement—oftentimes amazement—resulted from their exploitation. One of the irrepressibles, who was fond of "guying" others, making game especially of their histrionic efforts, himself essayed a dramatic dialogue, assisted by a girl friend. She was "Pauline," and he "Claude Melnotte," in Bulwer's romantic melodrama, "The Lady of Lyons." He was word-perfect in the part, but somehow his acting caused no thrill. The budget box, after complimenting him for always committing his lines so well, plowed into him thus:

> Now Claude was well committed too,
> And doubly done—ay, this is true;
> You first commit the piece, to prove it,
> And then commit the murder of it.

Occasionally an original play was put on, satirizing some member or non-member by impersonation. I recall one in which a certain individual, who as critic in the debating society had passed some rather harsh strictures upon the Wasatch,

was represented as being haled before the District Court to answer a charge of chasing "with malice prepense" a neighbor's chickens, for morning and evening exercise. The defendant denied chasing the chickens with a "mallet pretense or a mallet of any kind;" but the objection was overruled, or underruled (Rule Wells being on the bench) and the culprit was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. I was the prosecuting attorney in this case, and Heeb Wells attorney for the defense. Again the critic, this time a girl—Emma Wells—wielded the birch, scoring the authors and performers in a way to make them feel like a Mexican dollar with seventy cents deducted. "Em" had no sympathy with such burlesques on "our friends."

The crowning feature of the program was the budget box. There wit and wisdom, satire and sentiment, mingled with the sharpest personalities. Too often tender feelings were lacerated by some clever jibe, intended to be innocently funny, but in effect almost cruel. The doom of the Wasatch was foreshadowed by the personalities of the budget box, long before a penchant for frivolous pleasure-seeking had superseded, in many, all ambition for higher things, thus leading to the inevitable collapse.

The budget box, however, had better things than quips and quirks with which to regale its patrons. Some of the sketches, by such writers as Horace G. Whitney, Heber M. Wells and John B. Read—wits of the first water—all but rivaled Goldsmith, Dickens or Mark Twain. This is no exaggeration, and it constituted one of the main reasons for the society's popularity.

There was little religion in the Wasatch, aside from what lurked in the hearts of its members, nearly all scions of good "Mormon" families, and as clean a lot of boys and girls as the sun shone upon. Many were spiritually-minded, though not demonstrative. These would have welcomed the introduction of religious observances—such as opening and closing with prayer—but for the opposition, tacit or expressed, of their associates. The membership was of a mixed character, religious and non-religious, but never anti-religious in tone. Persons, not principles, were the targets of budget box ridicule.

One of the members was a little Englishman who had drifted into the community from nobody-knew-where, and as mysteriously drifted out again. He was well educated, claimed to be an Oxford graduate, and was rather eccentric in speech and action. "Yes, thanks," "No, thanks," was the usual form in which he answered questions put to him. While convalescing from an illness, he was asked by an acquaintance how he felt. "Worse, thanks," was the dolefully polite though somewhat ambiguous response.

Balls and excursions under Wasatch auspices were of frequent occurrence, the outings being to Black Rock, Brighton, the Wells Farm, City Creek Canyon, or some other nearby place. Inevitably the wits of the society had their say regarding these very pleasant affairs, humorous descriptions of which were duly deposited in that "Lion's Mouth," the budget box.

One evening in autumn "the crowd" went down to Calder's (now Nibley) Park. A boat, accidently capsizing, threw one of the young ladies into the water. She was helped out and hurried to a bowery, where the other girls busied themselves covering her with wraps, taking off her wet hose, etc. Meanwhile, "till Mary did appear," the boys "waited patiently about"—about like "Mary's little lamb." As she sat there, with her teeth chattering, for it was quite cold, one of the "lambs" approached and asked sympathetically: "What can we do for you, Mame?—would you like some ice cream?" Her reply was an Arctic glance that "froze the genial current of his soul."

Many will remember the terrific explosion of powder magazines, on the hill near the head of State Street, not far from the present Capitol grounds. The accident occurred late in the afternoon of Wednesday, April 5, 1876. The whole city was shaken and terrified. But the indomitable Wasatch met that very night, according to custom, and the wide-awake budget box teemed with incidents relating to the explosion.

Of course, we all had a good opinion of ourselves, and some of us spoke well of our neighbors. But, as often happens in the lapse of time, opinions hastily formed had to undergo re-

vision and modification. For instance, Heeb Wells thought Harry Emery "the finest young actor on the American stage." Reminded of this many years later, Heeb stood aghast and exclaimed: "Did I say that?" The fact is, Harry was not much of an actor, but he played the flute like a motor cycle, and was an all-round good fellow, much liked for his genial and jolly nature. He was a good swimmer, too. He swam from Black Rock House to Black Rock in a storm, and returned in triumph, the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys, two of whom, in attempting to accompany him to the Rock, had all but shared the fate of Leander, being ignominiously beaten back, half strangled, by the boisterous, briny billows. I was one of the unsuccessfuls, and the little Englishman the other. Barring a slight loss of prestige, we were none the "worse, thanks" for what we had passed through.

As the love of pleasure grew and the society became more and more dominated by that spirit—to the extent that a proposed sleighride or other sportive attraction was sufficient to cause a premature adjournment, leaving the program stranded high and dry—those who had become members for the improvement of their minds began to withdraw. Thus, little by little, the Wasatch, abandoning its early ideals, went to pieces. Its entire career covered only about four years, but it made a record that cannot be consistently ignored when Utah's literary annals are compiled.

Even in dying it seemed to exert a virile influence. From its ashes arose two of the most notable of Utah's artistic organizations, whose fame went beyond the borders of the State, and whose achievements delighted for years the local public. I refer to the Home Dramatic Club (most of whose members had been connected with the Wasatch) and the Salt Lake Opera Company, managed, as was the dramatic club, by "Bud" Whitney (Horace G) the "Gax" of the budget box, later known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as one of the best dramatic critics in the land.

As for Heeb Wells, the Bill Nye of the Wasatch and "Yorick" of the budget box, he shone as a character comedian, and

could have become world-famous as such had he continued to train his histrionic gift and devote himself to the stage. But he chose to turn his versatile talents in another direction, and halted not in his upward career till he became the chief executive of his native state.

"Bid" Young, another prominent member, was also a gifted comedian, with mimetic powers unsurpassed. As a writer and speaker, too, he has manifested much ability.

But I grow sentimental—and why not? How can I help it, even if I would, when dreaming reminiscently of the dear old boys and yet young girls of yesterday? I have but to shut my eyes and I can see Lena Fobes (Mrs. Junius F. Wells) manipulating with magic touch the ivory keys, to the dulcet strains of some entrancing overture. I hear again that tripping, skipping little idyl, "Fawn-footed Nannie," so sweetly sung by the Horne girls, Mattie and Corneel. And last but not least—nor anything else that I can think of—"Stan" Clawson, scraping from his violin, as only he could scrape, the liquid notes of "The Crystal Schottische." But here I shut my ears as well as my eyes, and the beauteous vision dissolves.

I have always thought that the anxiety felt by leading Church officials over the pronounced worldly tendencies in the Wasatch and the Zeta Gamma, influenced in some degree the founding of the Mutual Improvement Association, which drew to itself so many former members of those earlier organizations. What more natural than that President Young, some of whose children were connected with the Wasatch and the Zeta Gamma, should share in that anxiety; and noting the good in those societies and the marked success achieved by them, be impelled to provide something similar, though better and more permanent, for the youth of Zion?

Great things are often caused by small things. A little stone on the mountain side, displaced by accident, can start the all-whelming avalanche. More than one divine revelation has been called forth by some human incident, completely buried out of sight by what followed. "Honor to whom honor

is due"—not forgetting the pioneer societies that went before the Mutuals, preparing their way, and not excepting one of the most talented, most capable, and most successful among them—the Wasatch Literary Association.

VII

A Soul's Awakening

1876

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

HOW this truth was exemplified in my own experience, it is now my purpose to tell.

During much of the period covered by the career of the Wasatch Literary Association, I was out of regular employment, and for this reason—since it is an ill wind that blows no good to anyone—all the more able to devote myself to the interests of that organization. But I was tormented by the thought that certain persons, whose good opinion I valued, deemed me idle from choice.

I was not idle. I was hard at work mentally, but my work did not bring monetary returns, and that is the gauge by which most people measure the value of human toil. Knowing how I was misjudged, yet powerless to correct the false impression, I was unhappy, and gladly would have changed my lot for the better, had I received the least encouragement.

But I had no "pull"—as it is termed—no rich relative or influential friend to provide me with "a place in the sun;" and they who found fault with me did not help me. I might have helped myself more, had I been less diffident, or better trained for business life. Untrained, I shrank from it, fearing to ask for what I wanted, lest it be denied, and I be humiliated by the denial. Moreover, my health was poor, and that, I need hardly say, was no small factor in the problem.

Finally I secured a position—a humble one, yet sufficient

to occupy my time and yield a moderate income. In the fall and winter of 1875 I worked for a Jew merchant in Bingham Canyon, my duties being those of clerk and general utility man about the store.

I had made up my mind to embrace the dramatic profession, and as the Salt Lake Theatre was not running regularly, I decided to go to New York, that Mecca of theatrical aspirants, and there begin my career. The winter past, I severed my relations with Bingham Canyon and came home, resolved upon seizing the first opportunity to carry out my ambitious design. My parents were much opposed to it, but I was determined to do something, to be somebody, and the drama seemed the only opening for me at that time.

In the intervals of odd jobs I kept up my practice of elocution, mastered Bacon's "Manual of Gesture," and in every way possible strove to fit myself for the stage. The time and effort were not wasted. What was done in that direction helped to prepare me for my subsequent and real career. I was all the more capable as a preacher, for having had some experience as an actor.

One day while I was going through my vocal exercises in my mother's parlor, giving out the vowel sounds in stentorian tones, quite unaware of any "listening in," my Aunt Mary's little son Clark, approaching Father, who was standing outside, asked in an awestruck whisper: "Pa, is that the Lord talkin'?" At the same time a man with a wheelbarrow was passing the house. He conceived it to be a private hospital, and went on his way murmuring sympathetically, "Poor fellow, how he must suffer!"

Another incident connected with that period of preparation again brings in the name of my boy schoolmate, Heber J. Grant. A prize was offered in the Thirteenth Ward Sabbath School for the best recitation, and I resolved to try for it. Heber, whose home was in that ward, was my competitor. I recited "Shamus O'Brien," and he gave "The Martyrdom of the Prophet and the Patriarch." The prize—a handsome copy of Parley P. Pratt's Autobiography—came to me, but

Heber was awarded "something just as good" for committing to memory more questions and answers from the Catechism than any other student in the school.

On the evening of my birthday, July 1st, 1876, the Wasatch boys and girls gave me a farewell benefit in the Social Hall. "Robert Macaire," a popular melodrama, and an olio of songs and other numbers made up the program. Heeb Wells was to have played "Jacques Strop" to my "Macaire," but the serious illness of his mother prevented, and Bid Young read the part on short notice.

Meanwhile, my mother, finding that she could not dissuade me from my purpose, said resignedly: "Well, Orson, since you are determined to go, I shall not oppose you; and if I can sell a piece of land (she had inherited several lots from her father's estate) I'll give you two hundred dollars to take you to New York."

Overjoyed, I sought earnestly to bring about the realization of that promise. But alas! there was no sale for the land. July—August—September—went by, spent in an ineffectual struggle against fate. Something was in the way—the Hand of Providence, though I did not see it then. More than once a sale seemed imminent; then some question would arise and the whole thing fall through, carrying with it my fondest hope. I believe now—what I suspected then—that my mother's prayers were largely responsible for the situation and what grew out of it.

October came. The General Conference of the Church convened, and I was called on a mission to the United States.[a] There was no previous notice—such was not the custom in those days. It fell like a bolt from the blue. And mark what followed! No sooner had I signified my willingness to accept the call, than my mother sold her land without any difficulty, and gave me two hundred dollars to take me—not to the City of New York to begin a dramatic career, but to the State of Pennsylvania, my first field of labor as a missionary. This was

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a Utah was then a Territory, and outside—especially in the East—were "The States."

the turning point in my life, the virtual beginning of my career.

Poorly prepared was I, in a spiritual way, for the work that lay before me. Beyond a perfunctory and irregular attendance at Sabbath schools and other sacred gatherings, I had paid little attention to religion, and in practical Church work was entirely without experience. I think it was pride more than piety that induced me to go upon that mission. I felt that it would be a disgrace not to go, and would sadden the hearts of those who loved me and whom I loved. Therefore I sacrificed my most cherished wish, laid my darling ambition on the altar, and took the will of the Lord, instead of my own will, for a guide.

I have never done a wiser or better thing. If there is anything in my life that looks like success, it is because I decided as I did at that time, and because I have striven ever since to act upon the same principle.

I know now that I had a testimony, a deep conviction of the Truth; but it was latent, undeveloped, like a gold mine in the depths of the earth. Something had to occur to bring it out. That something was my mission. It bored the tunnel, sunk the shaft, and brought the precious ore to the surface.

I cannot but believe that in the heart of every "Mormon" boy and every "Mormon" girl there is a spiritual gold mine, awaiting development. To some, the development comes early; to others, late. But come it will, sometime, somewhere. They are children of the Covenant; in their veins is the blood of Israel; and they have received, if baptized, the gift of the Holy Ghost, which manifests the things of God. How could all that go for naught?

The sons and daughters of faithful fathers and mothers in Israel are heirs to sacred and divine promises, made for valiant service here or elsewhere, and inherited by both parent and child for some good reason, rooted, perhaps, in the spiritual soil of a life that went before. Therefore are they entitled to great consideration at the hands of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who is "not slack concerning his promises."

True, the offspring of the righteous must show themselves worthy of such consideration. Men and women are not blessed

and honored of God merely because their ancestors were deserving. Something for nothing is not a principle of eternal justice. We pay for what we get, even from the Divine Giver—pay to the limit of our ability to pay; and He does the rest, the part that we cannot do.

Parents of the wilful and the wayward! Do not give them up. Do not cast them off. They are not utterly lost. They have but strayed in ignorance from the Path of Right, and God is very merciful to ignorance. Only the fulness of knowledge brings the fulness of accountability. Our Heavenly Father is far more merciful, infinitely more charitable, than the best of his servants, and the Everlasting Gospel is mightier in power to save than our narrow, finite minds can comprehend.

The wandering sheep will be found. The eye of the Shepherd is upon them, and sooner or later they will feel the tentacles of Divine Providence reaching out after them and drawing them back to the Fold. Either in this world or the world to come, they will return. They must pay their debt to justice, must suffer for their sins, and may tread a thorny path; but if it leads them at last, like the penitent Prodigal, to a loving and forgiving Father's heart and home, the painful experience will not have been in vain.

Without being wayward, in the sense of falling away from the faith or sinking in the mire of iniquity, I was more or less indifferent to religious observances; not skeptical, but neglectful. "Going to meeting" was irksome to me. I was too young to appreciate long sermons upon subjects of which I knew little or nothing; and even as in boyhood, when I had wearied of school-room confinement, so in budding manhood my feelings revolted against church-going and other, to me, dull acts of duty.

Naturally religious, I shunned religious discipline. Worldly-minded, yes, though caring little for most worldly occupations. Financial and commerical pursuits, so fascinating to many, had no charm for me whatever. Mere money-making I despised. I honored no man for his wealth, though I admired ability in any legitimate line, not excepting the ability to acquire honestly and use wisely the riches of this world.

I was an idealist, a romantic dreamer, if you will; but by no means impractical or visionary. I was not blind to the utilitarian side of life, nor to the absolute need of the temporal as well as the spiritual. But the artistic appealed to me more than the everyday practical. I loved music, poetry, history, philosophy; was fond of the theatre—the drama was in my blood. My tastes, though not low, were anything but puritanic. I enjoyed lively company, but vice did not attract me, and vulgarity always repelled. With all my indifference to and distaste for what some call the "humdrums" of religion—but which I prefer to style the mathematics or machinery thereof—I was conscious of spiritual leanings and longings, a desire for something better than I had known.

"I walked in the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave."

Love of God, the very essence of religion, was always with me. I never doubted the Lord's existence, his goodness or his power. When in trouble my first thought was to pray to Him. I did not share the notion, expressed by some of my fellows, that "the Lord doesn't want us to bother him about every little thing." I have never believed that we trouble our Heavenly Father by craving blessings at his hand. Prayer is an expression of faith, and the exercise of faith, whereby comes spiritual development, is one of the great objects and privileges of this earthly existence, our "second estate," where we "walk by faith", as before we "walked by sight." I believed then and believe now, that God's ear is as open to the pleadings of a little child, as to the prayers of a congregation or the shouts of armies going into battle.

Though lax in duty to the extent described, I was innately loyal to my religion and my people. Else why did my cheek burn and my blood tingle whenever they were assailed or spoken of slightingly? If "Mormonism" was insulted I was insulted. If anyone treated a "Mormon" kindly and I knew of it, I was that "Mormon" for the time being, personally grateful for

the kindness or courtesy shown. This tells me that I had a testimony even in those early careless years.

A rather remarkable experience befell me when a child. I had lost my pocket knife—the first I ever owned. Grieving bitterly over the misfortune, I almost questioned Providence for permitting it to happen. Yes, I was just that unreasonable, not knowing any better, and being so constituted that it nearly tore my heart out to lose anything upon which I had set my affections. While sorrowing over my loss, I suddenly felt an influence of peace, and as I looked up to heaven through my tears, a ray of light seemed resting down upon me. All at once those splendid lines of Cowper's flashed into my mind:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

Never to my knowledge had I seen or heard that verse before. But be that as it may, it had the effect of drying my tears and giving me the assurance that I should find my lost knife. A few minutes later I walked down the path to my mother's gate, and there, half hidden in the dust, lay my precious treasure. How eagerly I pounced upon it, and how grateful I was for its recovery, I need not say.

To some this incident may appear trivial. To me, it is anything but that. I verily believe that He who "watcheth the sparrow and heareth the young ravens when they cry," had seen and pitied my childish grief, and had taken this method of inducing me to trust in Him.

Always fond of reading, I was fairly well informed upon the contents of the Scriptures. The Bible and the Book of Mormon I read when very young—more, perhaps, for the warlike and romantic events recorded therein, than for the doctrinal and didactic phases, which I learned to value later. In Sabbath school I was taught the first principles of the Gospel—faith, repentance, baptism, etc.—and I never forgot

those principles. They have served me well. I found them as effectual in combatting error, as did David the stone and sling with which he overthrew the Giant. I have never met the man or woman who could gainsay them.

My first office in the priesthood was that of Elder. I was ordained to it by Elder William J. Smith, afterwards a patriarch, but then a worker in the Endowment House, which stood for many years on the northwest corner of Temple Block, serving the purpose of a Temple. The date of that ordination—a prerequisite, then as now, to passing through the House of the Lord—was March 24, 1873. I was prompted to take this step at that time because I was about leaving home for an extended period, and felt that I needed a shield of protection. I joined an Elders' Quorum and attended one of its meetings.

Such was my record; such my temporal and spiritual condition, when I was sent forth to preach the Gospel. It was then that I received my next ordination—this time as a Seventy—under the hands of Apostle Charles C. Rich, who set me apart for my mission.

As the day of departure drew near, my friends gave me another farewell testimonial. It was in the Fourteenth Ward Hall. Along with the usual olio of musical and other numbers, the closet scene from "Hamlet" was presented; "Keetie" Heywood impersonating the Queen Mother, and I "The Melancholy Dane." The affair was under the auspices of the Theatre Orchestra and the Union Glee Club, to both of which I belonged.

Shortly before leaving for the East I met President Brigham Young, on the sidewalk near his office gate. It was my last sight of the great leader, who died while I was away. Smiling benignantly upon me he said: "You are going on your mission?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"That's right" (grasping my hand warmly). "May the Lord bless you!"

And the Lord did bless me, in a most remarkable manner.

It was the sixth of November when I started for the States,

having as a companion Elder Amos Milton Musser, a veteran of the Church who had been around the world preaching the Gospel. I was glad to go under his wing. A number of other missionaries went also. Our route was over the Union Pacific Railroad and its eastern connections.

At one of the stations between Ogden and Omaha, our train having halted, and another train standing near, I saw pacing the platform a gentleman whom I recognized as Edwin Booth, the famous actor, whom till then I had never seen; though familiar with his personal appearance from portraits in books and magazines. He was on his way to San Francisco, where he played an engagement that season.

At Council Bluffs Elder Musser and I parted temporarily, he remaining a few days in that vicinity, while I went on to Chicago to visit relatives—some of the Murrays—with whom I tarried for about two weeks. During my stay in that great city I saw and heard for the first and only time the renowned evangelists, Moody and Sankey. I also visited the Board of Trade or Stock Exchange, gazing from the gallery upon the unseemly spectacle of sane men acting so insanely in a mad scramble for the things that perish.

My visit at an end, I set out for Philadelphia, and at three o'clock on the morning of a bleak November day, landed in the City of Brotherly Love. I had sat up all night on the train—sleeping berths being a luxury rarely indulged in by "Mormon" missionaries in those days—and as a result felt somewhat below normal.

No sooner had I alighted upon the depot platform than a dapper young fellow stepped up to me and said:

"Where would you like to go, sir?"

"To the North Pennsylvania Depot," I replied—that being the point where I was to take a train for the northern part of the State.

"Jump into my hack," said he (with the air of the Spider to the Fly), "and I'll take you where you want to go."

"What will it cost?" I inquired.

"Three dollars."

"Three dollars for taking me from one depot to another!"

"It's several miles from here," he explained.

"Where's the street car?"

"Oh, there's no street car running at this hour."

Just then another young fellow came forward, and with a look of "brotherly love" on his countenance, repeated the question put to me by his pal:

"Where did you say you would like to go?"

"To the North Pennsylvania Depot."

"Oh, you'd better go with the young man," he philanthropically (Philadelphically) advised. But I remained obdurate, and was then offered a two-thirds discount.

Seeing a policeman not far away, and remembering a word of counsel given me before leaving home, to the effect that I was not to trust "every Tom, Dick and Harry" who might offer to serve me, but seek advice when necessary from someone in uniform, I pushed past the two fellows who were bent upon fleecing me, and walking up to the officer inquired: "Where is the street car to the North Penn. Depot?"

"Right around the corner, sir," said he. And sure enough there it was , in waiting. I got aboard, paid one dime, and saved two dollars and ninety cents by remembering and acting upon that word of wise counsel.

It was the year of the Centennial Exposition. The United States was a hundred years old, and the city of its birth was celebrating the event in befitting style. I did not see the big Fair. I was not in a sight-seeing mood; but only intent upon reaching my destination as soon as possible.

Purchasing a ticket to Plymouth, Luzern County, I was soon on my way to the coal lands of that region. I expected to find Brother Musser there, but learned, upon arriving at Plymouth, that he was in the southern part of the State, with a cousin of his, Elder Benjamin Neff, also from Salt Lake City. My first companion in the ministry was Elder James H. Straw, of Springville.

At Plymouth I wrote some verses, "A Voice from an Absent One," and sent them to "Aunt Em" Wells, who edited the "Woman's Exponent," in which paper they duly appeared. These were the opening lines:

The wintry day, descending to its close,
Invites all wearied nature to repose;
And deepening shadows gather dense and fast,
Like sable curtains closing o'er the past.

Pale through the gloom the newly-fallen snow
Lays like a shroud upon the earth below,
As though 'twere Mercy's hand had let it fall,
A symbol of forgiveness unto all.

I cannot go to rest, but linger still
In meditation at my window sill,
While, like the twinkling stars in heaven's dome,
Come, one by one, sweet memories of home.

My Muse had hardly tried her wings as yet, but evidently there was poetry in me—shown even by that humble flight—and my mission was bringing it out.

I have spoken of my early dislike for poetry. It had but one cause—ignorance. It was not poetry that I disliked, but what often passes for poetry—cheap rhymes masquerading as inspired verse. If hymns and anthems shared in the aversion I felt, it was because of things associated therewith—things which my untutored mind and unenlightened soul could not at that time appreciate.

Not all at once did I get the spirit of my mission. Still in poor health, and more or less melancholy in consequence, I felt keenly the change from home and friends to the environment of a strange and frowning world. The duties required of me were not what they afterwards became, and my experience at first was anything but a feast of unalloyed delight.

There was to be no sudden change in me, from spiritual indolence to fanatical zeal. There could not be in a nature such as mine. Zealous I might, and undoubtedly did, become; but never fanatical; and it required weeks, even months, to effect a complete transformation. But when it came, it was permanent, enduring. I opened my eyes on another world, and "the imprisoned chrysalis", breaking through its earthly crust, soared "a winged Psyche" toward the sun.

VIII

In the Mission Field

1876—1877

AFTER a few weeks of missionary experience in the land of the "Molly Maguires"—a secret combination of sinister character then infesting the coal regions of northern Pennsylvania—word came from Elder Musser that his cousin was ill and must go home, and that I or Brother Straw would have to go with him. I resolved to be the one who remained. Whatever the hardships of the mission field, they were infinitely preferable, in my mind, to going home after an absence of only six weeks. So I proposed to Brother Straw, who had a family in Utah, that he return with the sick man. He did so, and I joined Elder Musser in Lancaster County.

At the town of Strasburg, where we remained till after the holidays, we held a public discussion with an itinerant preacher, a Scotch Presbyterian, John Wynne Martin by name. It came about in this manner. Just before I joined Elder Musser he, unable to obtain the free use of a church, had secured the Town Hall for one evening, at a rental of five dollars; the price being paid by an agnostic or "free thinker" who, in something of the same spirit, I suppose, that prompted Absalom when he turned the flaming foxes into the fields of Joab, amused himself and annoyed the local ministers by giving the "Mormons" a chance to present their case.

The meeting was well attended, and right in the midst of it Elder Musser, while speaking, was interrupted by Mr. Martin, who disputed something that had been said about infant damnation. The disturber was invited to the platform, and was beginning to talk to the people, when our free-thinking friend, who was in a merry mood from tippling, called out:

"Go ahead, Mr. Musser; this is *your* meeting. We didn't come out to hear that old codger."

They did hear him, however, for he had many friends there, and "we the citizens of Strasburg," by their mouthpiece, a prominent Presbyterian, demanded for the reverend gentleman a further opportunity to be heard. The result was a public discussion, giving us the free use of the Town Hall for two more nights—just the thing we wanted, though we would have to share it with our polemical antagonist. The Presbyterians looked upon the coming of Mr. Martin as a dispensation of Providence. We also regarded him as "a ram in the thicket"—and prepared to offer him up!

I did little more than carry the books to and from the Hall, deliver an opening or closing prayer, and lead the singing. I was smarting under a humiliation experienced at the first meeting—the one provided for us by the agnostic. Called upon to speak, I began by saying that "Mormon" preachers, unlike other ministers, never prepared their sermons in advance, but trusted in the Lord, who always helped them by his Spirit. Having said this, I could think of nothing more to say. So I said it again—and again—and finally sat down in a cold sweat, disgusted with myself and covered with confusion. Elder Musser followed and spoke freely until the Reverend Martin interrupted him.

The local paper, next morning, gloated over my discomfiture: "Elder Whitney said that the Lord helps the Mormon preachers by his Spirit. If that be so, the case of Elder Whitney was a notable exception." Stung? I thought a hornet's nest had been stirred up in my immediate vicinity. How I suffered! But the suffering did me good. It crushed all the vanity out of me. I learned there and then, what every missionary needs to learn, and the sooner the better, that the Lord does not bring water out of a dry well. If He does, He has changed since giving to his servants this wise injunction:—"Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith."[a]

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a D. & C. 88:118.

The discussion came off as announced, and our opponent was worsted. I believe I had a part in it, for though I did not speak, I prayed—prayed fervently for the success of my companion and the defeat of his adversary. I was not as confident as I am now, of the potency of "Mormonism," and feared a possible failure for our champion. I asked the Lord to confound his opponent—and confounded he certainly was.

Mr. Martin, who was partly deaf and I think a little daft, had not been speaking five minutes in answer to Elder Musser, when another assemblage in an upper room let out; those dismissed descending the stairs outside the hall where our meeting was in progress. Mistaking the noise of those tramping feet for applause, the poor old man stepped forward and, to the surprise and mystification of his hearers, said: "At any other time, my friends, I would thank you; but the agreement was that there should be no demonstrations of approval or disapproval during this debate." The people stared—looked at one another—grinned, then laughed outright, and could not again be brought to order. Mr. Martin's speech was entirely lost upon them. Hopelessly bewildered, he could not recover his self-command. In full view of all, he fell upon his knees, while everyone else arose, clasping his hands as if in prayer, while the benediction was pronounced. The people then dispersed.

Unable to get further opportunities at Strasburg, we moved to the town of Lancaster, where we were equally unsuccessful, except in one or two suburban places.

One Sunday evening we attended a meeting of colored people—Shouting Methodists—where I heard for the first time a negro preacher. To a congregation of several hundred, among whom Elder Musser and I were the only white persons, he delivered what he called "The Fish Sermon," taking for his text the Scriptural passage: "Again, the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind." In a rather ingenious manner (though I doubted his authorship of the sermon) he proceeded to arraign the various professions, comparing each to some sort of fish,

and paralleling their characteristics. For instance, the lawyer was "a shark," and the doctor something else equally scaly. All the while he was speaking, the sable orator strode back and forth upon the platform before a multitude of rapt worshippers, the front rows not only kneeling, but fairly groveling on the floor, moaning, groaning, and shouting "Amen," "O Lord," with other pious ejaculations, as a continuous accompaniment to the discourse. Ever and anon he would say to them: "Keep on prayin', brothers, sisters, keep on prayin'; and ah have no doubt ah shall be able to mention some sixty kinds o' fish." And I verily believe he did, before sitting down bathed in a glow of rapture that might have consumed him, but for the profuse perspiration that acted as a safeguard.

Here I must make honorable mention of a Mr. Isaiah Richmond, who, at the close of a meeting held in Maytown, invited us to his home. We had announced that we were unsalaried ministers, and would be glad to accept entertainment for the night; but nobody responded until Mr. Richmond spoke out: "This is a Christian country; come with me." We went, and were kindly entertained. Our host was a preacher in the "Church of God," otherwise known as "Winebrenarians."

At Marietta we spoke in church where the famed and eccentric Lorenzo Dow had held forth at an earlier time. It was related of him, that as he stood up to address the congregation on a wintry night, the house unheated, and the attendance small, he said: "It's a cold night; it's a cold house; it's a cold audience, and I guess we'll have a cold meeting." On another occasion, perhaps in a different place, he took a stone into the pulpit and launched forth upon a tirade against sheep-stealing. At a certain point in his impassioned discourse he raised the stone as if to throw it, exclaiming as he did so: "I can hit the man I mean." Several heads suddenly ducked, each fearing a possible repetition of the fate that befell Goliath of Gath.

Then or later, Elder Musser and I took a trip into that part of the State where I had first labored. We also visited Scranton and other towns in Lackawanna County. Emissaries of the Reorganized Church were there, trying to undermine

the faith of the resident Saints, and we did what we could to counteract and nullify the efforts they were putting forth.

Early in the New Year we moved to the town of Columbia, on the north bank of the Susquehanna River, opposite Wrightsville and about thirty-five miles from the battlefield of Gettysburg. Wrightsville was the most northern point reached by the Confederate army under Lee, when he invaded Pennsylvania just before that bloody and fateful conflict. Renting a small room in a private tenement house, we wrote and published pamphlets, interviewed editors, and preached in some of the adjacent towns.

As spring approached I received from a friend in Washington, D. C., an invitation to visit him. That friend was James A. McKnight, with whom I had appeared at the Salt Lake Theatre in his play, "The Robbers of the Rocky Mountains." He was staying at the home of a Mrs. Moses, his father's sister. Obtaining consent from the mission president (Elder Henry Grow at Philadelphia), I accepted the proffered kindness and spent two weeks very pleasantly at the Nation's capital. Elder Musser followed in a few days, but returned before me to Columbia.

I paid the usual pilgrimage to Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon; visited the White House, and other points of interest; and spent an afternoon in the House of Representatives where, by courtesy of Utah's delegate, Hon. George Q. Cannon, I occupied his seat and listened to a spirited debate in which S. S. ("Sunset") Cox, Fernando Wood and other noted Congressmen took part. The subject up for discussion was the Louisiana Returning Board, one of the yokes put upon the trampled South during the painful Reconstruction period, which was about to end.

I also attended two Sunday evening lectures, delivered by Dr. John P. Newman, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, where President U. S. Grant attended service. Dr. Newman was likewise Chaplain of the United States Senate. I had heard him in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City in the summer of 1870, when he discussed with Apostle Orson

Pratt the question: "Does the Bible sanction Polygamy?" In one of his lectures—which was on Jerusalem—he made this sensational statement: "The iron horse now thunders along the base of the Pyramids. Ere long the conductor will cry, "Breakfast at Nineveh, dinner at Babylon, and ten minutes at the Garden of Eden!" All of which might possibly occur, provided the learned Doctor's geography were accurate, and the ancient site of the Garden of Eden where he evidently supposed it to be. Joseph Smith placed it in Jackson County, Missouri.

Leaving Washington shortly before President Hayes was inaugurated, I rejoined Brother Musser in Pennsylvania. Feeling a little concerned for having used so much time in sight-seeing, I was much relieved when my father, to whom I had written an apologetic explanation, assured me by return mail that he thought the two weeks well spent, and that my action was more commendable than otherwise. I had been offered inducements to remain in Washington, give up my mission, and engage in secular pursuits; but the proposition did not tempt me. I was glad to get back to the mission field

Soon, however, a real temptation came. Prior to leaving home, I had done little writing and less speaking, neither hoping nor caring for success along either line. But now I was seized with a strong desire to write, especially to describe scenes beheld and incidents noted during my travels. Forthwith I began a correspondence with the Salt Lake Herald—first, however, writing to the editor, Byron Groo, and asking him if that paper would publish what I might send. He promptly replied, "thanking me in advance" and encouraging me to proceed. I used as a nom de plume my budget-box name, "Iago."

My communications to the Herald, the first one dated March 14, 1877, leaped at once into popular favor. This gratified me, of course, but I became so absorbed in the correspondence that it encroached upon hours that should have been given to religious study. Elder Musser chided me for it. "You ought to be studying the books of the Church," said

he. "You were sent out to preach the Gospel, not to write for the newspapers." I knew he was right, but still kept on, fascinated by the discovery that I could wield a pen, and preferring that to any other pursuit except the drama, my ambition for which had been laid aside.

Then came a marvelous manifestation, an admonition from a higher Source, one impossible to ignore. It was a dream, or a vision in a dream, as I lay upon my bed in the little town of Columbia, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. I seemed to be in the Garden of Gethsemane, a witness of the Savior's agony. I saw Him as plainly as ever I have seen anyone. Standing behind a tree in the foreground, I beheld Jesus, with Peter, James and John, as they came through a little wicket gate at my right. Leaving the three Apostles there, after telling them to kneel and pray, the Son of God passed over to the other side, where He also knelt and prayed. It was the same prayer with which all Bible readers are familiar: "Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

As He prayed the tears streamed down his face, which was toward me. I was so moved at the sight that I also wept, out of pure sympathy. My whole heart went out to him; I loved him with all my soul, and longed to be with him as I longed for nothing else.

Presently He arose and walked to where those Apostles were kneeling—fast asleep! He shook them gently, awoke them, and in a tone of tender reproach, untinctured by the least show of anger or impatience, asked them plaintively if they could not watch with him one hour. There He was, with the awful weight of the world's sin upon his shoulders, with the pangs of every man, woman and child shooting through his sensitive soul—and they could not watch with him one poor hour!

Returning to his place, He offered up the same prayer as before; then went back and again found them sleeping. Again He awoke them, readmonished them, and once more returned and prayed. Three times this occurred, until I was perfectly familiar with his appearance—face, form and movements. He

was of noble stature and majestic mien—not at all the weak, effeminate being that some painters have portrayed; but the very God that he was and is, as meek and humble as a little child.

All at once the circumstance seemed to change, the scene remaining just the same. Instead of before, it was after the crucifixion, and the Savior, with the three Apostles, now stood together in a group at my left. They were about to depart and ascend into Heaven. I could endure it no longer. I ran from behind the tree, fell at his feet, clasped Him around the knees, and begged him to take me with him.

I shall never forget the kind and gentle manner in which He stooped, raised me up, and embraced me. It was so vivid, so real. I felt the very warmth of his body, as He held me in his arms and said in tenderest tones: "No, my son; these have finished their work; they can go with me; but you must stay and finish yours." Still I clung to Him. Gazing up into his face—for he was taller than I—I besought him fervently: "Well, promise me that I will come to you at the last." Smiling sweetly, He said: "That will depend entirely upon yourself." I awoke with a sob in my throat, and it was morning.

"That's from God," said Elder Musser, when I related to him what I had seen and heard. "I do not need to be told that," was my reply. I saw the moral clearly. I had never thought of being an Apostle, nor of holding any other office in the Church, and it did not occur to me even then. Yet I knew that those sleeping Apostles meant me. I was asleep at my post—as any man is who, having been divinely appointed to do one thing, does another.

But from that hour all was changed. I was never the same man again. I did not give up writing; for President Young, having noticed some of my contributions to the home papers, advised me to cultivate what he called my "gift for writing." "So that you can use it," said he, "for the establishment of truth and righteousness." I therefore continued to write, but not to the neglect of the Lord's Work. I held that first and foremost; all else was secondary.

IX

Change and Development

1877

AT the opening of Spring I felt a desire to change my field of labor, to leave Pennsylvania and go to Ohio, where I had relatives in and around Kirtland, once the headquarters of the Church. Those relatives were not Latter-day Saints, but they had received my father kindly while on a mission several years before. To one of them, Reverend Samuel F. Whitney, my grandfather's younger brother, a retired Methodist minister, I wrote introducing myself, telling him that I was "a Mormon to the backbone," and asking if he would like me to come and see him. He answered courteously, stating that he was always glad to see his relatives, and cared nothing about their religion. He assured me that I would be welcome to the hospitality of his home.

Also I knew of a "Mormon" family, the Frinks, living on a farm near the town of Elyria, and I decided to visit them first. Mrs. Angeline Frink was a sister to John Gleason, one of the Utah Pioneers. She and her husband, Truman Frink, had been to Utah on a visit, and were desirous of selling out and moving West. They had no children of their own, an adopted daughter being the only other member of the household.

Well was it for me that these good people were still in Ohio. They received me into their home and treated me with the utmost kindness. Sister Frink was a woman of strong character, of limited education, but an intelligent, out-and-out Latter-day Saint, emotional, zealous, and devoid of fear.

Brother Frink was not so demonstrative—it was not his nature to be; but he also was very kind.

It was April 8, 1877, when I left Columbia for Elyria, having received from President Grow the necessary permission. Arriving at my destination, I walked three miles into the country, to the farm where dwelt the Frinks. They were not aware of my coming, but had been praying that an Elder of the Church might be led that way, several of their neighbors, with whom Sister Frink had conversed, having expressed a desire to hear more of the Gospel, and hear it from the lips of a "Mormon" missionary. I was the only one in that part of the country.

No sooner had I arrived than Sister Frink, with characteristic zeal, proposed a meeting at her home, a meeting to which she would invite all the neighbors, that I might preach to them. Remembering my wretched failure at Strasburg, and fearing a possible repetition of that humiliating experience, I was anything but delighted with her suggestion. In fact, I was almost terrified. Never had I addressed an audience for more than five or ten minutes at a time, and then only in the way of "breaking ice" for the principal speaker or testifying to what he had told. How was I to fill up a whole evening, all by myself?

In my extreme anxiety I proposed sending for Brother Musser, who was then in Philadelphia. But this, of course, was impracticable, and Sister Frink soon shamed me out of the notion. Laughing heartily—almost heartlessly, I thought—she said: "You're a pretty missionary—sent out to preach, and afraid to open your mouth!" Again I was stung, and again benefited by the stinging. I resolved to trust in the Lord and do my little best.

The Lord did not forsake me. What I said at that meeting, which was duly held, I hardly know. I have a dim recollection of presenting the first principles of the Gospel, and testifying to its Latter-day restoration, with all the ancient gifts, powers and blessings. I was wonderfully helped this time. My thoughts came like a flood, almost faster than I could utter them, and the Holy Spirit, which I had humbly invoked, gave

me a freedom and a fluency as surprising to me as it was to my friends.

But the climax was not complete. On the other side of the country road passing the farm-house where I was staying, stood the residence of Truman Frink's brother, a bitter anti-"Mormon," who had been heard to say that if one of our Elders crossed his threshold he would kick him into the street. Being crippled with rheumatism, he might have found it difficult to do much kicking; but that he had all the will to carry out his threat, I did not doubt. His wife, Margaret Frink, was an excellent woman, childless by him, but by a former husband the mother of several daughters, all married. The eldest, a widow with one child, shared her mother's home.

Mrs. Frink had been confined to her room with an attack of neuralgia, which for many weeks had caused her intense pain. Her daughter had learned, through Sister Frink, that faith-healing was practiced by the Latter-day Saints, and had heard me testify that the miraculous "signs" promised by the Savior to "follow them that believe," were manifested now the same as in days of old. She therefore invited me to come and bless her mother, that she might be healed. Sister "Angie" seconded the suggestion—if, indeed, she did not originate it—and again I was all but paralyzed at the prospect.

Eli Frink's ugly threat, of which I had been told, did not figure very much in my calculations. Rather was it the fear, that notwithstanding my recent success in speaking, there might be another "notable exception" in "the case of Elder Whitney," were he to have the temerity to attempt the working of a miracle. That the sick were healed by faith, I verily believed, but I had never seen it done. Would the necessary faith be present, doubting as I did my worthiness to be an instrument of Providence in such a case? That was the problem. The possible consequences of a failure, as imagination pictured them—the probability of being mobbed and driven from the neighborhood as an impostor, if the healing were attempted and not consummated, came vividly, fearsomely before me.

Never did I feel so helpless—or so humble. I besought the Lord with all my soul to stand by me in this critical hour, to perfect my faith, and use me, if He could consistently, as an instrument for showing forth his merciful power upon the afflicted one. I then consecrated, as best I could, some olive oil provided by Sister Frink, and went with her and her husband to Mrs. Frink's abode.

It was evening and the family were all at home. The daughter met us at the door, and ushered us into her mother's apartment, on the right of a hall-way leading through the house, with rooms on either side. We had heard, as we entered, men's gruff voices and loud laughter in a room to the left; and presently Eli Frink thrust his head through a rear doorway, glanced around suspiciously, and then retired without uttering a word.

Mrs. Frink, with her head bandaged, was sitting up, but still suffering much pain. Laying my hands upon her head, which I had previously anointed, I proceeded to bless her. Scarcely had I begun, when a power fell upon me that I had never felt before, nor have I ever felt it since in the same degree. It was a warm glow in my throat and breast—not painful, but powerful, almost preventing utterance, and it ran like liquid flame to the very tips of my fingers. The effect was instant. "Thank God!" said the sufferer, "the pain has gone." Sister Angie almost shouted, "Glory to God!" As for me, I was so overcome by a sense of gratitude for this signal manifestation of divine favor, that I sank into a chair and burst into tears. The date of this incident was the 24th of April.

Thus was taken another step, and a very important one, in my spiritual development. So long as I remained with Elder Musser, I had leaned upon him and accomplished little. From this time forth I trusted more in God, and my progress was rapid and remarkable.

My first baptisms were in the waters of Lake Erie, at the mouth of Black River. The date, May 28th. The persons baptized were Mrs. Margaret Frink and her daughter, Mrs. Emma Kirkbride. Eli Frink, when told of his wife's miracu-

lous healing, mocked, saying that "she would have got well anyhow." But he raved like a madman when informed of her baptism, and would not consent to her attending the sacrament meetings instituted at his brother's home for the benefit of the little group of believers. He did all in his power to stir up persecution against me, but without success. I was on good terms with Mrs. Frink's son-in-law, Mr. Starr Nevens, and other young people of the neighborhood, among whom I organized a class in elocution, giving them gratis the benefit of my training in that art.

In the interim between the healing of Mrs. Frink and the baptism of herself and daughter, I made my contemplated visit to Kirtland, setting out late in the month of April. Going by way of Cleveland, I remained there over night to hear Henry Ward Beecher, in his lecture on "The Ministry of Wealth." It was masterful. He was a great orator.

Continuing my journey and leaving the train at Willoughby, I walked two or three miles through a beautiful rolling country, and about dusk presented myself at my great-uncle's door. He welcomed me cordially, and we passed the evening in pleasant conversation, mostly on family matters. My attempts to draw him out on the subject of religion, especially "Mormonism," were futile. He said he knew all about it before I was born. But while incorrigible on the subject of the Gospel, I found him a very agreeable old gentleman, shrewd, intelligent, and like all the Whitneys possessed of a keen sense of humor. Fondly attached to the memory of his brother "N.K.", he was evidently anxious to show kindness to anyone related to him.

The next morning after my arrival he hitched up a fine buggy team and took me to see the Kirtland Temple, and to call on various members of his family. We went into the Temple, visited Gilbert and Whitney's old store, with other historic land-marks, and then drove down to Mentor Plains, close upon the Lake shore, where lived his son, Samuel F. Whitney, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. Susan Whitney Talbot.

Never shall I forget those delightful visits—three or

four in all—to Mentor Plains, particularly at the home of my father's cousin, Samuel F. Jr., with whom I was left by Uncle Sam (as Father called him) at the close of our first day's drive. The Whitneys and Talbots entertained me hospitably, and I shall always hold them in honorable and tender remembrance for their great kindness to their "Mormon cousin," as they styled me. Though firm in their faith—Methodism—they were not intolerant nor bigoted. At the table I was often asked to bless the food, and when prayer time came was invited to bow down with the family and take my turn in offering the morning or evening supplication to the Throne of Grace. When finally I came away, after repeated sojourns at their pleasant country homes, they shed tears at the parting, and my own eyes were moist from the same cause. I have since revisited them in Ohio, and some of them have passed through Utah on their way to and from the Pacific Coast.

Uncle Sam, without my knowledge, had spoken appreciatively of some letters that I had written, and which had been published, one in the Cleveland Herald, the other in the Painesville Telegraph, answering critical and satirical comments on "Mormonism." He told my informant, his granddaughter Nellie, that I was "sharp as a steel trap," and had "wound them up in good shape." One might almost deduce from this that a latent spark of the faith which his brother Newel had lived and died by, smouldered in the breast of his unconverted brother.

By Uncle Sam's invitation, I went with him to a Methodist conference in Cleveland, and was interested and not a little amused at the effective manner in which the time limit was enforced, after the meeting had been thrown open for brief testimonies. Two or three minutes were allowed each speaker, and if anyone took more, he was "sung down" by the congregation, whose united voices, drowning his, compelled him to desist.

Between my first and second visits to Mentor Plains, I wrote "Lakeside Musings," and mailed it to "Aunt Em," who had a number of copies printed, some of which she sent me, with her congratulations on my "success as a poet."[a] I mailed

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a "Poetical Writings," p. 16.

a copy to Cousin Nellie (Helen Esther, daughter of S. F. Whitney, Jr., and afterwards Mrs. A. G. Reynolds). Intelligent, well educated and appreciative of anything artistic, she was delighted with my poem, and showed it around to her friends. Her aunt, Mrs. Mandane Worth, living in Cleveland, lent it to a lawyer friend (Judge Adams), who asked permission to copy it. He pronounced it "equal to Longfellow or Tennyson." While pleased, I was not swept off my feet by this glowing compliment, knowing full well that there were many steps to climb before I could merit such a eulogy even in part.

My next poem was "The Land of Shinehah," written in November, 1877. Kirtland, called "Shinehah" in the early revelations to the Church, was the theme of this effusion.[b] It created more interest among my Utah friends than anything of the kind I had yet done. The Deseret News said of it:

"The poem exhibits a refined taste, with a poetic talent of no common order. The theme is very suggestive, and the author has grasped it with a strong and skillful hand. The lines flow in smooth and pleasant measure, and poesy and prophecy combine to incite interest and attract attention. We congratulate the author on his success in versification; we hope he will continue to cultivate the Muse; and we believe that with practice and experience he will develop into a bard who will achieve distinction and make a name in Israel."

Though conscious of many flaws in my work, I was a little proud of this encomium, coming as it did from so able a writer and so competent a critic as Charles W. Penrose, the editor of that paper. Similar compliments came from other sources.

At the Frink farm I had many seasons of enjoyment, both social and religious. I studied hard, wrote much, preached where opportunity offered, and lived in an atmosphere of prayer and meditation. I read and re-read the books of the Church; subjected myself to every requirement of its discipline, and became rooted and grounded in the faith. My life, my whole character, underwent a complete change. I became as zealous as I had been indifferent, and so necessary was

b "Poetical Writings," p. 20.

the Gospel to my peace and happiness, that I marveled how I ever had done without it.

A continuous chain of miraculous incidents accompanied my ministry. My testimony broadened and deepened, and more and more the spiritual side of my nature developed. In my mind's vision the past and future of all Time seemed open to my gaze. I saw my place in the eternal scheme of things; realized whence I came, why I am here, and what awaits me in the Great Hereafter. Life was no longer a mystery: its meaning was clear. Came to me in full effulgence that divine illumination which is greater than dreams, visions and all other manifestations combined. By the light of God's Candle—the Gift of the Holy Ghost—I saw what till then I had never seen, learned what till then I had never known. My soul was satisfied; my joy was full; for I had a testimony of the Truth, and it has remained with me to this day.

X

My First Mission Ends

1877—1878

SOMETIME in July I received a letter from Elder George Reynolds, private secretary to President Brigham Young, conveying a request from the head of the Church that I communicate with one Luke Sharp, who had written to the President from Akron, Ohio, and whose letter was enclosed to me. Mr. Sharp was a coal miner. He and his wife had been Latter-day Saints in Scotland many years before, but had drifted away from all former affiliations, and after coming to America had settled among the coal mines in Northern Ohio. The husband and father had not entirely lost faith in the Gospel, and he now wanted an Elder to come and rebaptize him and if possible bring his family into the fold.

It was August 1st when I set out for Akron, a ride of several hours from Elyria. After alighting from the train, I trudged two or three miles into the country to the coal miner's humble abode. He and his family gave me a hearty welcome, and next day I baptized him, two of his daughters, two of his sons, and on the day following, another daughter; the baptisms taking place in a little creek running through the lower part of the lot upon which their house stood. A day later the mother renewed her covenants in like manner—and thereby hangs a tale which, though not told me until a subsequent visit, finds its proper place at this point in my story.

Upon meeting Mrs. Sharp I had noticed how curiously she eyed me, and how attentively she listened to what I had to say; but thought little of it until she related to me the follow-

ing experience. The night before my first arrival at her home, just as she was retiring and in the act of extinguishing her light, she saw a tall shadow cross the window curtain on the opposite side of the room. Alarmed at such an appearance at such a time, when all was still and the rest of the family abed, she turned to her husband, who was only half awake, and asked him to get up and see what had caused it. He made light of her fear, saying that it was "all imagination;" for he was sure he had locked the doors, and as for the children, they were asleep upstairs. He bade her put out the light, and think no more of the matter. She was about to do as he advised, when the shadow again crossed her vision, this time in the center of the room, and also upon the curtain, as if one shadow had cast the other.

To use her own words: "I felt very timorous; I had buried my baby a short time before, and the thought came to me that this might be a warning of my own death. Then I remembered how I had prayed for a testimony of the truth of 'Mormonism,' and wondered if this was sent to let me know. While I was thinking about it and trembling at the strange sight, a voice spoke to me. It said: 'Sister Sharp, Mormonism is true, and you must be baptized for the remission of your sins, or you cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' The shadow then disappeared. I had my husband get up and look all over the house, but he found no one except the children, and they were still fast asleep. If I had seen and heard what I did just after waking or while waking, I might have thought I had imagined it. But I had not been asleep; I was wide awake. I told Luke what I had heard and he said: 'Mormonism *is* true, and we will both be happier if we go back into the Church.' We fully made up our minds to again join the Saints, and before we slept, prayed the Lord to send one of his servants to baptize us."

Mrs. Sharp declared that the first words I spoke to her on my arrival next day, startled her by their similarity in tone to the strange voice she had heard the night before. She also said that during our conversation I repeated the identical message then delivered to her.

Accepting her account as reliable—for I had no reason to doubt it—I queried: Had my spirit left my sleeping body long enough to fill a mission of the kind described? That such a thing was possible, under the divine will, I verily believed, but did not then, nor do I now, assert it as a positive fact. I merely offer it as a suggestion.

While at the home of the Sharps, I spoke twice in that vicinity—at Thomastown Sunday afternoon, and at Pleasant Valley in the evening, having on each occasion the respectful attention of a gathering composed largely of coal miners.

At the Frink farm, a few weeks later, I read in an Ohio paper of the death of President Brigham Young, who had passed away at the Lion House in Salt Lake City on Wednesday, the 29th of August. To say that the news filled me and the little flock to whom I ministered with sadness, is but to state the simple fact. I felt a sense of personal loss—though "loss" is hardly the proper word to use in such a case. A friend had departed, a powerful friend, one who had shown an interest in me and my future, particularly in my leanings toward literature. If I had an ambition at that time it lay in this direction. I no longer felt any yearning for a theatrical career, and as for official place and prominence, civic or ecclesiastical, I had never thought of it, much less aimed at it.

There are some things that ought not to be aimed at; for they are not achievable by human effort, and should never be considered as trophies of man's skill. Any position in the Church of Christ comes, if it comes at all, as a gift from God. "No man taketh this honor unto himself."

I was conscious of but one desire, and that was to carry out the counsel of my revered and beloved leader, who had advised me to cultivate my "gift for writing," that I might use it "for the establishment of truth and righteousness."

Many years later I had a dream of President Young which much impressed me. I seemed to be in a meeting where he had charge, and as I entered he came toward me, took my hand, and greeted me with affectionate warmth. His face beamed with smiles. He looked the embodiment of spiritual power.

He spoke no word, but his whole manner seemed to say: "God bless you! You are doing well, and I am watching over you with interest and satisfaction." The impression made by the dream was most happifying.

More than one letter from the President came to me during the period of my mission. The first was a transfer, releasing me from the Pennsylvania district and appointing me to labor in Ohio, under the presidency of Elder David M. Stuart, whose headquarters were in the City of Saint Louis. In a subsequent epistle President Young commended my efforts to spread the Truth and gave me this golden advice—his last word of counsel to me: "Never condescend to argue with the wicked—the principles of the Gospel are too sacred to be quarreled over. Bear your testimony in humility, and leave the result with the Lord." By his direct invitation I began to write for the Deseret News, my first contribution to that paper bearing the date of July 9, 1877, only a few weeks before the President's death. It was an article on "The United Order," which he had sought to establish.

On several occasions I revisited Cleveland, calling upon friends and relatives—notably the Martyn family—and meeting many fine people, who treated me with all due consideration. There I heard Wendell Phillips, Matthew Simpson, Mrs. Van Cott, Frances Willard, and other noted speakers. There I again saw Edwin Booth, this time in his classic interpretation of "Hamlet," a description of which from my pen appeared soon afterward in the Salt Lake Herald. At Painesville I saw and heard James A. Garfield, then a member of Congress, who was addressing a Republican mass meeting. At Mentor Plains the farm of the future President and that of the Whitneys adjoined.

In Kirtland, I stayed a few days at the home of my father's cousin, Guy Smith. He treated me kindly, but his wife was not so gracious. She had a violent temper and manifested a spirit of intolerance. In one of her hurricane moods, she all but ordered me out of the house for saying, in the course of a conversation on the Civil War, that the people of the South

were just as sincere as the people of the North. Mrs. Smith was also splenetic on the subject of "Mormonism," sneering at the idea of our Church sending missionaries "to convert us heathens." After emptying her vials of wrath and saying all she could to wound my feelings, she would suddenly relent, become mild, and treat me with studied courtesy.

I bore her taunts and those of her neighbors who came in to help her traduce the character of the Prophet Joseph Smith for my benefit—bore them the more patiently because I wished, before leaving Kirtland, to preach there, having given out an appointment to that effect. The appointment I kept, addressing a large audience in the Town Hall on the evening of Monday, October 29. I was invited to speak again, and announced that I would do so on the following Monday night. But a drenching rain, through which I walked three miles over a dark and muddy road, prevented anybody from coming out to hear me.

Among my newly formed acquaintances in Cleveland was a very estimable lady, the widow of a Union officer who had fallen in battle during the Civil War. She loved her departed husband, tenderly cherished his memory, and frequently expressed for him the fondest and deepest devotion. When I explained to her the doctrines of salvation for the dead and marriage for eternity, stating that these were among the purposes for which the Latter-day Saints build Temples and officiate therein, she was greatly interested, and put to me this pointed question:

"Do you mean to tell me that if I become a Latter-day Saint I can have such work done for my dear husband, and be his wife in another world?"

"Yes," I answered.

Then this from her: "I have never heard anything so beautiful, so sublime. Convince me of it, and I will be baptized, though it were in a lake of living fire."

To which I replied: "I cannot convince you, but the Lord can and will, if you ask Him."

She said she would; and no doubt she did, for not long

afterwards I received a note from her, stating that she had received the testimony she sought, and was ready to be baptized.

Immediately I wrote, telling her that I would make up a little party and meet her at a given time and place on the shore of Lake Erie, and there baptize her. The party was made up and about ready to start, when there came another note from her, reading as follows: "I never knew till now what a poor, weak, frail creature I am. I thought myself brave enough to take this step; but I am not. If I should become a 'Mormon' all my friends would forsake me, I would lose my social standing, and my name would be cast out as evil. I cannot make the sacrifice. And yet I believe the doctrine true, and that you are a real servant of God. I hope the time will come when we can stand upon the same plane and be brother and sister in the Church of Christ; but I cannot do that now."

It was with mixed feelings of sorrow and pity that I perused this communication. How like the impetuous Apostle, I thought—he who said to the Master: "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." But he thrice denied that he knew the Holy One by whom he had vowed to stand. And this good woman—for she was a good woman, a child of Israel, no doubt, else why did she believe?—supposed herself willing to be baptized "in a lake of living fire." But when the test came she was found wanting. Let us hope that like the penitent Peter, who so nobly redeemed himself, she may yet turn and make amends—if not in this world, then in the world to come, where the Gospel is preached to the dead, or to "that other living called the dead," and where faith and repentance, supplemented by sacred vicarious work, bring forth the fruits of salvation.

The day before Christmas, a man named John Good called at the Frink farm, on his way to Elyria, to consult a physician for a pain in his head, from which he had long suffered, and which was growing worse. Sister Frink spoke to him about the gift of healing, and advised him to have me administer to him. He hesitated, but finally allowed her to send for me. I came

down from an upstair room where I was studying, and was introduced to him. After a brief conversation, at his request I laid hands upon him and blessed him that he might be healed. When I was through he arose without a word, left the house, climbed into his buggy and drove back home! Subsequently he told Sister Frink that the pain in his head had stopped the moment my hands touched him. When she asked him why he did not testify of it to his neighbors and glorify God, he answered: "I am afraid they would ridicule me." All the cowards are not women.

Three days later I received a letter from Luke Sharp, stating that he was in great trouble, and urging me to come to Akron as soon as possible. One of his daughters—Joan by name—had eloped with a Chinaman, and her father wanted to know what course he should pursue, to reclaim her.

The first week of the New Year (1878) found me at Brother Sharp's home, where I interviewed his Turanian son-in-law. He was cook at a hotel in Akron, where the girl did housework. She was tall and handsome; he, short and ill-favored, almost hideous in appearance. He had won her by sheer kindness, and was loved in spite of his looks. She still adhered to her faith, but likewise clung to her husband, despite all that her parents could say. I tried to convert him, but my efforts made little if any impression. He said he would "think of it". I did not meet him again.

Joan's father was almost frantic. Naturally of a tropical temper, he wanted to know if he would be justified in killing the Chinaman! "Certainly not," said I. "Let them go their way in peace. She is of age, and has chosen for herself. Persuasion, not force, is the proper treatment. But in any event, you must not commit murder." That was the last I knew of the matter.

While I was still at the Sharp home, a married daughter of the family, Mrs. Agnes Sharp Reese, came trudging over a wintry road with an infant in her arms and leading two other children, a distance of several miles, to get me to baptize her. Her husband had threatened to kill her if she joined

the Church, and to kill the one who baptized her. She, however, was determined to obey the Gospel, and while her husband was at work, she walked those weary miles for that purpose. Her heroism appealed to me. Whatever might betide, I could not think of denying her petition. I baptized her that afternoon in the little creek where I had previously immersed her parents and other members of the household.

But that was in the summer-time. It was now the middle of January, and the water was intensely cold. As I stepped into the icy stream, a pang shot through me as if aimed at my heart. Mrs. Reese was still on the bank, and I thought, "Surely she cannot stand this." In silent prayer I asked the Lord to temper the water, that we both might be able to endure it, and that she might not recede from her purpose. Instantly there was a change, either in the water or in me; for I felt the cold no more, nor did she complain of it at all. The brave little woman, who had dared so much for her love of the Truth, came out feeling none the worse for her burial in the liquid grave. I confirmed her a member of the Church, blessed her children, and she went on her way rejoicing.

For me was reserved a peculiar and somewhat painful experience. No sooner had I come out of the water, than a pain seized me in my left arm, centering at the elbow. I supposed it to be rheumatism, though I had never felt anything of the kind till that moment. In the house was a bottle of consecrated oil, with which I had anointed a sick child the night before; but such was my inexperience that it did not occur to me to use the oil upon myself. If there had been another Elder near, I would have sent for him, as James the Apostle enjoins, and had him administer to me; but there was no other Elder in all that region, and such a thing as self-administration was to me utterly unknown. So I used, instead of the oil, some liniment that happened to be at hand.

Next morning my arm was worse, and remained sore and stiff throughout the day. I could not move it without pain, and when I walked out had to have my overcoat put on and taken off for me. But my faith was strong. I felt that the pain

had no right to be there, having attacked me while in the performance of my duty. And I knew, by that time, just what to do; for the Good Spirit had told me.

Night came, and I was alone in my room. Carefully washing off the liniment, I anointed my swollen arm with the holy oil, and rebuked the pain in the name of Jesus Christ. While kneeling to pray I turned my arm over—the pain was gone! Not a vestige of it remained, nor have I ever felt it since.

I could relate many other experiences that befell me during that eventful mission; but it would make my book too bulky, my story too long.

About the middle of March I received a letter signed by President John Taylor, in behalf of the Twelve Apostles, who, pending a reorganization of the First Presidency, were then at the head of the Church. The letter informed me that I was honorably released from my mission and at liberty to return home. Overjoyed at the prospect of reunion with loved ones in Utah, I could not but regret the prospective separation from dear friends whom I would leave behind. I had been in the field about seventeen months; not a very long mission, but long enough to enable me to realize the average experience of a "Mormon" Elder traveling "without purse and scrip"—long enough to develop a testimony of the kind that comes only in that way. I was so wedded to the work of the Lord that the sacrifices it entailed seemed as nothing. My fellow laborers in the States, those who left home when I did, had all returned, but I felt perfectly willing to remain longer if required, and was determined that my release should come by no act or word of mine. Nor did it.

After a farewell visit to relatives and friends at Mentor Plains and in Cleveland, I returned once more to the home of the Frinks, having some baptisms to perform before leaving for the West. But Black River, the most available stream, was frozen over, and I feared that the ice would not melt before the time set for my departure, concerning which I had written to my parents and others. Confident that the Lord would overrule all for the best, I prayed that the ice might melt—melt right away, so that my going might not be delayed.

The ice did melt, just two days before I started, and the baptisms were successfully performed. Truman Frink's nephew, Charles Frink and his fiancee, Mary Moulder Frink, the adopted daughter, were the persons baptized.

My testimony also bore fruit in the eventual conversion of a young man named Leonard Haag, who joined the Church and came to Utah. So did Brother and Sister Frink, though this worthy couple subsequently returned to Ohio and died there, firm in the faith. The Sharps also migrated, but not finding work at Salt Lake City, they went away—whither I know not.

Taking train at Elyria on March 28, I set out for my home in the Mountains. In the same car sat Miss Mary Anderson, the noted actress, with members of her dramatic company, en route to Omaha. Reaching Salt Lake on the first of April, I was gladly welcomed by father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends.

But sad news met me on my arrival. Aunt Em's daughter Emma—the "Em" Wells of Wasatch days—lay dying at her mother's home, where I had spoken good-bye to her just before starting upon my mission. There, on the morning after my return, I bade her a longer farewell. Though on her death-bed, her mind wandering, she revived when I entered the room, and as I knelt beside her, she uttered these words: "Oh, Ort, I'm so glad you have come." Then, renewed delirium, and in a few days the end.

"Em" was an amiable and a lovable character, deeply mourned by the great family to which she belonged, and likewise lamented by a wide circle of sorrowing friends. I laid this little flower upon her bier:

There were many more beautiful, fairer than she,
But seek where you would you'd ne'er find
A maiden of loveliness greater to me,
For her's was the beauty of mind;

The dear, tender heart that could comfort and bless,
Forgetting its own grief the while;
The face that could soften another's distress
And cover its own with a smile.

XI

Bishop and City Editor

1878—1879

ONCE a Bishop always a Bishop." The proverb has proved true in my case; for I am just as much a bishop today, after many years of service in another position, as when I became the spiritual shepherd of the little flock residing in the Eighteenth Ward of Salt Lake City. "Bishop," my old-time friends and associates still call me, and I would not have it otherwise.

I remain a bishop for another reason, though no longer acting as such. The Apostleship includes the Bishopric, and no office in the Priesthood is taken away by any subsequent ordination.

Before leaving the mission field, I had prayed that I might not go back into the old rut from which the Gospel had lifted me. I feared that I might do as other returned missionaries had done—throw off the harness of activity in the Priesthood and become indifferent to the things of God. Passages from my private letters, breathing a zealous spirit, had found their way into print, and I learned that some of my former friends had said, rather scoffingly: "Oh, he'll get over that; they all do." And I feared that it might be so. I therefore asked the Lord to give me something to do that would keep me in his service, too busy to lose interest in or zeal for the Cause. He certainly granted my petition and gave me the desire of my heart.

Another thing that troubled me was the fear of being unemployed in a temporal way. This I greatly dreaded, having

suffered so keenly on that account before. So I prayed that I might, as soon as possible after reaching home, find work whereby to earn a livelihood.

Scarcely had I set foot upon my native soil, when I was offered the position of city editor of the Salt Lake Herald, the paper for which I had been a special correspondent while away. The place, I was told, had been kept open for several months, in anticipation of my return.

At first I was delighted, feeling it to be—what indeed it was—a big compliment. And then my spirits sank as I reflected that it would mean night work, the Herald being a morning paper. With my health still below normal, I shrank from the prospect of the strain that would be put upon it if I accepted this tempting offer.

A still weightier objection was the fact that the Herald issued every morning. Consequently my Saturday nights and early hours of Sunday would be so occupied that I would have little or no freedom for divine service. I could not endure the thought; and so declined the proffered position and sought for a situation on the Deseret Evening News. That paper issued but six day a week, its employees having their Sabbaths to themselves.s

But there was no opening on the News, and after an ineffectual application at the office of the business manager, I went home a little crestfallen. As was my custom, I laid the matter before the Lord. Retiring to my room and kneeling with a closed Bible in my hands, I prayed for a message of comfort from its pages, having previously determined to take as an answer to prayer any passage of Scripture that I might turn to haphazardly. Opening the Good Book and without glancing at the page, I set my finger down on the third chapter of Proverbs, the first verses reading as follows:

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart;

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

My prayer was answered; for though I read on to the end of the chapter—one rich with precious instruction—the substance of the matter then on my mind was in those first four verses. The promise that I should "find favor in the sight of God and man," gave me new hope and confidence.

It was the sixteenth of April, and I had been home from the States a little more than two weeks. Walking down Main Street as far as the Wells Corner, I met Angus M. Cannon, President of Salt Lake Stake, which then comprised all of Salt Lake County. To him I told my story, and he at once espoused my cause. "Go right over to the News Office," said he, "and tell Thomas Edward Taylor to give you something to do—and say I sent you. You have filled a good mission, and ought to have a place there."

But I knew that Thomas Edward Taylor had a mind of his own—he and I had been schoolmates in boyhood; and I felt the need of a little more "church influence" before I again tackled him.

Just at that moment I saw Brigham Young, Jr., standing at the front gate of the Gardo House—a structure since superseded by the Federal Reserve Bank Building. Knowing that his name, with that of George Q. Cannon, headed the editorial columns of the Church organ, I walked briskly in his direction and engaged him in conversation.

"Come with me," he said, after I had stated my case; and forthwith we proceeded to the business office of the Deseret News.

"Brother Taylor, can't you give Brother Whitney some-to do?" inquired the Apostle.

"I would like to, Brother Young," was the amiable reply, "but every place here is filled."

"Give him some bills to collect."

"Oh, the last man we sent out didn't earn his salt."

"But you haven't tried Brother Whitney," urged my advocate, and so insistently that Thomas Edward finally gave way.

He first put me to work adding up columns of figures (which of course was a great delight!) and then (more addition) sent me out collecting. I presented a bill to one of the Presiding Bishopric, and he nearly took my head off. "I don't need any dunning," said he, "I pay my bills." I didn't like the job, but kept on, hopeful of better days to come. And they came.

On Sunday, July 14, 1878, I was made Bishop of the Eighteenth Ward—the ward in which I was born, and over which Grandfather Whitney had once presided. Originally, it covered the entire area east of Main Street and north of South Temple, right up to the mountains; but out of it had grown the Twentieth and Twenty-first wards. The second bishop of the Eighteenth Ward was Lorenzo D. Young, brother to President Brigham Young and one of the Pioneers of 1847. Bishop Young had blessed me when an infant, according to the rites of the Church. He was now an aged man, and felt the need of rest and retirement. Some time before my return, he had been honorably released from the bishopric, and pending the appointment of a regular successor, John Nicholson was acting in his place as presiding High Priest.

The Eighteenth Ward was numerically small and financially weak at that time. It did not even own a meeting house, but held its services, by permission of President Young, in the Eagle Gate school house, previously mentioned. The President, who was a member of the ward, had promised to give a piece of land and contribute most of the means for the building of a regular chapel; but he died before he could carry out his generous resolve.

Brother Nicholson was one of my best friends. I served under him as a ward teacher, beginning that service almost immediately upon my return from the States. I was also a home missionary, and secretary-treasurer for the central committee of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, until called to take up the labors of the bishopric.

My installation as Bishop came about in this manner.

On my way to church that Sabbath evening I pursued an indirect course, lengthening my walk from the parental home on City Creek to the Deseret Bank corner, where, as I turned to go east, I was accosted by Laron Cummings, who had a room on an upper floor of the Bank building.

"Come up to my room," said Laron.

"Thank you," said I, "but I must go to meeting. They are going to put me in Bishop tonight."

He laughed, and I laughed and passed on, little dreaming that I had uttered in jest a prediction that was about to be fulfilled. I had been told that a new Bishopric would be installed that night, but as to the proposed personnel I knew nothing.

When the President of the Stake said to the congregation: "It has been moved and seconded that Orson F. Whitney be the Bishop of the Eighteenth Ward," I was astounded. If the earth had opened and swallowed me, I could scarcely have been more surprised. An unmarried youth, just turned twenty-three, with scarcely any experience in Church work, to preside over a ward where Youngs, Kimballs, Caines, Calders and other noted families dwelt!—the thought was overpowering; it almost took my breath.

Called upon to express my feelings, I tremblingly took the stand and tremulously addressed the large congregation. I told them—what they already knew—that I was young and inexperienced; but that time would cure those defects; and I accepted my call to the bishopric as I had accepted my call to the mission field, trusting in the Lord to qualify me for my duties.

President Daniel H. Wells, for many years one of the First Presidency, but since President Young's death a Counselor to the Twelve Apostles; George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith and Brigham Young, Jr., all members of that quorum; with the Stake Presidency, Angus M. Cannon, Joseph E. Taylor and David O. Calder, then laid their hands upon my head, and President Wells ordained me a High Priest and set me apart to preside over the Eighteenth Ward as its Bishop.

I did not choose my counselors, though this is the rule in such cases. I was too young and inexperienced, I suppose, to be

entrusted with that responsibility. So they were chosen for me. But with Robert Patrick as first, and William B. Barton as second counselor—able men of middle age and extended experience—I felt myself well supported and was confident that they were the right men for the places to which they had been called.

Apostle George Q. Cannon then addressed the meeting. "Bishop Whitney," he remarked, "said a good thing when he told us that time would remedy in him the defects of youth and inexperience. And I will add this: If the people of this ward will rally round him and hold up his hands, the time will come when they will think they have the best bishop in the Church."

He did not say that I would *be* the best bishop—and of course I never was; but he said the people would think so; and that prophecy was abundantly fulfilled. During the well-nigh twenty-eight years of my bishopric, I had the love and loyal support of the good people of the Eighteenth Ward. They thought me the best bishop, just as children in a family think their father the best of men. It does not have to be a fact. It is a sentiment, and a wholesome one, an expression of loyalty akin to patriotism, the love of one's own native land.

The President of the Stake followed with a jocular allusion to my unmarried status, quoting Paul the Apostle on "blameless" bishops and matrimony, and adding: "We are pleased to hear Brother Whitney say that he will endeavor to qualify himself." Thus the incident closed.

The Deseret News, by its city editor, John Nicholson, gave me this kindly notice: "Bishop Whitney is a grandson, on his father's side, of the late Bishop Newel K. Whitney, and on his mother's, a grandson of the late President Heber C. Kimball. He is a young man well known in the community, and brings to his new calling the prestige of an honored name, a good reputation, and fine natural abilities. His appointment as bishop appears to be entirely satisfactory to the people of the ward, as was evidenced by the unanimity and general good feeling which characterized the proceedings at his inauguration. We wish Bishop Whitney every success in his new

position, and congratulate the people of the ward upon the excellent selection."

From the writer of that paragraph I received sound and sensible advice pertaining to my new duties. Said Elder Nicholson: "Don't try to do everything yourself. Consult freely with your counselors, and divide the work with them, thus making it easy upon all. And don't preach too often. Speak once in a while and the people will love to hear you. If you talk too much you will lose your influence."

I followed this counsel, both from duty and inclination, and found it wise and true. "A bard may chant too often and too long," says Byron. And it is just as true of preachers and preaching, as it is of poets and poetry.

The part I played in the building up of the Eighteenth Ward was very different from that of either of my counselors. They were business men. I was distinctively a teacher. I had neither head nor heart for business cares and drudgeries, though I needed the experience and development that such things give, and fully recognized their value and utility.

But business ability alone does not make a first-class bishop. The spirit of fatherliness and a resolve to do one's best with the talents that God has given, are the first and prime requisites in any presiding officer of the Church. My desires were in the right direction, and under the blessing of the Lord they bore fruit.

Heedful of the advice given me, I shared with my counselors the labors and responsibilities of the bishopric. Brother Patrick managed the poor fund; he had been doing that for my predecessor, and volunteered to continue the service. A carpenter and builder by vocation, he was always given charge of the erection or improvement of ward houses, the funds for which were donated by ward members and others, and gathered in by the united labors of the bishopric and their assistants, usually the teachers. Brother Barton was a bookkeeper, and was called upon when any important business document was needed. I presided, when present, at all ward meetings, issued all temple recommends and certificates of removal, and with

my counselors visited the people in their homes, administering to the sick, blessing and naming infants, baptizing and confirming them as fast as they became eligible. I also officiated at marriages and funerals; in short, did all that a bishop in my environment was expected to do. I preached as often as the Spirit impelled, and was always listened to with respect and appreciation. The Lord was with me in my work, and to Him I ascribe all honor and praise.

I have said that I presided at all ward meetings when present. The custom now in vogue with some bishops and stake presidents, of taking turns with their counselors in presiding and directing at public gatherings, was then unknown. While careful to show all due courtesy to my associates, I did not deem it necessary, nor did they, to "change off" with them in that manner (putting, as it were, the first or second mate in the place of the captain) unless he were absent or for some other reason unable to act in his proper position. The President of the Church and the President of the Stake were the examples I followed.

Among other upbuilding influences, there was none more potent than the ward choir, under the intelligent and skilled leadership of Horace G. Whitney. He made the Eighteenth Ward Choir notable for its efficiency in all that constitutes an organization of that kind, and was always active in preparing and presenting local entertainments for charitable or other worthy purposes.

As is generally known, a ward bishop and his counselors constitute a court for the trial of offenders against the Church laws and regulations, or for the settlement of difficulties arising between members of the ward. Above the Bishop's Court is the Stake High Council, to which appeals may be taken by either party in a case, after a decision has been rendered in the lower court. Disfellowship and excommunication are the extreme penalties imposed by such tribunals.

The first case that came before me in the Bishop's Court of the Eighteenth Ward—and I mention it more for its priority in time than for any other reason—was one in which the retiring

Ward Clerk was called in question for refusing to surrender the record book containing the minutes and accounts kept by him in his official capacity. He claimed the book as his personal property, and stubbornly held on to it, in spite of all we could say or do to convince him that his position was untenable and absurd. We were very patient with him, but at the same time very firm. We showed him that, while the book might be his—and if so we would pay him for it—the minutes and accounts therein belonged to the Ward, and he must give them up or else lose his fellowship. He yielded the point just in time to avert that action.

In another early case the Stake President and his nephew, Abram H. Cannon (afterwards an Apostle) were interested parties; Zion's Savings Bank, represented by its cashier and attorney, being on the other side. It was purely a business deal, and I felt keenly my lack of business experience. After hearing the evidence, I prayed silently and then said: "Brethren, I don't understand this matter, but something tells me that the Bank is right." My counselors agreed with me, and the decision went that way. Meeting me shortly afterwards, the Stake President said: "It was a righteous decision—you could not have ruled otherwise and been justified." I was much gratified by this frank and generous admission.

One of my duties was to assist in administering the Sacrament—not in the Ward, there I appointed others to attend to it—but in the Tabernacle, where, on Sunday afternoons, the sacred ordinance was regularly performed; the lowest stand in front of the great organ being reserved for that purpose. The Presiding Bishopric had charge, and were assisted by the city ward bishoprics—a different one every Sabbath. When my turn came, I was on hand with my counselors, and after the bread was broken I blessed it. The Presiding Bishop (Edward Hunter) then handed me the silver basket containing the broken bread, saying: "Take it to the President first." I did so, serving President John Taylor on the uppermost stand, and after him the brethren seated beside him. Thence I moved downward, serving the occupants of the other stands.

My first counselor blessed and dispensed the water in like manner. That is how I was taught to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, honoring first the highest authority present.

I had been in the Bishopric only a few weeks when, on the tenth of August, I was appointed city editor of the Deseret News, succeeding my friend John Nicholson, who had been called on a mission to Europe. While not my ideal occupation, it was a step beyond bill collecting, and as such I welcomed it. Salt Lake City had three daily papers at that time, namely, the News, the Herald and the Tribune. None of them had more than one reporter, but he rejoiced in the exalted title of city editor, which made up in some degree for the smallness of his salary.[a]

Shortly before my ordination as a bishop, I made a second appearance upon the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre—not in a professional way, for I had given up all idea of becoming an actor—but in the interest of a charitable enterprise set on foot by Mrs. Joab Lawrence, the wife of a prominent mining man. Mrs. Lawrence was a beautiful woman, and as big-hearted as beautiful. Aided by a number of her society friends, she had been rehearsing the play of "Caste," intending to give it as a benefit performance, the proceeds to be equally divided between St. Mark's and the Holy Cross hospitals. Mr. "Joe" Barnett, cashier of McCornick's Bank, acted as stage manager and prompter. The set time for the presentation was approaching, when a sudden call took to New York the gentleman who was to play the leading part—"George D'Alroy;" Mrs. Lawrence playing "Mrs. D'Alroy." They were at their wits-end what to do, when "Jim" Ferguson, my old Wasatch associate, one of their *dramatis personae*, threw my name in sight and brought about an interview between me and the Lawrences.

Though reluctant to tread the boards at that time, I finally yielded to their entreaties and consented to appear. The members of the company were nearly all non-"Mormons"—some of them anti "Mormons;" and when the gentleman originally

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a Ten years later I became a director of the Deseret News Company, serving without salary.

cast for "D'Alroy" unexpectedly returned—by which time I had attended several rehearsals—it was proposed by the "antis" to drop me out. "Never," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Mr. Whitney is a gentleman; and not only that—he's a better D'Alroy than the other. He will remain."

I remained, and before an audience that jammed the Theatre, the long advertised performance came off. It was a splendid financial success, and by no means a failure artistically. The gratitude of my Gentile friends for the service rendered them knew no bounds.

Not long afterwards, an attempt was made to revive the Wasatch Literary Association, which had gone to pieces while I was on my mission. The Lawrences and others of the "Caste" company attended the affair at my invitation, and I well remember their delight over my whistling—for I *could* whistle in those days—and had rendered an obligato to the overture, "Poet and Peasant," brilliantly performed upon the piano by Mrs. Junius F. Wells. That gathering was at the Wells home in the Twelfth Ward, May 29, 1878, and barring a reunion many years later, it was the last meeting the Wasatch knew.[b]

In my leisure moments, I wrote for "The Contributor," a monthly magazine founded by Junius F. Wells and sanctioned by the Church Authorities as the organ of the Y. M. M. I. A. Other writers for that periodical were Moses Thatcher, Brigham H. Roberts, and James E. Talmage. Some thought the Contributor "made" us in a literary sense. Just a difference of opinion—we thought we "made" the Contributor.

One small achievement, of which I felt rather proud at the time, was the production, in January 1879, of an operetta, in the writing of which my brother Horace and I collaborated. It was cast among the children of the Eighteenth Ward Sabbath school, my brother "Charley" and my sister "Floddy" having principal parts. The music was selected; the libretto original.

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[b] As I had been the first, so was I the last, president of the Association. The reunion took place June 18, 1890.

Members of the Theatre orchestra played for us, and the piece was staged at the Social Hall, drawing three crowded houses. "The Loves of Wolfenstein" was an unqualified success.

From early in February to late in March I was absent from home on a business trip to Cache Valley—my first visit to that part. John Q. Cannon took my place temporarily as city editor. My business was to talk up the Church paper and strengthen the hands of its local agents. I zealously discharged this duty, and the result was a rich harvest of subscriptions for the News. I more than "earned my salt."

While on the way to Cache Valley I had been offered the editorial chair of the Ogden Junction, a spicy journal edited by Charles W. Penrose before he became editor of the Deseret News. Not wishing to change my place of residence, I declined the offer, which was subsequently repeated, with the same result.

At the town of Hyrum I became acquainted with Father O. N. Liljenquist, the bishop of that ward, who was also a patriarch. From him I received my first patriarchal blessing, and it was a great comfort to me. I had been very downhearted over the unpromising state of my health, and the patriarch's words, fraught with the spirit of his holy calling, lifted me from the slough of despondency. He told me that while his hands were on my head my life passed before him like a panorama. He predicted to certain friends of mine, and subsequently to me, that I would yet be an Apostle. The date of the repeated prediction was April 6, 1886, twenty years before I was called to the Apostleship. Whenever I met this good man he had something to say about my future. "You will go upon many missions," said he, "and will pass through some narrow places, but will come out just about as successfully as a man ever did."

I completed the circuit of Cache Valley, speaking in all the principal towns and everywhere meeting kindness and hospitaility from the warm-hearted people. At Logan I fell in with the Prestons, the Thatchers, and other noted families. Bishop William B. Preston, with whom I stayed, took me in his carriage

from place to place, announced my meetings, and helped me to hold them.

Returning to Salt Lake, I resumed my labors upon the News. Early in the month of May occurred the imprisonment of General Daniel H. Wells, for alleged contempt of court in refusing to answer before the District Judge questions pertaining to the sacred ceremonies of the Endowment House. The imprisonment, imposed by Associate Justice Phillip H. Emerson, was only for two days, but it created a tremendous sensation, half of Salt Lake County turning out and marching in procession, with flags, banners and mottoes, to welcome the venerable leader on his emergence from the Penitentiary. I wrote and published a poem in his honor,[c] and trudged with the rest of the bishops in one section of the great parade.

In June I made another appearance upon the local stage. Mrs. Asenath Adams Kiskadden, mother of Maude Adams, and herself a noted actress, especially in Utah, where she and her famous daughter both were born, persuaded me and others to support her in a presentation of "The Two Orphans," a romantic play of the period. I took the part of "Jacques," a brutal Parisian apache; and John D. Spencer played the heroic lame boy "Pierre." He easily bore off the honors, having the sympathy of the audience as well as his own fine ability to carry him through. My part was so villainous that the audience wanted to lynch me. Heber M. Wells was the "Doctor," and Laron Cummings the "Chevalier." Mrs. Kiskadden and Dellie Clawson sustained the title roles. The marked success of this performance led to the organization of the Home Dramatic Club.

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c "Poetical Writings," p. 50.

XII

Marriage—The Home Dramatic Club

1879-1881

MARRIAGE was the next important step in my experience. I had returned from my mission resolved upon taking this step as soon as I could find some good girl who would have me. Not that any good girl would do. Goodness is always admirable, but it does not always enkindle affection, and a man should love the woman he weds, be she rich or poor, or whatever her standing in what is called "society." I did not look upon marriage either as a business deal or a social climb. Neither wealth nor station counted aught with me in the selection of a partner for time and all eternity.

I believed the saying true, that "marriages are made in heaven;" and that earnest prayer for divine guidance in this vital venture is heard there, and answered here in the inspired choice of "the right one." Marriages not based upon prayer are hazardous, to say the least, and liable to end unhappily. I did not forget to pray, and that I was led aright in the selection of a help-mate, I have never had any reason to doubt.

I had been back from the States a little more than a year, when I met the woman I was destined to wed—Miss Zina Beal Smoot, daughter of Hon. Abraham Owen Smoot, the second Mayor of Salt Lake City. She was born in this city February 20, 1859, while her father was still at the head of the municipal government. In 1868 Mayor Smoot became President of Utah Stake, and Zina, who was her mother's youngest child, removed with the rest of the family to Provo. There she continued to reside until the day of our marriage.

The maiden name of her mother was Emily Hill, originally from South Carolina. As the widow of Zachariah Harris, with two children, she had joined the Church at Nauvoo, Illinois, where she became the second wife of A. O. Smoot. By birth a Kentuckian, his Scotch-Irish-English ancestors among the early settlers of Virginia, he, through his great-grandmother, Edith Jackson, was related to General "Stonewall" Jackson, of Civil War fame. "Pa" Smoot, as he was familiarly and affectionately known, had been in the Church since the days of Kirtland and Far West. He had four families, and by his third wife was the father of Reed Smoot, Apostle and United States Senator.

A singular incident, preceding my acquaintance with Zina, she related to me after becoming my wife. A friend who escorted her home one evening said to her at parting: "Here, Zine—here's the man you are going to marry"—and handed her as he spoke my professional card, reading, "O. F. Whitney, Teacher of Guitar and Flute." It was too dark to read it at the gate, but upon going in she scanned it by lamp-light, probably thinking little of it at the time. But after I had proposed and had been accepted, she could not but feel some interest in the matter. It was "Rob" Sloan who made the prediction. This was while I was still on my mission.

My future wife was pointed out to me by another friend—Heeb Wells—as she sat in the Salt Lake Theatre one evening. It was April 7, 1879. "Who is that girl?" I inquired. "Zine Smoot," said Heeb—"isn't she pretty?" I could not deny it.

Soon afterwards I met her in Provo, whither I went—not unwillingly—to represent the Deseret News at the June closing of the Brigham Young Academy (now University). Zina was a student in that institution, one of the first to graduate. School having closed, I accompanied the teachers and students on an excursion to Bridal Veil Fall, Provo Canyon. There I became deeply interested in this young girl—she twenty and I twenty-four at the time.

A correspondence ensued, and we soon discovered that we were caught in Cupid's mesh. More visits followed; in July we were engaged; and in December, married. A slender band of

gold, which she wore and cherished as long as she lived, and which I still wear and cherish, bears this inscription: "O. to Z. Dec. 18, 1879." That was the date of our wedding. The place was the Endowment House, and President Daniel H. Wells performed the ceremony.

"Mrs. O. F. Whitney," said the Herald, "is a young lady well known and esteemed for her genial disposition, cheerful nature, and many noble qualities. The groom is also highly esteemed for his sterling attributes, his humor, and the general excellence of his character." The News spoke of Zina as "an accomplished and genuine 'Mormon' girl," and predicted for us "a life of domestic bliss, honor and usefulness." It expressed the wish that our posterity might be known "as the noble progeny of two names historical and venerated in Latter-day Israel."

Zina, aware of the burdens of the bishopric—her father having borne them at one time—had vowed that she would "never marry a bishop." She kept her word—hidden. For several months after the nuptial knot was tied, we lived with my mother at the old home on City Creek.

In February, 1880, I was elected to the Salt Lake City Council. I had not sought the office, nor put forth the least effort to secure it, the nomination being made without my knowledge or expectation. But it was welcome, for I needed the lift that came with it. I had gone upon my mission in debt, and though I had paid my creditors—mostly with means given me while in the mission field—I still owed for my transportation home. My salary as city editor—one thousand a year—was hardly adequate for a man of family, which I had now become, and the moderate stipend allowed me as a city councilman was therefore quite acceptable.

Early in April the Home Dramatic Club was organized and gave its first performance in the Salt Lake Theatre. The members of this Club were all Utah boys and girls, most of them former members of the Wasatch Literary Association. We did not intend to travel, but merely to present, in leisure hours, plays upon the local stage. I was the Club's president,

but my position, aside from the duties of chairman, was purely honorary, the executive management being in the hands of Horace G. Whitney and Harry Culmer; the latter, stage manager and prompter. The other members of the organization, as it originally stood, were Heber M. Wells, John D. Spencer, Laron Cummings and Dellie Clawson. Brigham S. ("Bid") Young, Lottie Claridge (who became Mrs. Young) and Birdie Clawson Cummings joined later. Nellie Colebrook, Mamie Jones, Keetie Heywood, and others appeared with us occasionally, but were not classed or considered as members. The members shared equally in the net proceeds of each performance, the rest being paid according to service rendered. The Home Dramatic Club had a very successful career, and during the next eighteen months a good share of my time was occupied with things theatrical.

Our opening piece was "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," a charming idyl introduced here by George Pauncefort, a polished English actor who came to Utah in the mid-sixties. Some of us had seen the play at that time.

While casting it for the Club we were in need of a leading lady. We heard of a Miss Claridge, who had played in Nephi and was teaching in Salt Lake; but did not deem it wise to engage her until convinced that she was able to sustain the part—that of a romantic French demoiselle. Lottie was teaching in the Eagle Gate school house, and it was her custom, we were told, to read to her students in the afternoon. Some of our members volunteered to visit the school, listen to the reading, and "see if Miss Claridge would do." She welcomed us graciously, but not being aware of our purpose nor even notified of our coming, had not made a very dramatic selection for that day. She read from the Book of Mormon, and the committee in quest of a leading lady came away about as wise as they went. But Miss Claridge was engaged, and played her part acceptably. Her forte, however, was comedy, wherein she afterwards arose almost to greatness.

I was given the role of an eccentric old man—"Dr. Desmarets," formerly played by David McKenzie, a veteran actor

who had been a member of the Deseret Dramatic Association, to which my father had also belonged. Brother McKenzie coached us for this and for several succeeding performances.

My success was such as to convince the managers that my forte lay in old-man parts. But this opinion underwent early modification. The tide turned when I was cast for John Strebelow in "The Banker's Daughter." This impersonation was considered one of my best, and thenceforth I was recognized as the Club's leading man—not in comedy, where Wells and Spencer were supreme, but in serious roles. I played Frank Hawthorne in "Extremes," Wahnotee in "The Octoroon," John Strebelow in "The Banker's Daughter," Mathew Standish in "Pique," and other like characters.

In none did I make a stronger impression than as the Indian "Wahnotee." Editor Penrose pronounced it the best Indian he had ever seen on the stage. The Tribune characterized it as "magnificent." An acquaintance with Indians from childhood —for they were all around us in "our mountain home so dear"— reinforced by a vivid imagination, helped me, I presume, to present a type of the noble red man that a Western audience could approve and commend.

My "Frank Hawthorne" was also highly rated. The News critic (Editor Penrose again) declared my concept of the part "faultless," and my acting of it "difficult to excel."

In Macbeth, given as a benefit for David McKenzie, who essayed the title role, I was cast for "Banquo." Laron Cummings—who at first played leading parts, but later juvenile roles—was "Macduff," and Wells and Spencer were witches. This was our one Shakespearean performance, and I must add, our one ghastly failure. Everything went wrong, insufficient rehearsal, I think, being the principal cause. But there was also an absence of harmony among the players. Some of the "old stagers" fairly gloated over this solitary instance in which the Home Dramatic Club failed to score.

On one occasion I appeared with Maude Adams, then a little girl of nine. "Divorce" was the play, and her part that of my daughter; her mother playing the wife. This was at the

Salt Lake Theatre, where most of the Club's performances were given.

Pioneer Day of 1880 witnessed an elaborate celebration of the early settlement of Salt Lake Valley. It was also commemorative of the first half century of the Church. A grand street procession, in which twenty-five nationalities took part, was followed by a pageant and other proceedings in the Tabernacle, all of which I reported for the Deseret News.

The committee on arrangements had requested me to write a poem for the occasion, and in compliance with that request I produced "The Jubilee of Zion," which was read in the thronged Tabernacle by Colonel David McKenzie. Published in the city press and in the official report of the celebration, it brought me still further into public notice.[a]

That year, on the 27th of October, my first child was born, a boy whom we named Horace Newel Whitney, after my father and grandfather. "Race"—a nickname by which he became best known—was born in a rented house then standing on the corner immediately west of the Catholic Cathedral, East South Temple Street. The house, previously owned by Robert F. Neslen, had passed into the possession of a law firm, Bennett and Harkness, whose tenant I thus became.

The first time I called to pay the rent, Mr. Harkness, a very amiable gentleman, said in merry mood: "I have just been writing to my partner, Judge Bennett, telling him that I had rented the house to a Mormon bishop. I told him I would take my part of the rent in cash, and he could have his in bishop's blessings at half price!" It but remains to say that Judge Bennett never applied to me for his part of the rent. Next, I rented from Dr. John R. Park a small house on Canyon Road, near its junction with Third Avenue.

I continued to play with the Home Dramatic Club, giving to the stage what time I could spare from duties having first claim on my attention. As an actor I was popular with the general public, but no great favorite with certain radical anti-"Mormons," some of whom I had excoriated in my Herald

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a "Poetical Writings," p. 63.

letters from Ohio. Moreover, I was a "Mormon" bishop and frequently a speaker at the Tabernacle. That alone was sufficient in those days to render me obnoxious to the class in question. The Tribune spoke well of me at times, but it had a dramatic critic—one of the *genus smart-aleckus*—who often made slighting allusions to my acting. He would even omit all mention of me when reporting a performance in which I had played the leading part. But I had friends even on the Tribune, and was not always treated that shabbily. The Tribune was an able newspaper, and after it got rid of its unscrupulous element and ceased making war upon "the dominant church," it became a welcome visitor in many "Mormon" homes.

My duties as city editor were very exacting. As stated, I was the only reporter on the News staff, and yet was expected to keep track of everything that went on, especially in the Federal courts. It seemed as if being in two or three places at the same time was part of the expectation. I grew heartily sick of it, and began to sigh for a change.

In November, 1880, the Liberal or anti-"Mormon" party, headed by Governor Eli H. Murray (reputedly "the handsomest man that ever came out of Kentucky") laid plans to oust from Congress Utah's delegate, Hon. George Q. Cannon (elected by People's Party votes), and secure the place for his defeated opponent, Hon. Allen G. Campbell, a wealthy mining man. At the fall election Cannon had received 18,568 votes, and Campbell 1357. It devolved upon the Governor to issue, in accordance with law, a certificate of election to "the person having the greatest number of votes." Murray's duty was plain, but he shirked it, giving the certificate to Campbell instead of Cannon, on the flimsy plea, conclusively shown to be false, that the latter was not an American citizen.

It was a clear political steal, and leading papers all over the land denounced it as such. My contribution to the burning issue was the following parody, which appeared in the News of January 10, 1881:

How big was Eli Murray, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he the handsomest of men
From old Kentucky State?

Oh, no, my child, his handsomeness
Existed but in name;
Nor was it glory made him great,
But greatness of his shame.

His fellow fired Diana's dome,
As told in ancient story;
And Eli, emulating him,
Stole Utah Territory.

Delegate Cannon was shut out from Congress, not for his alleged lack of citizenship, but for his plural marriage status, the Edmunds Anti-polygamy Law being enacted and applied to his case while the contest over the seat was pending. But Mr. Campbell profited nothing by this action. Congress was wise enough to withhold from the minority candidate the seat to which Mr. Cannon had been elected. By a new election John T. Caine, a monogamous "Mormon," became Utah's next Delegate in Congress.

In June, 1881, the Utah Legislature appointed a committee to arrange and conduct a big celebration of the Fourth of July, and I was invited to be the orator of the day. The event was to take place in Liberty Park, which would then have its formal opening and christening. All was in readiness for the celebration, when, on July 2nd, the dreadful news of President Garfield's assassination came over the wires, putting a stop to all preparations for the Fourth. The City and Territory joined with the Nation in general mourning.

Thus was my first oration still-born. Afterwards it was published on the editorial page of the Deseret News.[b] The Park was opened some time after the death of the President, who lingered till September; but when the ceremony occurred I was in a foreign land.

The Eighteenth Ward was building up rapidly. Many

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b "Poetical Writings," p. 74.

well-to-do families had moved in, and within a few years it had become one of the most prosperous and enterprising wards in the Church. I have spoken of a purpose cherished by President Young—a purpose thwarted by his unexpected demise—to provide the Ward with a new and better place in which to hold its public meetings. A son of the President—Joseph Don Carlos Young—after the settlement of his father's estate, generously donated a fine lot on the corner of A Street and Second Avenue, and there, in June 1880, the present Eighteenth Ward Chapel was begun. I laid the corner stone of the edifice, but before its completion was called away, and my counselors had charge of Ward affairs during my absence.

My call was to another mission. One evening in September, 1881, while seated in the City Council chamber—east main upper room of the old City Hall—I was handed a note from President Joseph F. Smith, who was a member of the Council, informing me that the Church Authorities had decided to send me to Liverpool. Like my friend Nicholson (who was home again) I was to do editorial work on the "Millennial Star," the organ of the European Mission. I announced myself ready to go, and President Smith—then second counselor to President John Taylor—gave me his blessing. It was left for me to set the day of departure, and I fixed upon November first as the date of sailing from New York.

Forthwith, I severed my relations with the Deseret News, and at the General Conference in October was formally called on a mission to Europe. Three of the Apostles—Wilford Woodruff, Franklin D. Richards and Moses Thatcher—set me apart, the first-named voicing the blessing.

A few days later, at Salt Lake City, I was blessed by Patriarch William J. Smith, and subsequently, at Provo, by my father-in-law, President A. O. Smoot, who also held the office of patriarch. I was struck with the magnitude of the promises made me by these inspired men, and marveled that I should be thought worthy of so many and such mighty blessings. Nearly everybody wished me well. President Wells said, as he shook

my hand at parting: "God bless you forever!—and He will, too."

On the night of the 21st the Home Dramatic Club gave me a benefit at the Theatre; the tense emotional drama, "Coralie," being presented, with "Miss Adams" (Mrs. Kiskadden) in the title role. My part was "M. Montjoie," performed, said the News critic, "with that gentlemanly ease and that force without bluster, characteristic of all his renditions." Called before the curtain at the close, I responded with a brief speech of thanks and farewell.

The following Sunday evening I spoke in the Eighteenth Ward Hall, and after the meeting many friends assembled at my mother's home to take leave of me. The Herald, whose editor was one of my callers that day, gave me this generous "send off:"

"Bishop Whitney is a young man well known and esteemed by all acquainted with him. In his public capacity as city editor of the Deseret News, as one of the city councilmen, and as a member of the Home Dramatic Club, his ability, intelligence, geniality and liberal spirit have earned for him the regard of the public generally; and while all will regret his absence, a general wish for his success and health across the ocean, and for a safe and speedy return, will find expression everywhere. The readers of the Herald will remember with pleasure the correspondence which appeared some four years go over the signature of 'Iago.' These letters, appreciated by all for their wit, humor, and excellent descriptions of scenes, were penned by Mr. Whitney while laboring in the East, in the same cause as that which calls him hence tomorrow. The correspondence, then discontinued by his return to Utah, will be resumed during his absence, and the Herald readers will again enjoy the pleasure of his descriptions and amusing sketches of life."

The Editor of the News thus expressed the good will of that journal: "For a little over three years Brother Whitney has been the local editor of the Deseret News, and in this position has labored faithfully and ably to the satisfaction of his associates and the publishers of the paper. His talents are of no

common order, and both in poetry and in prose Brother Whitney will be heard from again. He is a rising young man, whose star will yet shine with lustre in the constellations of the Priesthood in Zion, and we predict for him a profitable future in the missionary field and in other walks of life."

It was but natural that my wife should grieve over the pending separation. But she was of sterling stock, one accustomed to making sacrifices for the Gospel's sake, and did her best to become reconciled to the situation. Had she known of the heavy sorrows that were about to befall her, she might well have quailed at the prospect. How fortunate for us poor mortals, that the future is hidden from our view.

XIII

Over the Great Waters

1881

I WAS accompanied on my journey to Europe by Elders Joseph W. McMurrin, John Pickett and John T. Rich, missionaries like myself, bound for Liverpool. A Mrs. Johnson and child, returning to England from a visit in Utah, were also of the party. We left for the East on Monday, October 24, and the following Saturday found us in New York City.

There I fell in with some Salt Lake friends—James Dwyer and his daughter Ada—and in their company, by courtesy of a Mr. Horsman of Brooklyn, drove to Coney Island and had my first view of the ocean. The sight much impressed me. At Booth's Theatre on Broadway I again saw the great actor—this time as "Shylock" and "Petrucchio."

Piloted by the Church emigration agent, Elder James H. Hart, I went to the Guion Steamship Office and purchased for myself and party tickets to Liverpool. Our boat was the *Arizona*, upon which but one first-class berth remained unsold. This I would have secured for Mrs. Johnson and her child, but found that it was in a stateroom already bespoken by three young Englishmen. Moreover, the Guion agent stipulated that I should use this berth myself, and not transfer it to anyone. So it fell to my lot to occupy it; the others taking second-class accommodations.

Tuesday, November 1st, at about one p. m. the *Arizona* steamed out of New York Harbor, and soon we were on the broad rolling bosom of the Atlantic. The boat's passenger list was made up principally of tourists and commercial travelers.

A British nobleman, an American general, two Catholic priests, and several other persons of prominence were also among the passengers. Considering the lateness of the season, the company was unusually large.

The steamer started out in the immediate prospect of inclement weather. The sky was overcast, a light rain was falling, and a deepening fog hung over the circumambient scenery. But for me little was wanting to complete the picturesque charm of a situation so novel, so interesting. The smooth easy motion of the vessel, as it sped like a living thing through the gently-heaving dark green waters, thrilled me with unwonted rapture. Even the ringing of the dinner bell failed to rouse me from reverie, and not until a gentle tap on the shoulder turned me from the taffrail where I was leaning, and a young man with a strong English accent informed me that it was the "lawst chawnce before breakfast, you knaow," did I realize that night was approaching, and that my fellow passengers were already busy with knife and fork administering to nature's necessities. Forthwith I followed the deck steward to the dining room below.

The ocean ever has been and ever will be poetic. If all the verses written upon it were swept into the vortex of oblivion —as many undoubtedly have been and should be—the glorious theme would still remain to inspire the same lofty enthusiasm, the parent of ode, hymn, and apostrophe innumerable. Still, there is no denying that one's admiration for this "strongest of creation's sons" is subject to great fluctuation, and often depends wholly upon point of view and place of contact. Some there are, of soaring soul and cast-iron diaphragm, who can "sail the ocean blue" with all the aesthetic rapture that inspires one while standing on shore permitting imagination to take a lone voyage. But these, I opine, are not as numerous as Abraham's posterity. The bard who sang "I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea," in all probability was snugly ensconced in an attic; and I strongly suspect that even the sublime oceanic rhapsodies of the immortal Byron were more the result of ocular than of tangible sensation. A man may "lay his hand

upon the ocean's mane" with comparative comfort, but when the ocean takes it into his hoary head to return the compliment, the conditions are more than liable to be reversed.

I found myself aboard this train of reflections a short while after dinner when, once more on deck, leaning against the taffrail, I fell to counting the stars and the hours that must intervene between then and morning. A radical change had taken place—a deathlike sensation had crept over me, a cold sweat beaded my forehead, my limbs trembled, and I clutched the iron rail to keep from falling. Oh, if I could have been a whale, a seagull, or anything but seasick! Nothing like it had I ever experienced since, as a boy of thirteen, I vainly endeavored to scrape intimate acquaintance with Madame Nicotine, at a railroad camp in Northeastern Utah.

"What do you do for it?" I asked a young sailor, whose blue coat and brass buttons proclaimed him an officer of the boat. "Forget it," said he, with a broad grin—evidently the only broad thing about him.

Why is it that certain kinds of sickness—sea-sickness, home-sickness and love-sickness—are laughed at and joked about, while most forms of illness excite sympathy and compassion? Are not the others just as real and just as painful in their way? Who would think of poking fun at a man suffering with headache or rheumatism? And who, excepting the sufferer himself—and that only while suffering—ever fails to make light of that sickness of the soul sententiously described by the alliterative French phrase, *mal de mer*?

Midnight came, and with it storm. A fierce wind lashed the waves to foaming frenzy, and the ship reeled to and fro like a drunken man. But on she went, despite the howling gale that shrieked like a demon through her rigging, and equally unmindful of the roaring, plunging sea that boiled round her like a hungry hell, impatient to engulf the flying prey.

Morning broke at last, and though damp and foggy, was hailed with delight by the whole ship's company. We were gliding along in a northeasterly direction toward the misty Banks of Newfoundland. In that neighborhood, two years

before, the *Arizona*, while on her first voyage, had run foul of a huge iceberg and smashed in her bow. The prevalence of fog and the rumored proximity of a number of these Arctic exiles, necessitated the keenest watchcare on the part of officers and crew. To guard against the equally dangerous chance of a collision with other vessels, the hoarse fog-horn was kept croaking at intervals during the fore part of the day.

In the afternoon the sun burst through its canopy of clouds, and the passengers thronged the decks to enjoy its bright and cheering influence. By evening the last traces of the storm had disappeared; the sea was waving mildly, and the ship flew onward like a bird over the smooth and glassy surface. Far to the northward, bristling like spear-grass above the horizon, the faint green rays of the *Aurora Borealis* gleamed like spectres upon the face of night; while overhead the broad moon, the shining flag-ship of a starry fleet, lifting on high her silver sail floated majestically through the azure ocean of the sky.

"Land in sight!" was the glad cry that greeted our expectant ears early on the morning of the ninth, when the sunlit cliffs of "ould Ireland" hove into view. In the afternoon the steamer anchored at Rocke's Point, opposite Queenstown, to let off or take on passengers and mail, and I seized the opportunity, of which others also availed themselves, to scribble and post a missive to loved ones at home. I also prepared for Mrs. Johnson a telegram to her father, who lived in a small town near Liverpool.

I doubt if Columbus hailed the New World with any greater delight than I did the Old. I have always given myself credit for a goodly amount of patriotism, a deep and abiding love for native land; but I must confess that on one or two occasions, at least, I have been heartily disgusted with my *berth*-place.

The forenoon of the tenth found us crossing the bar at the mouth of the Mersey, and anchoring in Liverpool Harbor, our trans-Atlantic voyage at an end.

A deputation from the Church Office came aboard to greet us—namely, Charles W. Stayner and wife and Charles

B. Felt. They helped us through the Customs House and escorted us to 42 Islington Street, then the headquarters of the European Mission. There we met President Albert Carrington, the apostolic head of the Mission; also Robert R. Anderson, the chief clerk of the Liverpool Office. Brother Felt was Brother Anderson's assistant, and Elder Stayner the assistant editor of the "Millennial Star."

The missionaries who came with me were at once assigned to their respective fields of labor, and left the same day for different parts of Britain. Mrs. Johnson had been met at the landing stage by her father and taken to his home in Waterloo, where I afterwards paid them a visit.

I was advised to remain a few days at "42," and recruit my strength, which had been sorely tried by the sea voyage. Having little or no appetite for food, I had landed in a half-starved condition, so weak that I could not remember some incidents that happened just before sailing from New York. As strength came back, however, recollection returned.

President Joseph F. Smith had expressed to me the wish of the Church Authorities, that I should labor for a while as a traveling Elder, and thus become acquainted, if only in part, with affairs out in the field, before taking up my labors upon the Star. Word to the same effect had been sent ahead to the Mission President. To me this arrangement was quite agreeable. The immediate question was, where should I spend the intervening time?

President Carrington asked me where I would like to go—a very unusual condescension on his part, yet not the only act of consideration that I experienced at his hands. I answered that I was entirely at his disposal, to go wherever sent. I wanted London, but voiced no preference for that or any other field, and when he said: "Will London suit?" I almost gasped a glad "Yes," and so the matter was settled.

My first preaching on British soil, or any other foreign terrain, was in a humble gathering of the Liverpool Saints, on the Sabbath after my landing. The date was the 13th of November. Morning and evening meetings were held in a

little hall over a public house; the branch president, Elder Scott Anderson, conducting the service under the general direction of the mission president. Elder Anderson, a recent convert to the faith, was the father of Miss May Anderson, who was destined to become so prominent in the Primary Associations of the Church.

While in Liverpool I made the acquaintance of Elder John Donaldson, then of Mendon, Utah, and later of Teton, Idaho. He presided over the Liverpool Conference. We became fast friends. President Carrington, Robert R. Anderson, Charles B. Felt, and Brother and Sister Stayner, I had known in Utah. Brother Stayner had owned the music store where I clerked in earlier years. Later, when I was on the staff of the Deseret News, and occasionally absent on leave, he had "subbed" for me in the local department of that paper.

My stay of eight days at the great port on the Mersey was pleasantly and profitably spent, and at the expiration of that time I set out for my field of labor, the metropolis of the British Empire.

XIV

Life in London

1881—1882

IT was Friday, November 18, 1881, when I first looked upon the great City of London; a city numbering its inhabitants by millions, and the date of whose origin is lost in the legendary ages of antiquity; a city as noted for intelligence, wealth and splendor, as for ignorance, poverty and vice. I had long dreamt of traversing its famous thoroughfares, viewing its mighty monuments, visiting its venerable and historic structures; and now the dream was coming true. I was actually in the heart of world-renowned Llyndin—as the ancient Druids named it—the very center of European civilization.

My train, taken at Lime Street Station, Liverpool, at 11 a. m. pulled into Euston Station, London, at 4 p.m. I was met by Elder John Q. Cannon, my former associate on the Deseret News, who had preceded me as a missionary to Britain. He took me to the London Conference House, 23 Dorinda Street, off Bride Street, Liverpool Road, Islington.

I slept that night at the home of Brother George Cross, 22 Mt. Pleasant, Cold Bath Square, Clerkenwell, and next morning "John Q." called and took me out to "see the sights." I was greatly interested, especially in Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, and the River Thames. It seemed still a dream, that I was actually gazing upon objects of which I had read and heard so much.

Sunday, the 20th, I attended meetings in the North London Branch, and was one of the speakers. Monday I was assigned by the Conference president to labor in the Whitechapel Branch, with Elder Newton Farr.

The London Conference—now District—comprised the metropolis and some of the outside counties. London itself was divided into three branches—North London, Lambeth and Whitechapel; the last-named taking in the rather notorious East End. West End was the aristocratic quarter. Elder Joseph J. Giles worked in the Lambeth Branch, and Elder Cannon in North London. He was the clerk of the Conference.[a]

Our labors included the usual round of calls upon resident Saints or strangers, and the holding of meetings in public halls or private homes; the former on Sundays, the latter on other-day evenings. We were expected to avail ourselves of every opportunity to spread a knowledge of the Gospel, and testify to its Latter-day restoration. Some tracting was done, and open-air meetings were held, though these were suspended during the winter months, owing to the rigors of the British climate.

Throughout the Mission, then as now, semi-annual conferences were held, upon which occasions the Elders and Saints would assemble and listen to reports made or instructions given by speakers called up for that purpose. Usually, the President of the Mission, or someone representing him, attended these gatherings.

Occasionally the Muse of Poesy brushed me with her wing. What wonder? Was I not in the land of Shakespeare and Milton, of Byron, Keats and Tennyson? One day in December, while walking along the Thames Embankment, I thrilled under the inspiration that embodied itself in "The Poet's Prayer":

> God of my fathers! Friend of humankind!
> Almighty molder of creative mind!
> That sitt'st enthroned aloft from mortal ken,
> Showering thy mercies on the sons of men![b]

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a The change from "conference" to "district" was made many years later, and I was partly responsible for it, having called attention to the awkward phrasing then in use—the announcement, for instance, that the Elders of certain *conferences* would hold a *conference* in a given *conference*. A suggestion that the word "district" be used to indicate the area in which the "conference" was held, being adopted, relieved the strain upon a much overworked term. I shall adhere in these pages to the use of "conference" instead of "district," down to the time when the change was authorized.

b L. D. S. Hymns, No. 252.

The poem thus beginning appeared in the Star and was also published in Utah. President Carrington, a college-bred man, told my informant, Robert R. Anderson, that "The Poet's Prayer" was one of the few poems that he "liked." Dr. Karl G. Maeser—so my wife informed me—also spoke well of it.

I continued to write for the home papers, corresponding with the Deseret News and the Salt Lake Herald. From one of my Herald letters, dated January 26, 1882, I select the following passages, as descriptive of my field of labor and some of my experiences therein:

It has been beautifully observed by some writer or orator, that the sun never sets on Queen Victoria's dominions. Never, till my arrival on these shores, did the full truth of this observation burst upon me. Vague ideas of its reference to a chain of world-encircling colonies, linked at intervals by British sea supremacy, had occasionally flitted athwart my dome of ideality. But it remained for ocular demonstration to reveal the fact of its exclusive application to this "right little tight little island," among whose fogs I respire (with more or less difficulty) for "a time and times and the dividing of times"—perhaps longer. The author of the sentiment I once regarded as a patriot; I now look upon him as a cynic. A sun that never rises is not apt to set on anybody's dominions![c]

Since last trespassing upon the patience of your proof-reader, my observation of sights and scenes has been confined wholly to the City of London. "Not an excessively close confinement," I think I hear the Cockney or traveled reader say: and he is eminently correct. If any city on earth can properly claim the title of the world's epitome, London is that city. In describing a place so vast and varied, the labor is not to discover material; but to properly dispose of the illimitable amount of material on hand. Still, if "the mind can make substance and people planets of its own"—and Byron says it can—the lively imagination may be able to assist me in projecting upon the reader's mental vision some slight notion of the subject. To begin then:

London is situated on four sides of the Thames—north, south, upper and under. It supports a population of over four millions—according to Carlyle "mostly fools." But this is

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c The reader is cautioned against taking "Iago" too literally upon this point. He had on his patent magnifier when he wrote that letter to the Herald.

no truer of London, than it is of New York or Chicago or any other great city—so I'll not dwell upon that.

To properly appreciate the fitness of the terms "upper and under," as describing portions of this mammoth collocation of human domiciles, one need but stand on London Bridge or the Thames Embankment, and survey the hundreds of steamers, barges and boats of every description, upon which so many people pass their lives; or behold the ever-crowded floating piers flanking the river margins, and the massive bridges spanning the mighty stream at intervals, affording ceaseless transit to an interminable concourse of trains, vehicles and pedestrians. When dizzy from this panoramic display, let him descend to the nether regions and look upon the intricate network of subterranean railways and footways passing beneath the river bed, and contemplate with wondering gaze the incomputable amount of brick, iron and stone for which the underground vicinity of the Thames is notable. It is estimated that fully two-thirds more brick-work lies beneath than above the surface.

But if one must look below for mass of material and extent of contruction, it is above that he should seek for the beautiful and sublime in architecture. And he will not seek in vain. Public buildings and monuments are many and magnificent. At every turn the eye is arrested by some mighty memorial to British heroism, some colossal statue commemorative of military or civic exploits, some stupendous triumph of the builder's genius, or other looming evidence of the pride and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

And yet, in the narrow, crowded streets of this busy bedlam of commerce, with its damp and dingy atmosphere, a full appreciation of the elegance and grandeur of it all is next to impossible. Structures located in public parks or other unoccupied areas, where there is room to see, necessarily possess an immense advantage over those less favorably situated; but even the most fortunate in that respect suffer a permanent disadvantage in this land of mist and all but perpetual humidity.

Britannia has a fair face, but the horrid drab hood that she so frequently wears above it, is not the best background upon which to display her handsome features. A few of Swift's philosophers, with a mania for making sunbeams out of cucumbers, might drive a big business here with immense profits. If something of this kind is not done, we need not be surprised if saucy Miss Columbia, emulating her illustrious mother's piratical example toward Grandmother Greece, comes along

some fine day—bringing it with her, of course—and lugs off these choice memorials for exhibition under a clearer sky where a broader landscape would set off their charms more effectively. Columbia could at least plead an excuse for her action. Britannia has little to offer in extenuation of her own. Elgin marbles and Egyptian obelisks forever! By the way, Cleopatra's Needle—the British abduction—now stands upon the Victoria Embankment, where the forlorn, time-scarred relic of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies lifts a woe-begone countenance into the heaven of heavens, as if petitioning its ancient gods, Isis and Osiris, for redress of grievances.

I have said that London supports a population of over four millions. Perhaps I should say that she allows them to support themselves. This they do in four different ways—working, shirking, begging and stealing. The best-paying business, here as elsewhere, is John Barleycorn's. Drinking saloons ("public houses") are numerous—necessarily so, their owners claim, owing to the dampness of the climate. "Like cures like," it is argued, and as pepper and spices are used freely in the tropics, so whisky and beer should be imbibed plenteously in the humid regions of the north. Why water is not wet enough, is left unexplained.

Another letter, dated March 10th, contains these reflections:

Father Time has been playing at leap-frog in the British dominions, leaping from fall clean over the back of winter and landing on the heels of an early spring. In other words, we have had no winter at all. Plenty of fog and rain, to be sure, and like angel's visits, an occasional sunbeam; but nothing in form or semblance suggesting that fair, frail, fleeting, feathery element, by the unanimous voice of poets and editors surnamed "the beautiful." While Utah's fascinating Governor and his fellow carpet-baggers have been slaying, like modern Sauls, the "Mormons" by theoretical thousands, and Mark McKimmins, of livery fame, like another David, has been *sleighing* them by tens of thousands, your correspondent, with bandaged head and corrugated brow, has been hugging the interior of his lodging house, sipping hot lemonade and ginger wine, and scowling out of a third-story window upon the bleak, black prospect of a London fog.

Perhaps you think, gentle reader, that a London fog is something to be sneezed at; and perhaps you are quite right. It *is* to be sneezed at, coughed at, choked at, and if it were only

grammatical—died at. It is also to be laughed at under some circumstances. Imagine millions of people playing blind man's buff, every one of them impersonating the blind man; and you will have some idea of a situation quite impossible for my pen to adequately describe. You are standing, if you please, under a friendly lamp-post—but don't strain your eyes in an ineffectual attempt to see the gas jet just above your head. Keep your handkerchief to your mouth, and listen: "Hi, there!" "Bless me!" "Vere am I?" "Wat street's this?" "Hi, policeman!" "Stop that cab!" "Mind vere yer goin'!" "Beg parding, mum." "Keep your bloomin' unbrellar down!" "Dem sich vether!" and a hundred and one similar ejaculations, expressive of surprise, anger and dismay. Mingling with such cries come the clatter of hoofs and rumble of wheels, the curses and crashes of colliding cabmen, the shouts of anxious pedestrians, and a babble of anxious inquiries and unintelligible replies to and from an army of bewildered and bewildering policemen, standing at the crossings with clubs in their hands and patent respirators over their mouths, coughing out orders to a caravan of unheeding vehicles and directing everybody exactly contrary to his or her destination. People falling over curbstones and sprawling upon pavements; horses stumbling over apple-stands; team meeting team, pedestrian jostling pedestrian, in the midst of a grand hubbub of half-coherent sound and an impenetrable cloud of poisonous, suffocating gloom. This, at such times as vehicular travel is not entirely suspended, and when crimes and casualties happily find no occurrence, is the ludicrous phase of the situation.

But there is another phase, anything but laughable. The wails of lost children, the screams of insulted females, cries for help from persons beset by thieves, shrieks from the victims of tram, omnibus and other blind instruments of accident and death, striking the sightless footpasser ere he is aware; and alas! the loud splash of the involuntary suicide and his bubbling cry of unheeded despair, as the dark waters of the Thames close over him. These are some of the tragic aspects presented by a London fog.

And not only upon the street does this eccentric visitor make himself manifest. He invades the sanctity of the domestic circle, attends fashionable soirees at the West End, rides in Rotten Row, stands undoffed in the presence of the Queen, and all unticketed and unhindered sweeps past the threshold of the theatre, making himself at home in all parts of the auditorium and mingling with the utmost freedom among the actors on the stage.

Betake yourself to the interior of a London theatre on a foggy night, and while, in the midst of a smoking car atmosphere and from behind a row of footlights as dimly discernible as lanterns at the burial of Sir John Moore, come sneezes, coughs, and semi-articulate utterances from characters as vague and shadowy as the Ghost of Hamlet's father, ask your "prophetic soul" if Iago hath exaggerated or "set down aught in malice." Only a few nights ago a performance of Hamlet was interrupted and suspended midway, by the sudden, unavoidable entrance of this unconscionable intruder.

But enough of fogs and funnyisms, real or attempted. My letters to the Herald were well received. Editor Groo, in a private communication, praised my style and informed me that my description of a London fog had been reprinted in one of the great journals of St. Louis.

A letter from Zina, received late in January, made me very unhappy—it was so full of gloom and foreboding. Answering it, I gave her all the comfort I could. In my journal of that period I find this entry: "My heart aches for my poor, dear, lonely wife. The thought that she is wretched unmans me, and 'I could play the woman with mine eyes'."

I made many friends in London. The Lord gave me the hearts of the people among whom I labored. A missionary's success is not to be measured by the number of baptisms he performs, since Paul plants, Apollos waters, and God "giveth the increase." Peter's pentecostal answer to the question: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" is far more important than the statement that "about three thousand souls" were added to the Church that day. Nevertheless, statistics are useful, and if not too voluminous, interesting. So I record here that during those four months in the metropolis I baptized eleven persons—the fruits of the labors of myself and others.

My musical bent and elocutionary training won me the *entree* into many homes where, without these, I would not have been so warmly welcomed—perhaps not welcomed at all. My whistling was a marvel to them, and I took care to exploit it whenever necessary to make friends or gain admittance to places where good might be done for the Cause. While my companion,

Elder Farr, would be conversing with some householder at the door, I would slip past, when possible, seat myself at the piano, if there was one, and the whistling of "The Mocking Bird" or "The Bride of the Wind" was almost sure to elicit a cordial invitation to call again. My recitations, "Shamus O'Brien," "The Old Hat," and other pieces, were also much appreciated by my British friends.

At Joseph Atkinson's, 19 Mile End Road, I was always a welcome visitor. He was an expert shoemaker, in the employ of his well-to-do father-in-law, Mr. Burnes, who disliked all "Mormons," and eyed askance the Elders who passed through his place of business to reach the upper part of the house, where the Atkinsons dwelt. The head of that family, I regret to tell, suffered a fatal lightning stroke after I left London, and hearing that his widow was in straitened circumstances I sent money to help relieve her necessities.

Dear old Sister Godfrey, in North London, also made me feel much at home at her comfortable fireside. She emigrated to Utah; as did a family named Harris, of Chancery Lane, who were equally hospitable. But why particularize, when all were so good and kind?

A singular incident occurred one winter evening, when Elder Cannon and I administered to a Sister Wilkinson, in Albany Street, near Regent's Park. While our hands were upon her head, a pain crept up my left arm, as if proceeding from her. I flirted my hands to be rid of it, and felt the pain no more. But while walking away from the house I was seized with nausea and had to go into a cafe and sit down. Having taken some cocoa and rested for a few minutes, I felt relieved and was soon myself again. We went on to the Conference House, where I stayed that night. While undressing, I noticed (not for the first time) that my garment sleeve had shrunk to a point just below the elbow; and as that was the place where the upward creeping pain had stopped, I was reminded of the protective character of the garment given me in the House of the Lord.

Occasionally, when something exceptional was on the boards, I treated myself or was treated by a friend to the luxury of a

dramatic performance. One evening—it was the last in the year 1881—Brother Cannon and I went to see Henry Irving at "The Lyceum," where that great actor was appearing night after night in a revival of the play in which he had made his first hit with the theatre-going public. Our untraveled innocence had led us to suppose that theatre rates, like many other things, were much lower in England than in America. Consequently, instead of laying out ten or twelve shillings for an orchestra stall, or two shillings for the privilege of forming in "queue" and scrambling for a seat in the pit, we purchased, at eighteen pence, tickets for the "amphitheatre," thinking that would be "plenty good enough." Forthwith we began the alpine ascent, and I thought we would never quit going up. Even after reaching the top we had to stand, and found it almost impossible to see the stage, owing to the crowded rows in front.

"This will never do—let's go back and get into the dress circle," said I. My companion heartily concurred and down we went to the ticket window.

"We would like to exchange our seats and pay the difference for the dress circle, if you please". This to the man within, who smiled as he answered: "In England dress *means* dress. You are in street attire. I couldn't let you in there. But here is a box at the same price."

We gladly paid it, and went into a curtained enclosure very much like the upper east proscenium box in the old Salt Lake Theatre. The moment we entered every glass in the house was leveled at us, their owners thinking, perhaps, that we were foreign potentates traveling *in cognito*. Had they known that we were "Mormon" missionaries, the roughs in the pit might have thrown something more than curious glances in our direction.

We braved the ordeal, or John Q. did, for he sat out in front, while I hid behind the drapery. We saw Henry Irving as "Digby Grant" in "The Two Roses," and I was somewhat disappointed. His acting seemed stilted, unnatural; nor did a subsequent seeing of him, when he played "Benedick" with Ellen Terry as "Beatrice," in "Much Ado About Nothing,"

dispel the first impression. But I presume the fault was mine. Irving must have been great, despite his peculiar mannerisms, or he never could have risen to the summit upon which he stood. I shall always believe, however, that like "Katisha" in "The Mikado," he was "an acquired taste," and that Edwin Booth ran neck and neck with him as "the greatest English-speaking actor of his time."[d]

During my final month in London, I was given the freedom of the city—not at Guildhall, but at the Conference House. In other words I was accorded the privilege of moving about at will and preaching wherever I chose. Sunday, March 19, I delivered my farewell address in the Whitchapel Branch, taking an affectionate leave of the little flock to which I had so often ministered. The place of meeting was Orson's Academy. Rather odd that it should bear that name.

Next day I set out for Liverpool, accompanied by President John Donaldson, who, as his mission was about to end, had come up to London to look around before sailing. Evening found me a comfortably housed inmate of dingy, noisy "42."

Dingy because of the damp and smoky atmosphere; noisy from the ceaseless passing of trams, busses, cabs and trucks over stony streets on both sides of a busy corner where stood and yet stands the old but unvenerable structure. At times was heard the rumble of railway trains, right under the building, shaking it and the ground that it rested on. It was a three-storied house, not counting attic or basement; the latter containing the dining room, kitchen and cellar; the floor above the business office and printing press. Up another flight were the prayer room and the President's private apartment. The top floor was divided into bedrooms, including the one where I slept and which served me as an office.

At first the din from the street kept me awake, but ere long it acted as a soporific, lulling me to rest, my slumber being broken only when the noise ceased, as it did for a short while

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d Booth played "Hamlet" in Liverpool while I was there, giving a more or less modern version of the character. While I cannot say that I preferred the change, I still could echo the praise poured out upon him by a British critic, who said: "No English-speaking actor is master of a method so fine."

between midnight and day-break, when the rattle and roar would resume. I must also mention an ancient hand-organ, which was often played under my window. Originally a fine instrument, it had become decrepit through age and infirmity. It had the peculiarity of jumping from the middle of one tune to the middle of the next; and the organist—pardon me, the organ grinder—forebore to let-up until a copper had been thrown to him. That was the signal for a sudden cessation of the hybrid melody, no matter which half of it was being performed. If no copper was thrown, the grinding went on indefinitely.

Such, in 1882, was 42 Islington, for many years the headquarters of the European Mission. When last I saw it (1921-22) it had changed occupants. The Church no longer leased it, and it had become the shop of a tobacconist. "To what base uses we may return."

XV

A Year at Liverpool

1882—1883

SAD news reached me—almost met me at the Mission headquarters. My wife's mother had died the day I left London, her decease following fast upon that of my father's mother in February of the same year. Grandmother Whitney's death was not an event to be deeply mourned. At the ripe age of eighty-one she had fallen asleep, to awake and renew in a better world happy associations with loved ones gone before. And the same could be said of Mother Smoot, except for the poignant grief of some she left behind. My wife had been living with her mother in my absence, and her sorrow, accentuated by her condition—that of approaching maternity—was almost overwhelming. Her gloomy forebodings, referred to in the preceding chapter, were prophetic, it seems, of what had since befallen. On the 18th of April she wrote me this pathetic epistle:

My own dear Ort: Your welcome letter, bearing date of April 1st, reached me last night, being the second one I have received since I wrote to you. I know how anxious you are feeling about me, and it will be increased by the belief that sickness kept me from writing my regular letter; it is cruel of me to cause you this uneasiness, but I was so heartsick I could not disguise my feelings had I written, and concluded that no letter would be better than a sad one.

I have kept myself busily engaged with preparations for the coming event, and I acknowledge the hand of God in giving me another baby to keep my mind off my sorrow; yet there are moments when it all comes upon me with such a crushing weight that I can hardly keep from sinking. This grief is

natural, and I don't think anyone can blame me for it. I am doing the very best I can.

The letter in which you speak of Mother, and tell me not to despair even at the worst, set me to weeping, and for an hour I could not stop. It is the first time in two weeks that I have been able to shed a tear, and this morning I am feeling better as the result. If I could only cry more I would consider it a blessing, for it seems that my heart will burst unless I can get relief in tears.

Everything is ready and I am now anxiously waiting for the arrival of my baby. I anticipate great joy and comfort with it and it will be more welcome—if possible—than Race was. When he was born I had you and Mother; now I have only him, and another baby will help to fill the vacant place in my heart and cheer my lonely life. I love it now as much as if it were born.

And little Ching (Race's pet name) God bless him! Oh! Ort, you can't know half his worth, not being with him as I am. It seems as if he understands my feelings, for he comes to me when I am sad, climbs on my lap, pets me, and talks to me as if he were trying to make me happy. Yesterday evening when I was crying so hard, he brought your picture to me and asked me to "kit (kiss) Papa." Just fancy a child of eighteen months thinking of such a thing! It does seem marvelous that he should recognize your picture, but it is nevertheless true, and I tell you he is a wonderful boy. There must be something very remarkable about him, or he would not attract so much attention.

I know you are praying earnestly for me in this my dark hour, and I feel the benefit of your prayers, so I need not ask you for them. I hope to be all through my trouble before you receive this. I love you ten times more than when you left, and if I could only sleep until you return I would gladly do so. I will be as happy as can be for your sake, and will bear up under this heavy blow, trusting that I may have no more trials until I am stronger and have someone to help me bear them. There is nothing would comfort me so much as to kneel with your arms around me and hear you pray for me. I am so hungry for the sound of your voice. Six months have passed, which have seemed like years, so I guess two years will pass *some time.*

Good bye, my adored and loving husband. What would I do without you, even in England. Your boy sends you kisses, and he loves you as I do.

That Zina's love for me was deep and abiding, I have never doubted. When a fond mother (as she certainly was) can say to her husband, as more than once she said to me, "I haven't a child that I love as much as I do you," her affection must be something above the common. I only hope that I was half-way worthy of such tender devotion.

My duties upon the Star, with other labors, took up all my time. I wrote the leading editorials—which, however, were regularly submitted to the Mission President before going to the printer—and did everything else necessary for the weekly makeup and issue of the periodical. I also supervised the publication of the Journal of Discourses, containing sermons of the Church Authorities in Utah and elsewhere. My first editorial—an answer to the question (suggested by one of the brethren) "What is the Use of Religion?"—appeared on Monday, April third. I attended regularly the branch meetings in Liverpool; spoke at near-by towns and villages; and was given frequent opportunities to visit conferences in various parts of Britain.

On Sunday, March 26, there was a conference in Manchester, and I went with President Carrington to attend it. Elders Stayner, Felt and Donaldson were also members of the party. The conference was held in the Hulme Town Hall. The forenoon meeting passed off peaceably, the traveling Elders making their reports and President Donaldson occupying the remainder of the time. In the afternoon there was a disturbance—the first of its kind I had ever witnessed.

As the opening speaker, I was testifying to the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith, when a man's voice shouted from the midst of the hall: "Nonsense—shut up!" I continued, without paying any heed to the interruption, and almost without noticing that the Conference president, Elder Moroni Brown, a man of iron physique (formerly sheriff of Weber County), had left the stand and seated himself immediately behind the disturber, who presently shouted out again: "Shut up! We don't want to hear anything about it. You're a liar!"—and other abusive epithets.

This time a grip of steel clutched him by both shoulders. He was lifted from his seat and hustled out of the hall and down the stairs, wriggling and twisting like an eel, but as powerless as a babe in the grasp of a giant. A woman, presumably his wife, picked up his hat and followed, looking as if she were ashamed of him—which of course she had every reason to be.

By that time the meeting was in an uproar. The fellow had friends there, who protested against his being handled so vigorously. Others sided with us, justifying his summary expulsion. President Carrington warned all would-be disturbers that the hall had been rented for religious services; that there was a law against disorderly conduct; and while those who behaved with decorum were at perfect liberty to remain, all others were invited to withdraw. A few passed out, but the large majority stayed and listened attentively to Elder Stayner, the closing speaker. After the evening meeting, which was quiet and orderly, the President and his party returned to Liverpool.

To say that the ejected individual was "much put out," is to state a simple fact literally as well as figuratively. During his hasty flight down the stairs he drew a "life-preserver" or "billy"—a small leather club loaded with lead—and tried to strike President Brown, who wrested it from him in a twinkling.

"Give me back my property," he shouted.

"You'll not get it back," said Brown, "till you have faced it in evidence."

"Must I get out a warrant for it?"

"You needn't trouble yourself—I'll get out the warrant."

Both sued out warrants, and within the next fortnight the case came up in court.

"Is this your property?" demanded the Judge, exhibiting the "billy" before the eyes of its now apprehensive owner. Receiving an affirmative reply, his Honor next inquired: "What were you doing with it in that meeting?"

"I took it there because I had been told that they always had trouble in those meetings."

"And so you went there to make some, did you?"

"Oh, I only wanted to frighten them a little," argued the culprit.

"Well," retorted the Judge, "We'll frighten you out of twenty-one shillings and costs. The other case is dismissed."

A fair sample of British justice at its best—prompt and straight-forward, with no humbugging delays. "God save the Queen!", was my comment upon it in a letter to the Deseret News.

I pursued my labors with zest and enjoyment. The work was congenial, and I felt abundantly blest. Now and then an open-air meeting varied the indoor routine.

Sunday, May 14, I preached in Wavertree Park, just across the way from the present Liverpool Office—295 Edge Lane. It was the first out-door meeting I had ever attended. Elder Charles B. Felt was with me; also Victor Anderson, one of the Star printing force. Miss May Anderson and other members of the Liverpool Branch made up the rest of the party. We had a fair-sized hearing, with quiet and respectful attention.

The next Sabbath we again repaired to the Park, but met with a very different reception. Brother Felt, the first speaker, was interrupted by a blatant fellow, an alleged chronic disturber of "Mormon" meetings. We had seen him approach a policeman and put something into his hand—probably a bribe to induce him to move off to where we could not appeal to him for protection. At any rate he went, leaving us to the mercy of the crowd.

Then began a disturbance: "Are you Mormons? If so, we don't want to hear you," shouted our opponent. "Go right on, Brother Felt," said I. "Pay no attention to him." This angered the fellow and he became abusive. A gentleman and a lady took up for us, urging him to desist; but three or four others began to shout "polygamy," "Tell us about the five wives," and other cries of like character. We had said nothing about polygamy, but this always effective anti-"Mormon" catchword was alone sufficient to arouse hostile sentiment.

Following Brother Felt, I addressed the crowd, which had grown considerably since the meeting began, and by an appeal

to British fair play succeeded in awakening some show of sympathy. They even cheered me when I told them I had always heard that wherever the British flag floated there was freedom of speech, protection for the weak against the strong, and even-handed justice for all. "Hear! hear!" they cried in chorus. The noisy peace-disturber felt the ground slipping from under him, and again broke in; but a stalwart young fellow glared at him and said: "They've got just as much right to speak here as you have."

There spoke the true British spirit, and the mob for the moment was quelled. But our persistent antagonist went out among them, told them we were "looking for girls to ship to Utah for Mormon harems," and again started the hue and cry against us. As soon as I began to preach the Gospel the clamor was renewed, and finally we were compelled to close the meeting and leave the Park. We were followed by the taunts and jeers of our persecutors, who cried out: "If you come here again we'll baptize you in the duck pond." That was their parting shot.

It was a new experience to me, and a most exasperating one. Never have I felt more indignant and never did I speak with greater freedom or greater force, than at the meeting of the Saints that night. I was keyed up as I have seldom been.

Reverting now to my sojourn in London. During one of my rambles I halted in front of a tall, narrow, handsome house, the upper part of which had the appearance of bright red brick, while the lower part was nearly covered with ornamental iron facings. Two lamp posts guarded the entrance, and upon a plate glass window in gilt letters were the words: "Fry and Co., Tea Importers." But that was not the object of my quest; I was looking for something far more interesting. The front wall at my right displayed a circular, yellow-edged tablet, with a blue background, upon which was carved in golden letters this inscription: "Lord Byron, Poet; born here 1788; died in Greece, 1824." The house was Number 24, Holles Street, Cavendish Square; the date of my visit February 2nd, 1882.

I stood and ruminated. Here, then, arose that sun of

intellect whose rays shed such a lasting glory upon English literature; a gorgeous human rainbow spanning poesy's wide heaven, and vanishing from view ere the half of its wondrous beauty could be realized. Poor Byron! We cannot but pity while we condemn his moral defection; nor withhold a fitting tribute to his genius while deeply lamenting its perversion.

Having seen Byron's birthplace, I resolved to visit, at the first opportunity, his tomb. That opportunity came after I had been called to Liverpool, and while attending a district meeting at Derby, near Nottingham. It was Whit-Monday—May 29—when I rode down to Hucknall, a quaint little town with a typical English church, inside of which was the Byron family vault. Alighting at the railroad station on the outskirts of the village, I walked up a rustic lane, over a bridge, along a winding road, and into the midst of a scene of festivity. A band was playing, flags were flying, and the peasantry were indulging in a jollification. Running the gauntlet of their jibes and arriving at the church, I was pelted with rice by a good-natured mob about the doorway, who evidently mistook me for one of several bridegrooms who were being married there that day.

The ceremonies over, I went in and was shown the resting place of one of the most illustrious of British bards. There was no monument—simply a vault under the surface of a raised flat at the end of an aisle. Were it not for the single word "Byron," in brazen letters upon a marble tablet let into the floor and bearing the dates of his birth and death, one would never know that he was walking over the dust that "was once all fire." On the wall at the right were beautiful white marble tablets, inscribed to the memory of the poet and his daughter Ada, who sleeps beside him. Above Byron's tablet was a withered bay wreath, hung there by the American poet, Joaquin Miller; and lying near were half withered floral offerings from noble lords and ladies who had visited at one time or another the Byronic Mecca.

The outside of the old weather-beaten church seemed to be

in a half ruined condition; but the interior was in good repair. Its general aspect would never suggest, to the mind unconscious of its trust, the splendid genius of the author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." As the mausoleum of a Gray, a Thomson, or some other pastoral poet, it might strike the beholder as very fitting; but not as the grave of one whose playthings were wine-cups, thunder-storms and battlefields. Yet, after all, what matters it? Death is no respecter of persons. He levels all ranks, mingles the dust of the basest and the best, and "lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre."

Two stations beyond Hucknall lies Newstead, with its famous Abbey, once the abode of Lord Byron. But the place was closed—this being the rule on Monday—so I did not see it at that time. Those who visit the half-ruined structure are shown, among other things, a skull drinking cup and a plate out of which the poet, in an alleged fit of rage, is said to have bitten a piece, leaving the marks of his teeth in the solid earthenware. The skull goblet is a reality—I have seen it; but the mutilated plate is, of course, a fiction. I have known persons irritable enough to attempt such an act of rashness, but none whose dental formations were capable of so surprising a result.

In the Abbey garden stands a monument reared and inscribed by the poet to the memory of his favorite dog. The inscription, mostly in verse, contains these lines:

> When some proud son of man returns to earth,
> Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
> The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
> And storied urn records who rests below.
> When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
> Not what he was, but what he should have been.
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> * * * *
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> Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
> Pass on, it honors none you wish to mourn;
> To mark a friend's remains these stones arise.
> I never knew but one—and here he lies.

At Liverpool, about that time, I received a letter from my mother, apprising me of the birth of my second child, another boy, born June 3rd, and agreeably to my suggestion, named

Heber Kimball Whitney. The coming of this babe was looked upon as most providential, in view of my wife's heavy bereavement over the death of her beloved mother.

During another visit to London I called, in company with Elder Joseph A. West (who was presiding there), upon "Phil." Robinson, the famous war correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. He had been to Utah to write up the "Mormon" question for the New York World, and his letters to that great journal had been reproduced in the home papers and in the Star. Afterwards the author republished them in book form under the title, "Sinners and Saints," perhaps the fairest setting forth of the subject that has ever emanated from a non-"Mormon" pen. Mr. Robinson received us courteously, introduced us to his wife, and we chatted freely. The date of the interview was October 12, 1882.

In November of that year I found myself in an over-worked, run-down condition, manifesting a decided lack of physical and mental vigor. I continued my labors, however, with unabated zeal. One morning I was endeavoring to write the usual editorial, but could make no headway, and wore out the whole day in a vain attempt to produce something worth reading. At last I threw down my pen and burst into tears of vexation.

Just then the Good Spirit whispered: "Why don't you pray?"

As if a voice had addressed me audibly, I answered, "I do pray." I was praying five times a day—secret prayers, morning, noon and night; and vocal prayers, with the rest of the household, at breakfast and dinner time. "I do pray—why can't I get some help," I asked almost petulantly, for I was heartsick and half discouraged.

"Pray now," said the Spirit, "and ask for what you want."

I saw the point. It was a special not a general prayer that was needed. I knelt and sobbed out a few simple words. I did not pray for the return of the Ten Tribes nor for the building of the New Jerusalem. I asked the Lord in the name of Jesus Christ to help me write that article. I then arose, seated myself, and began to write. My mind was now perfectly clear,

and my pen fairly flew over the paper. All I needed came as fast as I could set it down—every thought, every word in place. In a short time the article was completed to my entire satisfaction. I read it to the President, and he approved it without the change of a syllable.[a]

This taught me a lesson; or rather, it reminded me of one I already knew, but needed to have emphasized. Prayer is not a matter of mere words, not a string of stereotyped phrases. It is "the soul's sincere desire," and it was of such a prayer, and no other, that the Lord said: "Ask and ye shall receive."

Sunday, November 19, Elder John Henry Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, landed at Liverpool, having come to succeed President Carrington at the head of the European Mission. Shortly afterwards, the latter sailed for home. I never saw him again, but was a speaker, several years later, at his funeral.

I must mention a visit to the birthplace of the European Mission. It was Sunday, February 18, 1883, when I took train for Preston, meeting there Elder George C. Parkinson, who presided over the Liverpool Conference. We inspected the old Cock Pit, where Grandfather Kimball and his associates, the first "Mormon" missionaries to that land, had often preached. We found it a dilapidated brick structure, reached through a narrow alley running off one of the main thoroughfares—the upper part a dance hall, the lower a chemical warehouse. In the hall, which was circular in shape, cock-fighting had once been carried on. We did not gain access to the interior, but looked through an iron grating into the famous "Pit."

Running through Preston is the River Ribble where those early missionaries baptized the first British converts, Sunday, July 30, 1837. The river is about the size of our Jordan, and bordered with beautiful sloping greenswards and parks among the finest in England. I had peculiar feelings as I walked along those verdant banks. I seemed to be treading upon hallowed ground.

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a The article, one of a series entitled "Is Talmage also among the Prophets?" was aimed at the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Tabernacle.

I preached twice in Preston; at Temperance Hall that Sabbath afternoon, and at a cottage meeting in the evening. Next day I returned to Liverpool.

It was now thought wise to release me from office work, and give me a chance to recuperate. Accordingly, on Monday, March 5, 1883, the Star published the following notice:

TO THE ELDERS AND SAINTS

Bishop O. F. Whitney, who has labored as assistant editor of the Millennial Star since March 1882, is about to retire from that position and resume his former labors in the ministry. Since he has been in this office he has striven with great earnestness to make the Star entertaining and instructive, and has spared no pains to compose and select such matter as would be of most interest and value to the Saints in their scattered condition. The readers of this journal are his witnesses that his efforts have been successful, and we with them have derived much pleasure and satisfaction from perusing his many and gifted productions. The editorial work has been done almost entirely by him; and he has also performed the labor of arranging and putting in proper shape for publication all other matter in the Star as well as in the Journal of Discourses.

We are sorry to part with him here, and shall miss his companionship, but find it necessary for his sake to shift the scene of his labors, his health being such as to require a change from the hitherto close confinement and unremitting diligence of his office duties. We have learned to love him as a brother, to respect his earnestness and fidelity, and to admire his rare talents as a writer and an expounder of the principles of the Gospel. Our best wishes for his health, success and prosperity go with him.

He will for the present preside in the London Conference, and afterwards will be at liberty to travel throughout the British Islands, as a servant of the Lord, going wherever the Spirit may direct. We bespeak for him a cordial reception by the Saints and Elders wherever he may go, for he is a worthy laborer in the vineyard of our Lord. His counsels can be taken with safety, and his words will point out the Way of Life. We invite all men to give a listening ear to his testimony.

May the blessings of the Lord go with you, Brother Whitney.

Your brother in the Gospel,
John Henry Smith.

I was already in London when this notice appeared, having been succeeded as assistant editor by Elder George C. Lambert, a recent arrival from Utah. And so ended that year at Liverpool.

XVI

Without Purse and Scrip

1883

MY presidency over the London Conference lasted only a few weeks, or during the absence of President Joseph A. West, who was traveling on the Continent. I continued in charge, however, up to and including the regular semi-annual gathering on the fifteenth of April.

In company with President Smith and Brother West, I visited Parliament, and from the gallery of the House of Commons saw and heard the great Gladstone, Britain's Premier, and other notables. Except a passing glimpse of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Admiral Seymour, who were on their way to Guildhall to receive the freedom of the city for distinguished services in Egypt, that was the nearest I came to meeting royalty or hobnobbing with the nobility.

I must mention, however, a visit to Crosby Hall, the old-time palace of King Richard III, which, at some more modern period had been converted into a public eating house; likewise a visit to the "former palace of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey," which was serving the purpose of a barber shop. The dual ownership implied by the tonsorial sign on the front wall of the building, could not but remind the student of history that whatever was the Cardinal's was Henry's , and whatever was Henry's was the King's. Perhaps it was in this same barber shop, while yet a palace, that the Cardinal got "shaved" so unmercifully.

I had been to the Tower before, but now, with the Mission President, revisited the gloomy old fortress. While we were threading the winding streets and crooked alleys with which

London abounds, I inquired of a policeman "the *quickest* way to the Tower." "Jump into a 'ansom," said he, "and tell him to drive as fast as the law allows." Correcting myself, I inquired "the *shortest* way to the Tower." The bobby grinned and answered: "First to the right, then to the left, and strite ahead as ever you can gaow." "Strite ahead," would have taken us over the tops of the houses, but the qualifying phrase, "as ever you can gaow," seemed to imply that we need not resort to that desperate extremity.

I was with President Smith when I saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum. We stood in line until the doors opened, and then, with the rest of the crowd, took seats in the pit. This part of an English theatre, though rudely furnished, is second to none in point of location. Right in front of it, with a formidable barrier between, are the orchestra stalls, the costliest and most elegant seats in the auditorium.

No sight in London more impressed me than Dore's master painting, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium,"[a] then on exhibition at 35 New Bond Street. Of that wonderful picture, which I first viewed in March 1882, and again in January, 1883, I wrote a description, published in the Star as "A Sermon on Canvas." A letter from my wife in relation to it, contained this passage: "I read your 'Sermon on Canvas' in our Club—the Utonian—and there was no end to the compliments it received. Judge Emerson, who was there as a visitor, said: 'That is a splendidly written description—almost as good as seeing it one's self.' " My mother wrote of it as follows: "Sister Eliza (Eliza R. Snow) thinks your 'Sermon on Canvas' nothing short of inspiration. When I suggested that possibly someone else might have written it, since it was unsigned and you were no longer in Liverpool, she replied: 'No one but Orson Whitney wrote that article.' "[b]

Soon after the conference in London, President West and I set out upon a tramp through Essex County, intending to

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a "Poetical Writings," p. 118.

b During my second mission to Europe I looked in vain for Dore's splendid work of art and for the Dore gallery and New Bond Street. All had disappeared,

travel and preach "without purse and scrip," or come as near to it as existing conditions would permit. We started on the twentieth of April.

Walking as far as Stratford Church, we were about to hold an outdoor meeting at that point, when our design was frustrated by the police, who informed us that such gatherings were not permitted in that neighborhood. It was then nightfall, and we accepted an invitation to remain till morning at the home of William E. Larkin, in Leytonstone, where we had taken dinner that day. We left the house richer by a few shillings than when we entered it. Brother Larkin's wife was sister to Joseph Atkinson's wife, who also had helped us on our way, putting a half crown in our empty purse as we departed.

On the outskirts of Chipping Ongar, we retired behind a hedge in a field and prayed, asking the Lord to direct us in all that we were about to do. We then entered the village and sought, but failed to find, a hall in which to preach. We met, however, an elderly gentleman, a Mr. Sargent, of the sect called "Scripture Readers." We informed him that we were ministers from America traveling without purse and scrip, preaching wherever opportunity offered, stopping where night or necessity overtook us, and like our Lord and Master were without a place to lay our heads. His interest was at once awakened. He invited us to his home and introduced us to his wife as "brethren out on the Lord's business." The family having gathered round, we improved the opportunity to lay before them the principles of the Gospel. While so doing Brother West became ill—we both had severe colds—and at his request and by permission of our host, I administered to him the healing ordinance. During this (to them) strange proceeding, the family went down on their knees, and their reverence was equalled by their wonderment when they perceived that the administration was effectual.

But Mr. Sargent's suspicion had been aroused. As we turned to go, he expressed regret that they were unable to accommodate us with a bed, and then inquired: "Do you not belong to the Latter Days?" "We belong to the Latter Days,"

said I; and having testified to the restoration of the Gospel and the need of spiritual gifts—the "signs" promised by the Savior to "them that believe"—we thanked them for their kindness and went forth in quest of a place to pass the night. After several unsuccessful applications at the doors of as many inns or private homes, we walked about a mile out of the village and found suitable accommodations at a little tavern called "The Stag's Head," where we paid a shilling for a bed and slept peacefully.

Next day was the Sabbath. While walking through Ongar, we encountered a pleasant old gentleman named Storkey, who was on his way to church. Having exchanged a few words with him, we were invited to share his pew in the Congregational chapel, a courtesy gladly accepted, for the sky looked very threatening. No sooner had we taken our seats, than down came the hail and rain in torrents. After the service we went home with Mr. Storkey and spent the afternoon beneath his roof. He coincided with all that we said, though his eyes twinkled a little when we told him we were "Mormons" and testified that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. He was gracious enough to remark that if all "Mormons" were like us they were "not such a bad lot after all," but did not evince any desire to further investigate our doctrines.

At the lecture hall of Mr. Gibson, a leader of the "Scripture Readers," we again met Mr. Sargent, who tried to avoid us. But at the gate we presented him with our Articles of Faith and bore testimony to the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. This seemed to annoy him, though he said nothing.

Before leaving Ongar we called on Mr. Gibson and gave him a chance to refuse us the use of his lecture hall, a chance of which he availed himself with much alacrity. We would have engaged him in further conversation, but he excused himself, pleading "a train to catch" and "only ten minutes to reach the station."

On we trudged toward Chelmsford, the Essex County seat, and in the afternoon of a cold, windy, disagreeable

day our tired feet halted at the sign of "The Red Cow," a temperance tavern on the outskirts of town. Acquainting the landlord with the object of our coming, we asked him if he knew of a hall that could be procured for religious services. He was much interested and seemed favorably impressed. Leading us up-stairs into a little hall used by a local debating society, he assured us that we could have the use of it "very cheap," and he would see that our board and lodging were furnished on the most reasonable terms. But the more we told him about the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith, the less ardent he became, and finally, upon our asking positively if we could have the hall, he said he must see a lady next door, she being one of a committee for which he was the agent. He "saw" her, and she promptly refused the use of the hall. "Very well, madam," said I, looking straight into her face, "but remember this to your dying day: The Kingdom of God has come nigh unto you."

Weary but not discouraged, we set out upon the forlorn hope of finding another hall. Much to our joy we discovered and secured a large one, centrally located, at the moderate charge of eight shillings; ten being the usual rental. The agent, Mr. Warburton, was a Roman Catholic. We hired the town crier to go through the streets announcing that two "Mormon" Elders would preach there that night, and ordered and distributed three or four hundred handbills, wondering all the while from what source the means would come to liquidate the debt we were so recklessly incurring. We had the princely sum of eight-pence in pocket, and with this and fifteen shillings, for which Brother West pawned his watch, we paid the bills as fast as they were presented.

That night we held forth to a good-sized audience, and they listened with rapt attention. I led out with a discourse on Nebuchadnezzar's dream, as recorded in the second chapter of Daniel. I was well up on the subject, it being the theme of my farewell discourse at home. Many expressed themselves pleased with what they had heard, and some indicated their appreciation by leaving five shillings and ninepence at the door, a purely voluntary contribution.

In the congregation were two reporters, a lawyer, and several other prominent residents of Chelmsford. An elderly lady was heard to say as she passed out, that it was a pity more were not present, for it was much better preaching than was usually heard there. These facts were communicated to us by Mr. Warburton, from whom we engaged the hall for a future meeting. He expressed the conviction that we were "good, honest men," and bid us God-speed at parting.

In anticipation of a pleasant meeting with the Saints at Braintree, we had left word at the London Office for their addresses to be sent on by mail. But there was nothing for us in the post office, and after an ineffectual attempt to hire a hall, we paid our last shilling for a telegram to London, requesting that the Braintree addresses be wired to us at once.

A cold night was coming on, and we tramped about the streets to keep warm. Again and again we called at the telegraph office, but no answer had arrived. With a few pennies we bought a loaf of bread, and walking some distance out of the village, sat down upon a bridge by the roadside and supped —but not sumptuously. It was then seven o'clock, and the telegraph office closed at eight. There was but one chance in ten that we would receive a reply that night.

Moreover, we were being watched by the police, and a notice warning the people not to give food or money to vagrants, stared at us from every wall and window. The suspicions of the officers could not have been lessened when two strange men, after traversing the streets, inquiring the way to public buildings, emerged from a shop door with a mysterious looking parcel (which might be a keg of dynamite) and walked down the road in the direction of the Public Institute. An attempt had been made in London, not long before, to blow up the offices of the Local Government Board, and everybody we met seemed to be talking about us, as if they thought we belonged to the gang guilty of that atrocity.

The loaf that might have been dynamite (but was not) having disappeared, we resolved to return to the village, take a room at the best tavern we could find, and trust in Providence

to lengthen out our remaining "tuppence" to meet whatever expense might accrue. We had about given up hope of an answer from London, but while passing the telegraph office were impelled to go in and inquire once more. Fancy our delight at receiving the long awaited telegram. We had to walk two miles to the village of Rayne, where dwelt a family named Dover, but with lighter hearts we immediately set out, and in due time were warmly welcomed and comfortably housed for the night.

At the home of a Brother Bradford we held two good meetings, and then returned to Chelmsford; there facing another medium-sized audience, including some of the Saints from Braintree. Our Catholic friend reduced the hall rent to five shillings, of which amount one and ninepence was contributed by the retiring congregation.

Seeing no immediate prospect for further usefulness in that quarter, President West and I returned to London, to meet and assign a party of missionaries who were expected to arrive next day—the Sabbath. They did not come till Monday afternoon, April 30, but were just in time to attend our regular open-air meeting in Hyde Park.

Thither we proceeded in a body, stationing ourselves by permission (as we supposed) within hearing distance of Rotten Row, the great London driveway, thronged at that hour with equestrians, pedestrians and the shining equipages of the nobility. Selecting a position on a gentle rise at the base of the Achilles Monument, we began our service and soon collected a large and gathering crowd. Despite the clatter of hoofs and rumble of wheels, we made ourselves heard, and were listened to attentively. Ten "Mormon" Elders, most of whom had never attended an out-door meeting in their lives, standing there in the purple twilight, each with a new hymn-book in hand, singing the songs of Zion in the ears of England's aristocracy, was a sight not often witnessed, and one to be appreciated only by being seen.

We soon found that it was not likely to be seen again in that locality. It appears that we had misunderstood the officer

who gave us permission to hold the meeting, he having directed us (so he said) to the extreme opposite end of the Park, while we had chosen a spot where no sect or party was allowed to hold meetings of any sort at any time. However, we had almost "said our say," when we were interrupted. I had closed an address of twenty minutes, and Brother West had been speaking about as long, when the officer approached and informed us that we were violating the rules of the Park and must desist. We apologized for our mistake, and after giving out a number of tracts—some of which were taken by liveried servants of lords and ladies whose carriages were drawn up near by—closed with prayer and departed, pondering over the mysterious ways of Providence, which so often enable our missionaries to stumble upon the most unlikely and unlooked for opportunities of declaring to all men, high and low, the glorious message of the Gospel.

Apropos of that incident, a patriarchal blessing, given me just before leaving home, contained this sentence: "The kings and nobles of the earth shall hear thy voice." I could not see how the Lord was going to bring it about, nor at what time or place it was destined to occur. But after that open-air meeting on Rotten Row, where scions of the nobility formed part of the audience addressed by us, I could not say that the patriarch's promise had not been in part fulfilled.

Out in the country once more, this time at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. There we preached to a very respectful hearing, and "two and ha'-pence," a sum sufficient to settle our account at the neighboring tavern, was left for us at the door. If we could have had the hall for another night, the attendance, we were assured, would have been much larger. But the Society of Friends (Quakers) who owned the hall, refused us the further use of it, and soundly berated their agent for allowing us to use it at all.

Soon after leaving Hitchin we came upon a group of field hands, men and boys, about a dozen in number, sitting by the roadside, eating breakfast. Introducing ourselves, we preached to them and handed out tracts, for which they thanked us,

promising to read them and adding: "If we had a copper we would give it to you." Accepting the will for the deed, we thanked them and went on our way. More than once we tarried in like manner, but were not again favored with an audience of such respectable dimensions.

Some time beyond the hour when the forenoon meets the after part of the day, and the appetite of "the average American," whetted by the pure air of rural England, looks or longs for something more edible than green meadows and uncooked skylarks, we espied two men and a boy seated under a hedge, dispatching their midday meal. We requested the privilege of preaching to them, a request readily granted. As they arose to resume work in the adjacent field, each having accepted a tract, one made the same remark about "a copper" that we had heard a few hours before. Thereupon I suggested that if they had a crust of bread left over from lunch, it would be quite acceptable, for we were very hungry and hadn't a penny to buy a morsel of food.

The speed with which they untied their bundles and spread the contents before us, showed that we were still on Christian ground. Out came a piece of bread and a rind of cheese, which were given to my companion; then another crust and a few cold potatoes, which became my portion; and last, but not least, a fragment of rice pudding strongly flavored with onions! So Brother West said. Thanks to a cold, I was unable to detect it, and devoured with relish my own share and the portion that his more fastidious palate rejected. Never have I tasted a better meal. And we were just as grateful for it, too, as if it had been brought to us by Elijah's ravens. We did not fail to bless the kind souls who thus ministered to our need.

At Shefford, where the use of a school room was denied us by its proprietor, a reverend Mr. Osborne of the Established Church, we began a systematic distribution of tracts, leaving them at every house as far as Cotten End, which we also tracted. Toward evening we called at a humble cottage and presented a tract, which the good woman within accepted courteously. She also invited us to enter, and set before us

some very tempting slices of bread and butter, saying as she did so that we were welcome to the best in the house. Her sweet, gracious manner much impressed us, and her act of kindness, I need not say, was fully appreciated.

Twelve hours of almost incessant walking, talking, and distributing of tracts, brought us to Bedford, the former home of John Bunyan, the famous author of "Pilgrim's Progress." There we were kindly entertained by a Sister Richards, aunt to Septimus W. Sears of Salt Lake City.

Our meeting in Bedford was at the Working-man's Institute, and an excellent meeting it proved to be. At the close a young fellow, partly intoxicated, tried to get up a discussion at the door, but nobody paid much attention to him. He said there was a spirit in him (hic!) which had told him in the morning that some (hic!) men were coming there that night to preach (hic!) false doctrines. The odor pervading the surrounding atmosphere while he was speaking, enabled us to realize the partial truth of his remark, and to judge pretty accurately as to the nature of the "spirit" that was "in him." We told him it was the spirit of the devil, and the sooner he got rid of it the better. Whereat he became suddenly thoughtful and went quietly away.

It was now the fourth of May, and time for another return to London. Leaving the Elders, our assistants, who had been distributing tracts, looking for halls, and otherwise acting as our forerunners, we set out for the great city, where we were due at a priesthood meeting Sunday morning. A tramp of four hours brought us to High Barnet station, sixteen miles from south-west London, with just sixteen pence in our pockets. Inquiring the cost of two fares to the nearest city station, imagine our chagrin (not unmixed with amusement) at being told that it was seventeen pence. In vain we raked and scraped for another penny, counting and recounting our scanty store, hoping to make it just one more penny. No use; sixteen it was, and sixteen it remained. We then thought of the beggar to whom we had given a penny that very morning, and of the penny-worth of dry crackers that had served us for a breakfast.

We were beginning to indulge in a silent soliloquy upon the unwisdom of feeding vagrants and the extravagance of penny breakfasts, when the bell rang for all to get aboard or else get left.

This roused our Yankee wits into immediate action. Though lacking copper, we found we had plenty of "brass" on hand—or in our faces; for we had only to present them at the ticket window and announce ourselves as American gentlemen out on a rural ramble and just out of English money, to be courteously relieved of our embarrassment and invited to step into the train. Our sixteen pence was accepted as payment in full for our fares. Fervently acknowledging the ticket agent's politeness, and seating ourselves on the soft cushions of a sumptuous car, we were whirled away toward London, where we arrived in due season as happy and hungry as ever we were in our lives.

XVII

In Scotland and France

1883

MEANWHILE another stroke of affliction had fallen upon me and mine. The day that witnessed the beginning of that first memorable jaunt into the country bordering on London, my infant son, Heber Kimball Whitney, died at the home of his Grandfather Smoot, in far-off Utah. This child was born seven months and twenty-one days after I left for England. Consequently I had not seen him, and would not now behold him in this world.

The sad word reached me in a letter of condolence from President John Henry Smith at Liverpool; he having read it in the Deseret News. Later it was confirmed by a message from my father-in-law at Provo. It was all the more woeful because of the painful circumstances connected with it—my wife's illness, her mother's death, and the crushing out of the fond hope that the coming of this little one would prove a lasting solace to her wounded spirit.

Controlling my feelings as best I could, I penned an epistle of love and sympathy to my heart-broken wife. It closed thus:

"I am very anxious to hear from you, Darling, and yet fear to receive the next message, lest it bring more bad news. May God comfort you, for surely you need comfort now.

"President Smith was the first to inform me. But as he did not say which child it was, I was left in suspense for some hours, though all the while feeling sure that it must be the baby, having received from you the news of his critical illness.

"The President has offered to release me. He says I may

go with his blessing. I suppose I ought to accept the offer, for he is the Lord's representative in these lands. How do you feel about it? It is too late to sail with the May company, but I could start in June. If you say so, and the Lord does not direct otherwise, I will come."

Having received from the Mission President an honorable release, and feeling the approval of a good conscience, I set about preparing to return.

A hurried trip to Scotland—a land I had not yet seen—enabled me to view some of the attractive features of that very interesting country. Having preached in Glasgow, outdoors and indoors, I visited Ayrshire, "the land o' Burns;" then Edinburgh and Holyrood Palace, with its relics of the ill-starred queen, Mary Stuart. Next came Stirling Castle, whose colossal statue of Robert Bruce looks out over the famous field of Bannockburn, where he routed the invading English in June, 1314. Abbey Craig, with its monument to Scotland's idolized hero, Sir William Wallace, was also among the famous objects seen and admired. My companion during this visit was Elder Joseph W. McMurrin, who presided over the Scottish Conference.

Returning to Liverpool and thence to London, I joined Elder George C. Parkinson on a short excursion to the City of Paris, taken by advice of President Smith. We started on Saturday, the 26th of May.

While on the train between London and Dover we "put up a job" on our unsuspecting fellow passengers, playing upon their credulity by carrying on a conversation ostensibly between a Christian minister and a "Mormon" missionary. Elder Parkinson, impersonating the former, plied me with all sorts of questions concerning Utah and her people, and thanked me for the information imparted—not only to him, but to a number of interested listeners who craned their necks to catch every word. Commenting upon the various doctrines and arguments advanced by me, he admitted that they were sound, scriptural and reasonable, and went so far as to invite me to preach in his "London chapel," on my return from the Conti-

nent! He wound up by asking if I had any Gospel literature that I would care to give him. Whereupon I took from my handbag a bundle of tracts, one of which he graciously accepted, and then said: "Perhaps these good people would like some." "Ay, ay," responded half a dozen voices, whose owners' hands, eagerly extended, were promptly supplied.

"Being crafty, I caught you with guile," said Paul the Apostle to some of his proselytes. (2 Cor. 12:16.) This precedent and the motive behind our act must plead in extenuation (if any is needed) for the harmless deception practiced by us on that occasion. I am not at all ashamed of it, nor sorry we did it—only hopeful that the good seed sown did not fall entirely on stony ground. In some such way the ancient Apostle, who was "all things to all men," that he might "save some," doubtless caught many a fish that would never have nibbled at the Gospel hook, but for the innocent "guile" used as bait by that wonderfully successful fisher of souls.

Elder Parkinson and I each had paid four pounds sterling for the round trip to and from the French capital; this expense covering a week's hotel fare (table d'hote), with seats in Cook's excursion carriages for three of the seven days thus devoted. Outside of those three days, during which we were in the hands of an English-speaking guide, we might ramble at will wherever inclination led, until the time came for our return.

Within two hours after taking boat at Dover, we landed at Calais, and I stood for the first time on the soil of "sunny France;"—not very sunny just then, it being on the stroke of midnight, with a drizzling rain, every bit as wet as the one we had left behind in England, descending as fast as its French politeness would permit. Then ensued a delay of five hours, used in walking, talking, eating, sleeping, studying mongrel French from our guide books and striving to produce some identity of sound between our own crude accents and the inexplicable jargon going on around us. I was tempted to say—but did not: What particular part did the ancestor of the modern

Frenchman play at the Tower of Babel, to warrant the transmission of his "confounded" language to posterity.[a]

At daybreak we were aboard the Paris train, moving along —yes, that was my impression; the snail-like pace affording ample time to survey the surrounding country, probably the poorest and least inviting in all France. Eventually, however, we emerged into a panorama of natural and artificial loveliness. The scenery through which we passed and paused was charmingly diversified; orchards, meadows, hills, forests, fields and streams alternating in almost endless variety. The peasantry were busy as bees, building, carrying burdens, or cultivating the soil; the blue blouses of the men and the white caps of the women presenting a picturesque contrast. Leaning out of the open window to enjoy the balmy breeze that came floating over vine-clad hills and flowery vales, exposing myself with impunity to a draft that might have sealed my death warrant on the other side of the Channel, I could hardly restrain a cry of rapture at the beautiful and romantic picture everywhere presented.

In a letter to the Herald, I wrote: "France has her faults, but indolence is not one of them; nor is pleasure-loving Paris a true criterion by which to judge the entire Gallic nation. In spite of her supposed fickleness, she has traits that cause her friends to admire, and her enemies to fear her—not, perhaps, as an armed antagonist, but as an industrious and patriotic rival. Recovered from the effects of defeat, humbled and purified, with armaments no less mighty and with internal prosperity far greater, she gazes wistfully at captured Alsace and Lorraine, drapes the statue of Strasburg in black, and gradually tightens the sinews of war in anticipation of a future struggle."

That struggle came, as we all know, and France and her Allies were victorious. The statue of Strasburg no longer wears a sable wreath above her beauteous brow.

It was Sunday afternoon when we arrived in Paris; though the gaily-decked shops and busy hum of trade did not indicate

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a This, of course, is only in jest. The grace and beauty of the French tongue, when correctly spoken, is universally recognized.

the fact. Parisians know little of Sabbath-keeping, as Anglo-Saxon people understand the term. Many of those who worship in church on Sunday morning, frequent the theatre and race course in the afternoon, and whirl in the dance at night.

We were shown the way to our hotel by a young man named Bernard Herring, who had been to Paris before, and was very kind and obliging. We fain would have caught that Herring on the Gospel hook, but were not with him long enough to "get a bite."

Beautiful was the morning after our arrival in the gay city on the Seine. Not a cloud to obscure the glorious sunlight that came streaming through the open casement, falling like a shower of liquid gold upon the floor of the room where I was sleeping. Not even a curtain hung between the window and my pillow, to keep the radiant flood from flinging its luminous spray into my face, or dancing in lucent waves on the opposite wall, like myriads of mischievous sprites happy at having disturbed a mortal in his morning dreams.

Who could sleep? Not I; for in addition to the golden sunshine, the perfumed air, and the twittering of innumerable birds, wooing all nature into wakefulness, there came from below the most industrious clicking of chisels, pounding of hammers, rattle and rumble of hoofs and wheels, that the most exacting lover of industrial music could wish to hear. And this at six or seven o'clock in the morning, what an aristocratic Londoner would call "the middle of the night;" but what the Parisian working classes esteem and wisely use as the best part of the working day. Paris may be dissipated, but she is not lazy. Up and stirring at the first streak of dawn, she has finished the greater part of a hard day's toil while drowsy London, after her midnight repast, is taking a twelve o'clock breakfast in bed. This, however, does not apply to British workmen in general, but only to such as ape the aristocracy in "turning night to day."

London the brunette; Paris the blonde—climatically speaking. And yet, strange antithesis, each with the distinction of producing its opposite. In London the majority of men and

women have light hair and blue or gray eyes; while in Paris it is just the opposite, the greater number of her sons and daughters sporting dark complexions. At all events, that was my observation: I am not dealing in statistics.

Proceeding after breakfast to Cook's Excursion Office, we took seats in a tourist carriage having a capacity of sixteen, exclusive of driver and guide; and presently rolled away at a spanking gait, intent upon seeing Paris in all its glory.

Just before the carriage started, a woman's voice (from the back seat, of course) exclaimed in a high-pitched key, with a strong "Down-East" accent: "I like the way we do it in our country the best. We're from Muriky." "You surely are," I thought, and turning around gazed into the face of a matronly personage who might have hailed from Massachusetts or "old Varmount," conversing with another tourist not from those places. It was the first time in nearly two years that I had heard that dear old Yankee twang, and it was like music to my ears.

At Stehr's hotel, 55 Rue Provence, where Parkinson and I had registered, two young New Yorkers were also among the guests. They had been all over England and Scotland, and were touring in France before returning to America. One evening the four of us started out for the opera, "Il Trovatore" being the attraction. Calling a cab, we told the driver, or tried to tell him, to take us to the Grand Opera House. But we could not make him understand. We said *op*era, accenting the first syllable, when we should have said opera (aw), accenting the last and rolling the r. For some moments he was mystified, but finally got our meaning, corrected our pronunciation, and drove us off in triumph.

But we did not get inside the Grand Opera House; there was too much of a jam that night. So we went instead to the Eden Theatre.

I must explain that before leaving the hotel, Elder Parkinson and I had hesitated about wearing our high ministerial hats; whereupon our New York friends proposed that we don their low-crowned tweeds, purchased in Scotland, and they

would wear the silk caps they had used while crossing the ocean. We accepted the polite offer, and all, having purchased tickets, presented ourselves at the door of the Theatre.

Parkinson and I were admitted without question, but our accommodating friends were denied admission. "Why?" they demanded. "Chapeau, chapeau," exclaimed the door-keeper, waving them aside. Matters were becoming embarrassing, when a gentleman, evidently connected with the house, stepped forward and explained in English that the cap in France was the insignia of the race course, and if one were admitted into a theatre the whole audience would feel insulted. Anything in the shape of a hat was admissible, but nothing in the form of a cap. "I see you are strangers," he added, "and were not aware of this regulation. Put your caps in your pockets, gentlemen, and promise not to wear them, and you may go in."

The promise was made and kept. We tried to get our friends to consent to a change, but they would not listen to it. So we all entered the broad promenade—a space back of the seats—where nobody was expected to uncover, and where our obliging, bare-headed companions were "the observed of all observers" during the remainder of the evening.

After seeing Paris, with all its interesting sights—the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Napoleon's Tomb, Arc de Triomphe, Palais Royal (where we lunched), the Tuilleries, Trocadero, etc.; and having taken the usual side trip to Versailles, we returned to London, proceeded thence to Liverpool, and on Wednesday, June 20th, sailed for New York, on the Guion Steamship *Nevada*. My "Lines on Leaving England" were written at that time:

> Farewell, old England! Thou hast been to me,
> Albeit a stranger to thine ancient strand,
> A friend to whom, while longing hence to flee,
> I yet shall grieve to give the parting hand.[b]

The ocean part of the homeward journey was virtually a repetition of my first crossing of the Atlantic. I had been

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[b] See L. D. S. Hymns, No. 409, for entire poem.

given charge of the English-speaking Saints, part of a company, mostly Scandinavians, captained by Elder H. O. Magleby. But I could do nothing for them, beyond a feeble attempt at preaching, for which, leaning upon two other Elders, I descended into the steerage one day. Completely disabled by seasickness, I had to leave them to the care of my assistant, Elder William W. Hunter, who did his duty faithfully.

In a half-starved condition I landed at New York on Sunday July 1st—the very day and date of my birth. "Captain," said I to the commander of the boat, "this is my birthday. Twenty-eight years ago I landed for the first time in America. Then I came from another sphere; this time from another hemisphere." (Laughs and congratulations.)

Just before the boat came to anchor, I was lying in my berth, looking through the open port-hole as the first gleams of the rising sun struck the Stars and Stripes floating over Castle Garden. It was my first glimpse of "Old Glory" since sailing from that port in November, 1881. Nothing more beautiful has ever greeted my gaze. Tears filled my eyes and I realized, as never before, that I was an American, and that that was my country's flag.

At New York, among other friends, I met Captain Richard W. Young, U. S. A., who was then stationed at Governor's Island. I dined with him and his family, and he and I then took a stroll through Central Park, thinking it would do me good. It did. My appetite returned ravenously. Every few minutes I had to stop at a lunch counter and get something to eat.

A day or two later I continued on my Westward way, arriving in Salt Lake City at early dawn of Saturday, the seventh of July. Upon the joy of reunion with wife and child, parents, brothers, sisters and friends, from whom I had parted nearly twenty-two months before, I need not dwell. I was with them once again; that tells the tale.

XVIII

Home From Abroad

1883—1888

MY first care, after that happy home-coming, was to secure employment, with an income sufficient for the support of myself and family. While in Logan with my wife and child, visiting our friends the Prestons, I received a letter from my brother Horace, manager of the Home Dramatic Club, urging me to resume my former place in that organization, which was about to present a play entitled "The Green Lanes of England." I was offered the leading part—"Martin Wheatstone," an English farmer.

I did not feel that I ought to rejoin the Club, having found the atmosphere of the stage more or less foreign to the spirit of my sacred calling, which I desired to magnify and make paramount to all else. But I needed the money that would reimburse me for the proposed service, and so, after communicating with the President of the Church and receiving his sanction, I consented to appear once more before the footlights, assisting my sometime dramatic associates to present "The Green Lanes of England." Concerning such lanes, I now had some experience.

The play was put on during Conference week—October, 1883—and the Club scored its usual success. That was my last appearance upon any stage as an actor.

My father-in-law wanted me to remove to Provo and become editor of the "Territorial Enquirer," a paper founded by him and other prominent citizens. Not wishing to leave my home town permanently, nor to launch my bark for a life voyage on the sea of journalism—for which I had little liking—I declined the well-meant proposition.

A removal to Provo would have put my wife in closer touch with her nearest and dearest of kin, particularly her elder sister, Margaret (Mrs. W. H. Dusenberry), upon whom Zina leaned more than ever after the death of their mother. But she found no fault with my decision to remain in Salt Lake, and contented herself with occasional trips to the "Garden City."[a]

Though averse to journalism as a profession, I realized that I must do something for a living, and that without further delay. The way soon opened. Conference was scarcely over, when I was offered my former position on the Deseret News; John Nicholson, whom I was again to succeed, having become associate editor of the pioneer journal. His promotion was partly due to the absence of the editor-in-chief. The anti-polygamy crusade under the Edmunds Law was beginning, and Elder Penrose, being one of those "wanted" by its authors and promoters, had gone into retirement, spending much of the time of his exile in the East, working with others against further anti-"Mormon" legislation by Congress.

Editor Nicholson did valiant work, drawing down upon himself the wrath of the crusaders, who soon had him where he could no longer lash their backs with his gnout-like satire. Though they knew it not, I contributed more than one leading article to his columns. I have never known a braver man than John Nicholson. His honest, outspoken defense, when arraigned for sentence before Chief Justice Zane, where he respectfully but firmly refused to cast off his plural wife, who had resolved to stand by him through thick and thin, much impressed the Court. I dedicated to my friend some verses, "Captured But Not Conquered," commemorating his imprisonment for conscience sake.[b]

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a An amusing incident, one that Zina, with her keen sense of humor, could fully appreciate, occurred during one of those visits to Provo. She had been there several weeks, when I wrote to her that I was "coming down (D.V.)"—Deo Volens, or God willing, a phrase much used by pious people in England. Two railroads ran from Salt Lake to Provo—the Utah Southern and the Denver & Rio Grande Western. I took the former route, and my wife, having had no experience with "D. V.'s," went to the Denver depot to meet me!

b "Poetical Writings," p. 147.

In December, 1883, "The Contributor," for which I had continued writing while in Europe and after my return, published a poem which has always been regarded as one of my best productions. "A Christmas Idyl," it was called, and under a new caption, "Elect of Elohim," it now constitutes Canto Three of my epic poem "Elias." The Idyl appeared about Christmas time. Here are a few of the comments it called forth:

Wilford Woodruff: "It's the best thing I ever read."

John Nicholson: "It's beyond my criticism."

George Reynolds: "Without exception, the best piece of poetry ever written in the Church."

Theodore B. Lewis: "The finest thing in Mormon literature."

B. F. Cummings Jr.: "The pen that wrote this poem will make its owner famous among the bards of his people. None but a Latter-day Saint, possessed of genius of a high order, could possibly have written it."

Daniel H. Wells (after highly praising the poem): "And don't let anybody beat you out of the doctrine—it's as straight as a shingle."

President John Taylor: "I prefer Whitney to Whittier."

President Taylor was always kind to me. A poet himself, he took an interest in my verses, and encouraged me to write. He also commended my public discourses. To the Young Men's magazine I contributed a poem dedicated to President Taylor. Set to music by Evan Stephens, "The Overthrow of Gog and Magog" was sung with splendid effect by the Tabernacle Choir.[c] My tongue as well as my pen was much in demand, and I was preaching, lecturing, and speaking at funerals almost constantly. This service was free, and I was more than willing to give it *pro bono publico.*

I was connected with the Deseret News until November,

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c "Poetical Writings," p. 131.

1884, when I accepted from the Mayor and City Council an appointment to serve out the unexpired term of Paul A. Schettler, the deceased Treasurer of Salt Lake City. I qualified for this office on the third day of December.

Meanwhile, on the 22nd of November my father died, his obituary being one of my last articles as city editor of the News. At his funeral the Eighteenth Ward Chapel was thronged by old-time friends and associates, assembled to show respect to his memory. "An honest man"—such was the eulogy pronounced upon him by Elder David McKenzie. The venerable apostle and pioneer, Wilford Woodruff, was also one of the speakers.

At the City Hall, my desk mate sitting opposite, was my intimate friend, Heber M. Wells, who held the office of City Recorder, assisted by his younger brother, "Bri"—now Major General Briant H. Wells, U. S. A. We were very congenial and happy in our association. I was not sorry to forsake the hurry, worry and drudgery of newspaper life, for a position where I had time to think, and in spare moments to achieve something higher in the realm of literature.

Sometimes a ludicrous incident enlivened the monotony of office work. One morning a rather uncanny old dame hobbled into the City Hall and inquired for "Bishop Whitney."

"I am he," said I. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to get up into the Eighteenth Ward," she said.

"What for?"

"I'm troubled with evil spirits, and I believe they would leave me if I got up into the Eighteenth Ward."

"Where do you live now?"

"In the Thirteenth Ward."

"How do you know they are evil spirits?"

"Oh, they shriek out in the night, and are like fire in my bed. They jerk the pillow out from under me."

"Have you been to your Bishop about it?"

"Yes, Bishop Atwood says he can't do anything for me."

"Have you been to the President of the Stake?"

"Yes, I've seen Angus M. Cannon."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to tell Bishop Atwood to fast and pray and cast 'em out."

"And what did the Bishop say to that?"

"He said, 'Go back to Angus M. Cannon and tell *him* to fast and pray and cast 'em out.' So I want to leave that ward, and get up into the Eighteenth."

By this time quite a group of City employees had gathered round, among them my uncle, droll Sol. Kimball, who was Janitor and Jailor. He was also a zealous member of the Eighteenth Ward, and thought things were done a little more thoroughly up there than anywhere else. Fixing his eye on my strange visitor he said:

"You say they jerk the pillow out from under you?"

"Yes."

"You come up into the Eighteenth Ward and they'll jerk the whole bed out from under you!"

That was enough. Without further ado she went her way, seemingly resolved, like Hamlet, rather to bear the evil spirits she had, than "fly to others" that she "knew not of."

In the spring of 1885 I engaged in a newspaper controversy with a reverend Mr. Cooley, of Lehi, who had written to the Salt Lake Herald on the subject of "Gentile Schools," asking why "Mormon" parents did not send their children to them. The Editor, before printing Mr. Cooley's communication, invited me to answer it. I did so, and both articles, with signatures attached, appeared in the Herald of March 29th. Mr. Cooley "came back," and on April 11th, his second communication and my reply were likewise given publicity. A few excerpts from my first letter are here presented.

It is not that you give or can give to "Mormon" children "a thorough Christian education," that their parents are averse to placing them under your care. It is because you are not able to give it that they object. . . .

As to the insinuation that "Mormonism" cannot bear the light of "Christian" civilization, the assumed proof is, that "Mormon" parents are unwilling to place their little children in Gentile schools. Shades of David and Goliath! Here's an

argument for you. "Christianity," having failed to crush "Mormonism," by coming in contact with its older and experienced champions, sets itself in battle array and dares us to send on our babes and sucklings! The conflict that is to decide the superiority of "Christian" civilization over "Mormonism" is to be fought with Gentile men and women on one side, and "Mormon" children on the other. . . . A skilful fisherman throws his line among a shoal of minnows and exclaims: "Come now, give us a bite, just one little nibble, and if you can't stand the test, you will at least have the comfort of knowing that you deserved to be caught!"

No, we are not "afraid to let the men and women of the next generation have a good broad look around the world for themselves;" but we propose to first place in their hands "the telescope of truth, which strips the distance of its phantasies," and shows things as they are, and not as they seem to be. We propose, in other words, to bend the twigs of our own trees, that they may grow up in the way we want them to grow, and we do not deny you the same privilege, nor consider you cowardly for wishing to do likewise with your own.

The fact that these schools were planted here to help pull down the "Mormon Power," by drawing away the children from the faith of their fathers, is so patent, so notorious, and so all but openly admitted, that it seems strange anyone could be found at this late day willing to half deny it, or even beat about the bush after the manner of my esteemed but somewhat sophistical friend, Mr. Cooley. His "most assuredly not," in relation to the luring of "Mormon" children from the religion of their parents, is a little bit laughable in view of his subsequent admission that the object is simply to "broaden their minds" so that they will "revolt from it" of their own accord. As if anyone supposed they were to be "lured" with Mexican lariats!

Soon after this I was elected Territorial Superintendent of District Schools. But the Commissioners appointed under the Edmunds Law to supervise elections in Utah, refused to count the votes cast for me, claiming that the office was appointive, not elective, and that the Governor had the right to name the School Superintendent. I was not sorry. I did not want the place, having accepted the nomination merely to save a point for my party.

Already my voluntary service in the cause of education

had brought me some recognition. In March, 1884, I had been appointed by the Territorial Legislature a regent of the University of Deseret; and in like manner, two years later, I became Chancellor of that institution. It was not a salaried position, but one of much honor and influence.

My first address as Chancellor was on May 27th, 1886—Commencement Day at the University. Addressing myself more to students than to teachers, I said in part:

If I say that a great future is opening before you, I say it not with the tongue of flattery, but with the solemn voice of friendship. Whether you become great to correspond with that future, is another thing entirely, and depends largely upon the uses to which you put the time allotted you and the talents with which you are endowed. These may be many or few, but they are a sacred trust, a stewardship, for which an account must some day be rendered to the Almighty Giver.

As to what constitutes greatness, opinions may differ. I shall content myself with citing the definition given by the greatest Teacher the world has ever known, One who "spake as never man spake," before or since: "Whosoever would be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant." This, then, is the pathway to glory and success—to labor for the welfare of others. Greater is he who can serve, than he who is served; and this is peculiarly the teacher's mission and opportunity.

I hope there is no one here—nor do I believe there is—who imagines himself or herself perfectly educated, and that nothing remains to be acquired after leaving school. We live in a progressive age. The present eclipses in many things the past, but is destined itself to be overshadowed by the future. As we proceed, "Alps on Alps" will arise to greet us, and the summit of one attainment will only prove the point look-out to heights still unsurmounted. Much of the so-called science of today may be the recognized folly of tomorrow, and precious truths now unknown, despised, or covered with the dust of neglect, will yet be eagerly sought for and prized as becomes their worth. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive" of the sublime possibilities locked up within the treasure house of Time to Come. The sun of education has scarcely more than dawned, even upon the wisest minds. The highest hill-tops are but tipped with the golden splendors of its rising. What do we

dwellers in the valley know? The windows of our minds should ever be open to admit the sunlight of knowledge. Never let conceit or bigotry close the shutters or draw down the blinds.

Almost from the beginning, my Alma Mater had had a hard struggle for existence. What threatened to be a serious set-back to its further growth was due to radical action on the part of Utah's Governor, Eli H. Murray. Angry at the lawmakers for refusing to confirm some of his appointments, he vetoed the general appropriation bill, thus keeping from the legislators their per diem compensation and, what was far more serious, depriving the University of means necessary to complete its new buildings on Union Square. The prompt action of a number of "Mormon" citizens, who advanced private means for that purpose, was all that saved the institution from disaster.

Governor Murray's radical course finally brought about his removal. He was succeeded by Governor Caleb W. West, who, like Murray, came from Kentucky. But West was a Democrat, while his predecessor was a Republican. These changes were made by President Grover Cleveland. At a reception in honor of Governor West, given upon his arrival at Salt Lake City, I delivered, in behalf of the municipal authorities, the address of welcome.

After my return from Europe, my wife and I, with our little son Race, had roomed for a season at Aunt Mary Whitmey's, prior to renting, in January, 1884, a house belonging to my uncle, Heber P. Kimball, on the hill opposite. We were staying temporarily at my mother's home when, on January 29, 1885, my third child and first daughter was born. We named the little one Emily, for her Grandmother Smoot.

Next I rented from Edward T. Mumford the premises known as 161 C Street. We remained there until November, 1886, and then moved into a home of our own, just around the corner south and west of the Eighteenth Ward Chapel. I purchased the property—155 Second Avenue—from David P. Anderson, and it was the first house I ever owned. There three of my children were born—Margaret, August 24, 1889;

Charles Byron, July 3, 1891; and Albert Owen, September 15, 1893. The house has since disappeared, another, differently numbered, taking its place.

During January and July, 1887, I preached in all the principal wards of Bear Lake Stake and in many of the towns of Central and Southern Utah, both trips being planned by Elder John W. Taylor, of the Council of the Twelve, who invited me to accompany him. Finding that he could not go north, he requested me to represent him and take someone along to assist me. Elder Charles W. Stayner consented to share the honor. In the south, Brother Taylor and I, with my son Race, went as far as Woolley's Ranch near Kanab—my first visit to that section.

Not long afterward, while the Apostle and I were traveling together, he prophesied that I would yet be one of the Twelve. He little knew, nor did I, that my call and ordination to the Apostleship, twenty years later, would fill a vacancy caused by his own retirement.

My next speech as Chancellor was on June 16, 1887. The proceedings, like those of the former occasion, were in the main University building on Union Square (West High grounds), near the old Academy where Dr. Doremus taught school when I was a boy. The speech follows:

Fellow Students in the School of Life, the University of Human Experience:

I am not vain enough to suppose, in addressing you for a short time on this interesting occasion, that I shall say anything new and startling. To be original, in the sense of creating something new, in a world like ours, where history has so often repeated itself as to make each generation almost a plagiarism upon its predecessors, is to be more than "one man picked out of ten thousand;" it is to be an anomaly and a marvel in the midst of mankind. A certain teacher once advised his students to carry with them a pencil and tablet, and be ready to jot down any new idea that might occur to their minds. A cynical critic, commenting upon this advice, remarked that most of the students might carry the pencil a thousand years and not wear off the original point!

The most that ordinary mortals can hope to do at this

late hour, is to pluck fruit from trees that others have planted, and by the various methods of mental cookery known to this generation, make the offering as acceptable as possible.

There is an originality, however, that all men can manifest —originality in the sense of being sincere, genuine, honest, conscientious. Shakespeare puts it in this form:

> To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

At first thought, it may seem a simple matter, an easy task, to be true to one's self; to be one's self; to defend and serve one's self when necessary, and to deny one's self when wisdom and duty dictate; to obey the "still small voice" of conscience, the voice of God in the human heart, howsoever self-interest with silver tongue may plead, or how darkly danger may threaten; to stand as a lighthouse on a storm-beaten coast, unmoved by wind or wave, sending the light of a heroic example over the tempestuous waters, as a beacon of hope or warning to others. Let who will think it simple and easy. Simple it may be—sublime things are always simple—but the practice has ever required the Herculean efforts and lion-like courage of giant souls.

Independence of character does not consist in a disposition to quarrel and contend on every point at issue between us and our neighbors. Noise and fury no more signify independence, than the smoke and thunder of battle tell the nature of the cause for which the armies are contending. Silence and rest may be quite as independent, and are often far more dignified, than speech and action.

The great man, the man of independence, thinks, speaks and acts for himself. He will never be found doing or saying a thing simply because others are doing or saying it. He dare be himself, though the whole world oppose him. He neither coincides to win favor, nor opposes for opposition's sake. He will side with the many or with the few, as his conscience dictates. Broad and liberal in his views, he is tolerant of the views of others. He will defend the weak against the strong, and will never be found trampling on the defenseless. No man is great, no man is brave, no man is free, who feels or acts otherwise.

But let us consider the subject in some of its lighter phases. It is always a sign of weakness, in real life, to be an imitator, a mirror of other men's manners, an echo of other

men's words and ideas. Such things belong to childhood or to the mimic stage. God intended man to be original, to act his own part in life's drama, to speak his own lines and no one else's. Even the actor, whose profession is to imitate, must be original, or he will never achieve greatness. There is an imitation that even imitators must avoid (except in burlesque)—the imitation of another's style of acting. Variety is necessary. One Edwin Booth is enough. One Sara Bernhardt is sufficient. We do not care to see them duplicated in every supernumerary around them.

The same holds good in literature. Turning down the collar and drinking wine out of a skull goblet does not make a Lord Byron. It may make a laugh, but it will be at the expense of the simpleton who causes it. Every poet sent into the world must sing his own song and not another's, or the world will be little better for his singing.

Affectation of any kind is disgusting. It is falsehood—theft—a sin against nature. The young man, American-born, who goes to England a Yankee and comes back a Cockney, exchanging his native nasal twang, bad as it is, for something insufferably worse—a cultivated cold in the head; borrowing a foreign accent and mannerism simply because "its English you knaow," may be the beau ideal of a "dude"—but that is about the severest thing I would care to say of him.

No more admirable—with all due regard for gallantry—is the young lady who visits New York, London or Paris, and comes back gazing with eye-glasses and simulated amazement at objects familiar to her since childhood; asking all sorts of questions, that would puzzle the invention of a hack-driver to answer, about Salt Lake, Ogden or Provo—her birthplace.

Be original, be genuine, despise affectation. No man can be what he is not. Sooner or later he will be known for what he is. Souls, like water, seek and find their level. Disgrace and failure await those who stand in false positions and try—oh how vainly! to be anyone but themselves. The lapdog in the fable delighted his master by leaping upon him and stroking him with his paws. But the poor donkey who tried to play the lapdog nearly killed his master, and was soundly thrashed for his folly.

Young man or young woman just commencing life! Be true to yourself; act your own character; live the life for which you were intended, and you will succeed and be honored as surely as God intended you should be. But if you strive to be another than yourself, or to fill a place for which you were never

designed, you will fall as would fall the exotic before an Arctic blast, or melt like the iceberg in the tropics.

These talks, with others—notably my lectures, "What is Education," and "Poets and Poetry," delivered before the Salt Lake County Teachers' Institute, awakened much interest in the community and wielded quite an influence among the young people, many of whom have since told me how much they profited by these instructions.

June 14, 1887, witnessed a large gathering of the Kimball Clan at Fuller's Hill Gardens, Salt Lake City; an affair commemorative of the eighty-sixth anniversary of the birth of President Heber C. Kimball. By request, I prepared and read to the assembly a sketch of Grandfather's life, and the impression it made was strong enough to unite the family upon the project of publishing the "Life of Heber C. Kimball." The honor of writing it fell to me.

Such was the origin of my first book. Completed in August, 1888, and published in the autumn of that year, it awakened widespread interest, and the entire edition was soon exhausted. For many years this "Life" has been out of print, but the demand for it continues.

XIX

Amid Perilous Times

1882—1890

MY narrative now reverts to the beginning of what was termed "The Crusade"—the prosecution of plural marriage, commonly called "polygamy," under the Edmunds Law of 1882 and the Edmunds-Tucker Law of 1887. Owing to the harsh enforcement of these statutes, a reign of terror prevailed not only in Utah, but wherever the Latter-day Saints had settled and made homes. My position on the Deseret News gave me exceptional opportunities to keep in touch with the leading events of that painful period, especially the Federal Court proceedings, which I reported regularly for the Church paper.

At the General Conference in April, 1885, I was appointed one of a committee of twenty-two to frame a "Declaration of Grievances and Protest," addressed "To the President and People of the United States." Prepared by a sub-committee consisting of Brigham H. Roberts, John Q. Cannon and myself, it was read and adopted at a great mass meeting held in the Tabernacle on the second of May. I was the appointed reader. Here are the principal paragraphs of the document, which was thunderously cheered and applauded from beginning to end.

Fellow Citizens: A condition of affairs imperiling the vital interests of the vast majority of the people of Utah and their co-religionists in the neighboring States and Territories, impels us, their representatives, to address you. Our rights as American citizens are trampled upon, and believing it our imperative duty, in the presence of such a danger, to protest against the

gigantic evil which threatens, not only our liberties but the liberties of every freeman, we, in general mass meeting assembled, in the name of freedom, justice and humanity, make this appeal for relief and protection.

The authorities at Washington have disregarded our rights in the matter of local self-government. It has been the undeviating policy to send strangers into our midst as governors, judges, prosecuting attorneys and marshals; men who, with honorable exceptions, had no interest in the common welfare.[a]

The Commissioners appointed under the Edmunds Law have grossly abused the authority conferred upon them, and have usurped extraordinary, illegal and arbitrary powers. While their sole duty under the law was to appoint registration and election officers, and to canvass the returns and issue certificates of election to members of the Legislative Assembly, they have illegally assumed to exercise important legislative and judicial functions.

They officiously formulated an unauthorized and illegal expurgatory test oath, covering the whole life of the individual, and required each elector in the Territory to take it before he could register or vote; and by their order, the names of all persons who failed to take this oath were stricken from the registry list. They so constructed the test oath that it could not be taken by any person who had ever lived in polygamy, or who cohabited with more than one woman "in the marriage relation;" but it could be, and was taken by persons who cohabited with more than one woman *not in the marriage relation*—thus disfranchising only "Mormons" and permitting non-"Mormon" violators of the law to register and vote.

We complain of the injustice done us by the United States officials sent to execute the laws; they have generally allied themselves with sectarian priests and political adventurers, lending their executive or judicial influence to foment local excitement and degrade us in the estimation of people abroad.

The Governors of Utah, possessing absolute veto powers, have usually been despotic in their ministerial acts. . . . The present Governor especially has acted the part of a petty tyrant. In his (Murray's) official messages and reports, in his contributions to the press, and in his public addresses, he has persistently misrepresented the state of affairs in Utah, and seized upon every opportunity to arouse popular prejudice and hatred against her people.

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a Utah, now a State, was then a Territory, and consequently not qualified to elect her own officers. Those above mentioned were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate of the United States.

The Edmunds Law, which not only provides for the punishment of polygamy, but also cohabitation with more than one woman, whether in the marriage relation or outside it, is made to operate on one class of people only—the "Mormons." . . . . The paramour of mistresses and harlots, secure from prosecution, walks the streets in open day. No United States official puts a "spotter" on his trail, or makes an effort to drag his deeds of shame and guilt before a judge and jury for investigation and punishment. But note the contrast:

In Utah, Idaho and Arizona a concerted assault is made upon the "Mormon" people. Spotters and spies dog their footsteps. Delators thrust themselves into bedchambers and watch at windows. Children are questioned upon the streets as to the marital relations of their parents. Families are dragged before commissioners and grand juries; and on pain of punishment for contempt, are compelled to testify against their fathers and husbands. Modest women are made to answer shamefully indecent questions as to the sexual relations of men and women. Attempts are made to bribe men to work up cases against their neighbors. Notoriously disreputable characters are employed to spy into men's family relations.

Contrary to good law, persons accused of crime are esteemed guilty until they prove themselves innocent. The burden of proof rests upon the accused instead of upon the accuser. Trial by jury in the Territories is no longer a safeguard against injustice to a "Mormon" accused of crime. Accusation is equivalent to conviction. Juries are packed to convict, and if they fail to find a verdict against the accused when he is a "Mormon," insult and abuse are heaped upon them by the anti-"Mormon" press. Men, fearful of not obtaining justice in the courts, are avoiding arrest, believing no fair and impartial trial can be had under existing circumstances.

There are persons in the community who contracted plural marriages before there was any law against the practice, and who have not since entered into such relations. After the passage of the Edmunds Act, and out of deference to its requirements, they ceased to cohabit with their plural wives. Such men have violated no law, and yet they are harassed and prosecuted.

In consequence of this crusade, which bears all the aspects of a religious persecution, business relations are disturbed; values of every kind unsettled; neighborhoods agitated and alarmed; and property of the people generally jeopardized. It not only affects alleged violators of the law, but those who

are innocent of transgressing it. It works a hardship upon the entire community, upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

The overwhelming majority of the "Mormon" people are monogamists, and but a small percentage are even suspected of violating the law. In the name of this great majority, we pray that this unusual, cruel and partial administration of the law shall cease.

We respectfully ask for the appointment by the President of a commission to fairly and thoroughly investigate the Utah situation, and pending its report we solemnly protest against the continuance of this merciless crusade.

President Cleveland, to whom a delegation bearing this document was sent, received them at the White House in Washington. After listening courteously and attentively to their statement, he promised that any officials appointed by him for the Territories should be men of a character to impartially administer the law.

Still the crusade went on. Many men of prominence were convicted, fined and imprisoned for refusing to put away their plural wives, married to them in good faith according to a principle of their religion, and who with their children were dependent upon these men for support.

So many of the leading brethren were in prison or "on the underground"—as their enforced retirement was called—that I was brought to the front more and more, especially as a public speaker, and for a time was the most frequent occupant of the Tabernacle pulpit. "Unduly prominent," some said, and seemed to hold me personally responsible for the many calls that came to me. The logic of it was of course unanswerable!

At the General Conferences, where epistles from the absent First Presidency were read to the assembled Saints, almost invariably I was chosen to do the reading. This, I suppose, was because I had a voice and knew how to use it—thanks to my early training in elocution and my subsequent experience upon the stage and in the mission field.

Not long after the beginning of the drastic proceedings that were filling the prisons with convicts for conscience sake,

"Mormon Sunday" was instituted at the Utah Penitentiary, the first Sabbath in each month being set apart by the U. S. Marshal and Warden for Latter-day Saint services within those grim walls. The other denominations acquiesced in this arrangement, taking their turns later. I was the first Elder appointed by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to preach to "the spirits in prison," and went several times for that purpose.

Among my hearers on separate occasions were George Q. Cannon and Lorenzo Snow; the former one of the First Presidency, the latter a member of the Council of the Twelve. Both were serving out sentences for "unlawful cohabitation"—which meant in their case living with or acknowledging their plural families. Imprisonment for six months and a fine of three hundred dollars and costs, was the maximum penalty for that offense. Elder Rudger Clawson was also in "The Pen," serving out a longer sentence for polygamy (the taking of a plural wife) and unlawful cohabitation combined. His case was one of the first to be prosecuted under the Edmunds Law.

When Rudger's father, Bishop H. B. Clawson, was before the District Court for sentence on "the going charge"—U. C.—the Judge referred to his plural wives as "concubines" and to their children as "bastards." Much indignation was expressed throughout the community over this insult, and feeling a touch of it myself, I addressed to the magistrate a note reading as follows:

Treasurer's Office,
Salt Lake City,
Oct. 6, 1885.

Hon. C. S. Zane,
Chief Justice, Utah Territory.
Sir:

The Salt Lake Tribune of this date says that in my "harangue" Sunday evening, I alluded to you as "the beast of the Third Judicial District."

The Salt Lake Tribune lies, as usual. Much as I differ from you and dislike your methods, I would no more think it right to call you a "beast," than I thought it right for you to

call the plural wives of Bishop H. B. Clawson "concubines," and their children "bastards."

Respectfully,
Orson F. Whitney

Judge Zane and I were on friendly terms when that letter was written, and continued to be after it was sent. He never referred to it in my hearing, and his demeanor toward me underwent no change. This man, despite his severity upon the bench, was one of the better sort among Utah's federal officials of that period.

My so-called "harangue" was a discourse at the Eighteenth Ward Chapel. It made no allusion to Judge Zane nor to any other judge. I quoted John the Revelator regarding those "which had not worshipped the beast" (Rev. 20:4), contrasting their course with the conduct of some who, when brought into court, "promised to obey" what the Latter-day Saints considered an unconstitutional law, and were having it tested in the Supreme Court at Washington. Pending a decision by that high tribunal, those "promises to obey" were looked upon as untimely and hurtful to the cause. The Tribune reporter's unfamiliarity with the Bible was perhaps responsible for his misapplication of the metaphor.

It was March, 1886, when Lorenzo Snow was sent to the Utah Penitentiary, convicted upon three separate indictments for one offense, and sentenced by Associate Justice Orlando W. Powers to the aggregate term of eighteen months imprisonment.[b] On July 4th, at the close of the prison service, at which I was the speaker, I had an interview with the venerable Apostle, and in the course of it predicted that he would not serve out his full term. "Well, I came prepared for it," said he resignedly. I then repeated the prediction.

He had spent eleven of the eighteen months behind bolts and bars, when a decision from the Supreme Court of the United States shattered the illegal doctrine of "segregation" under which he had been convicted, and he went forth a free

b The defendant's "continuous offense" had been "segregated" or divided into three periods of one year each, and an indictment found for each period.

man. Meeting him at the Tabernacle shortly afterwards, I said: "I told you you wouldn't serve out your full term." "That's so, you did," was his smiling answer, "You are a prophet—you are a prophet."

That little incident was the beginning of a close friendship between Brother Snow and myself. I spent many happy hours in his society, mainly at his home in Brigham City. We interchanged confidences, and he employed my pen in the production of a biographical sketch covering the period of his trial and imprisonment. While setting me apart for this task, he prophesied that I would "be lifted up and occupy places high and glorious in this life."

It was about nine months after his liberation from prison, when the following incident took place. A Stake conference was to be held in Brigham City, and I had accepted from Brother Snow an invitation to attend. The time arrived, but it was a raw November morning, and owing to the illness of my infant daughter, Helen, my rest during the night had been much broken. I was tempted to give up going, but my wife persuaded me to keep the appointment, saying, "I believe if you go, the Lord will heal the baby." That decided me, and I went.

At the conference, between forenoon and afternoon meetings, one of the brethren presented me with a bouquet of flowers. Bearing in mind how the Prophet Joseph Smith on a certain occasion had blessed a handkerchief and sent it to be laid upon some sick children whom he could not visit in person, I was moved upon to do something similar. Silently I blessed those flowers, and sent them to my wife by a friend who was leaving for Salt Lake that afternoon. "Tell her," I said, "that there is a blessing in the bouquet for 'Dimps'"—Helen's pet name.

My friend delivered the bouquet, but forgot to give the message. My wife, however, was prompted to put the flowers in the child's hand, as she lay in her little crib that night. She went right to sleep, and in the morning was well.

The Salt Lake Herald's Brigham City correspondent reported the conference in glowing terms. "The people," said

he, "enjoyed a rich and rare treat in the presence of Bishop O. F. Whitney, whom many had the pleasure of listening to for the first time. His fame as a public speaker had preceded him and the announcement that he would attend the conference doubtless had much to do with drawing the Saints together as with a magnet, even from the remotest settlements of the Stake. I dare assert that not one has been disappointed or regretted his journey, however long. The Bishop is powerful without rant; eloquent and impressive without ostentation; his voice, though deep and resonant, is pleasant and musical to the ear; his brain active, tongue ready, articulation perfect, and gestures graceful and varied. In short, he is all that goes to make up a typical speaker and orator. Added to this and above and beyond it, is the accompanying Spirit, burning in every utterance and sinking deep into the heart of the hearer."

In December, 1887, President Snow's sister, Eliza R. Snow Smith, poet and woman of prominence, passed away. Once more he had use for my pen, this time to compile and prepare for publication the proceedings at her funeral, where I had been one of the speakers.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight was the year of my marriage with my present wife, who was destined to survive my first wife and play a mother's part toward the children whom she left behind. May Wells was a daughter of General Daniel H. Wells. A native of New York State, descended from Thomas Wells, the fourth Governor of Connecticut, he was a justice of the peace at Nauvoo and a friend to the Prophet even before joining the Church, whose fortunes he followed into the Wilderness. In Utah he became commander of the Territorial militia; hence his title of General. May's mother was Lydia Ann Alley Wells, a scion of Puritan stock from the State of Massachusetts.

May was her mother's second child, born in Salt Lake City, December 10, 1854. I had known and admired her since the days of the Wasatch Literary Association, of which she was a useful and valued member. She and her sister Emma had taught school under Miss Mary E. Cook in the Social Hall.

My marriage with May did not mean that I had ceased to love the wife already mine. It simply meant that there was room in my heart for both.

Zina and I had often conversed upon the subject of plural marriage, and from the first it was understood between us that some day we would practise it. "I wouldn't marry you if you felt otherwise," she rejoined, when I first avowed to her my belief in it. Her mother, like May's mother, was a plural wife, and they both lived the principle in all sincerity and in all faithfulness. Each daughter, knowing the integrity of her mother's heart, the purity of her life, and the nobility of her character, proposed to follow in her footsteps, pursuing a path that we all believed led to a higher social condition here, and to the loftiest pinnacle of exaltation hereafter.

Zina's consent to stand by me in honoring and obeying this sacred law, which both had been taught to revere as a revelation from God, was given on Sunday, July 1st, my thirty-third anniversary. To make of her consent a birthday gift was an idea of her own.

We were living at the time, pending improvements at our own home, in rented quarters—117 C Street, a house belonging to Samuel Neslen. Early in the morning my wife came into my room to wake me. Kneeling at the bedside, she kissed me, wished me a happy birthday, and consented to my marriage with May Wells, of whom I had told her.

It being the Sabbath, I went to the Tabernacle as usual, and upon returning—there sat May in the parlor, while Zina, who had invited her, was in the kitchen preparing dinner. I was more than surprised—I was amazed; for I knew how tender her feelings were, and realized in part what this generous act must have involved. Never had I admired her so much. She looked more like an angel than a mortal. Tearfully I drew her to me, saying: "You never do things by halves, do you, Dear?" She answered sweetly: "When I asked you whom you wanted to dinner, you said, 'The members of my family.' They are here."

May and I were married in Diaz, Mexico, on the night of July 24th, Elder Moses Thatcher, of the Council of the Twelve,

performing the ceremony. Zina was present and took part, repeating her consent to the union. The only other member of my family upon the scene was little Helen, then almost an infant, having been born August 1st, 1887, at the home of her aunt, Margaret Smoot Dusenberry, in Provo.

This marriage antedated by about two years President Woodruff's "Manifesto," withdrawing sanction from the further solemnization of plural marriages among the Latter-day Saints. The crusade was still on. The Church property had been confiscated (escheated to the Government); nearly all the Church leaders were in exile; the dockets of the Federal courts were crowded with cases in which husbands of plural wives were parties defendant; and the penitentiaries were filling up with men and (at times) women, imprisoned for conscientious infractions of the anti-polygamy laws.

Such was the situation when May and I thus rendered ourselves liable to arrest and imprisonment. But neither came. "Prisons shall not hold thee, fetters shall not bind thee," had been promised me by a patriarch, seven years before. I continued at liberty, and May, from choice, resumed her former position as a saleswoman in Savage's Art Bazaar.

August, 1888, found me prostrate with typhoid, which wasted me away almost to a shadow. My faithful Zina was with me through it all, waiting upon me tenderly, watching over me night and day. After the fever had run its course, I built up thirty pounds heavier than before, and felt much better for the change. My former weight (145) was too slight for my all but six feet of stature, and I had often prayed for a stronger physique and more vigorous health. It looked as if the Lord had taken this method of answering my prayer. At all events I was healthier and stronger from that hour.

My pen and tongue continued busy. It was about all I could do to respond to the frequent calls made upon me outside of my regular duties. One day in January, 1889, I was sent for by President Wilford Woodruff, then the senior of the Twelve Apostles. He wanted me to speak at the funeral of his brother Azmon, in Farmer's Ward. I responded to the Presi-

dent's request, and next day he said to me: "Brother Whitney, you are doing a great deal of good. You are preaching sound doctrine and comforting the hearts of the Saints, and the Lord is blessing you in your labors." Evidently he did not think me "unduly prominent."

In February of that year President Woodruff, who had but recently returned from exile, attended divine service in the Tabernacle. He and President George Q. Cannon were the speakers, and I was invited to pronounce the benediction.

At the General Conference in April, when Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith were sustained as the First Presidency,[c] I was one of the speakers. I mention these items to show that I possessed the confidence of the Church leaders during that perilous period—"a time that tried men's souls." My "Battle Hymn of Israel," set to music by George Careless, was sung by the Tabernacle Choir at that memorable conference.[d]

Among the honors that came to me during that eventful decade, was the placing of my name upon a newly created ward in Oneida Stake, Idaho. The facts, as related to me, were as follows: The leading men of a little settlement of forty-three families applied to the Stake authorities for a ward organization, and their application was favorably considered. When asked by the Stake President, who was no other than my former fellow missionary, Elder George C. Parkinson, what name they would like for their ward, the spokesman, Anthony Head, replied: "There is a young Bishop in Salt Lake City, whose sermons and writings I have read a great deal, and they just suit me to a dot. We would like our ward named for him." Then said Parkinson: "I am glad you chose that name, for he is a dear friend of mine." Accordingly, Whitney Ward was created and christened; June 9, 1889, being the date of its organization, with Charles Chadwick as Bishop, and George T. Benson and Joseph Wright as his counselors.

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c Presidents Cannon and Smith had been counselors to President John Taylor, who had died in exile.

d "Poetical Writings," p. 152.

My appreciation of this kind act was no greater than my surprise that one so far from the scene of its occurrence, and so humbly situated, should be deemed worthy of such an honor. I regarded it not so much as a tribute to me personally, as a generous recognition of the work I had done and was doing in the Master's Cause.

The Eighteenth Ward continued to grow and prosper. During that troubled period we built a new house and established therein a seminary, patterned after the Church schools in other places. Presidents Woodruff and Cannon were at the dedication, having taken dinner at my home just before the service began. After my address as Bishop, President Cannon offered the dedicatory prayer, and President Woodruff and others addressed the assembly. The Eighteenth Ward Seminary had a very successful career.

My tenure of office as City Treasurer was now drawing to a close. By successive biennial elections following my appointment to serve out the unexpired portion of my predecessor's term, I held the office until February, 1890, when the Liberals elected the city government and I went out with my party—the People. I retired also as Chancellor of the University, an office since abolished.

During the campaign preceding the municipal election, I composed a number of political songs, one of which became quite the vogue. The Liberals, under the nominal leadership of General Patrick E. Connor, but captained in reality by Judge O. W. Powers, had advertised a big parade for the night of October 21st. A heavy rain prevented the carrying out of the program, and General Connor, through the Tribune, announced a postponement of the parade. It was stated that the Liberals would "have it on November 2nd, if weather permits." This gave me the cue for my first campaign song, which was published in the Herald over the nom de plume of "Gideon." A portion of it follows:

IF THE WEATHER PERMITS

Tune—"Red, White and Blue"

The Liberals one evening postponed their parade,
Because of the weather they felt much afraid.
The fact of the matter their "Gineral" admits,
But they'll have it hereafter, "if weather permits."
Hurrah, hurrah, "free water" they cry;
But when it looks threatening, see how they fly!
Hurrah, hurrah, free whiskey they'll try.
But as for free water, that's all in your eye.

The Powers that be and the Connors that are,
Their colonized legions have marshaled for war.
If they get in office—oh won't we get fits!
And no doubt they will, "if the weather permits."

. . . . .

Another postponement, I'm really afraid,
Awaits the postponers of Patrick's parade.
'Twill happen this winter when, broken in bits,
They'll put off their triumph till "weather permits."

They'll say we are "traitors" for singing this song;
The words are all right, but the tune is all wrong.
But we'll sing what we please, though *their* union it splits,
And they'll dance to our music, if lameness "permits."
Hurrah, hurrah for the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of our country, that "backward" ne'er "flew;"
Hurrah, hurrah for all patriots true,
But not for Pat Connor's piratical crew!

Sung with gusto by the People's Party voters, this ballad gave considerable amusement to the general public. Even the Liberals made merry over it. One evening Judge Powers was addressing a meeting of his partisans, boasting of what they would do in February, when a voice cried out: "Yes, you will—if the weather permits." Down came the house, and the Judge laughingly acknowledged "a palpable hit." Another Liberal gathering was closed by General Connor with the good-natured allusion: "Pat Connor's piratical crew is now dismissed."

"The weather permitted," and the Liberals went in. Having a majority of the voters, they were under no necessity of adopting the questionable tactics whereby assurance was made

doubly sure. To help on their campaign a Grand Jury composed of members of that party had indicted a number of city and county officials—all People's Party men—on a trumped up charge of "conspiracy." I was one of the victims. But the case did not come to trial. It was apparent from the first that the indictments were for political effect; and this fact was demonstrated beyond dispute when, the election being over and the Liberal candidates safely seated, the cases against the indicted men were all dismissed; and that, too, upon motion of the very official who had procured them—the U. S. District Attorney, C. S. Varian. He stated in open court that *there had been no conspiracy,* and upon this statement the Judge ordered the dismissal. Thus the bubble burst.

XX

Whitney's History of Utah

1890—1894

OUT of office and employment, with a large and increasing family dependent upon me, I well remember the feeling of dejection that came over me as I reflected upon my unpromising situation. From an upstair window in my study, one day, I stood gazing out upon a snowstorm that was filling the air with feathery flakes and covering the earth like a shroud. Watching one little flake as it descended and was blown hither and thither, I fell to moralizing: "A symbol, that, of my changeful life—blown about by the winds of fortune, with no fixt and permanent place"?—meaning no steadfast occupation.

Just at that moment the door bell rang, and a letter was brought in—a letter from President Lorenzo Snow. He was then the senior Apostle in the Council of the Twelve. Only a few days before I had been conversing with him and complaining a little of my lot. The letter was written at Brigham City and bore the date of March 25, 1890. Among other things it said:

Dear Brother: I shall look for a visit from you after Conference, when we will take the opportunity to sit down by ourselves and exchange thoughts and views confidentially. . .

You must not lose heart nor suffer yourself to be discouraged because of financial pressure. There is not an Elder in all Israel, endowed with ordinary sense and ambition, though he were a millionaire, if he lacked what you possess, but would gladly give his entire wealth, could he thereby secure the gifts of oratory and argument, the talent and ability that the Lord our God has so abundantly bestowed upon my admired and beloved friend, Bishop O. F. Whitney; and a moderate exercise of gratitude on the part of my aforesaid friend, I trust will ever fortify him against discouragement or despondency.

Such a letter at such a time from almost anyone, would have had a comforting effect. But what shall I say of such a letter from such a man? It was positively overwhelming. I did not feel worthy of it, but was deeply moved by the kind, generous, fatherly spirit in which it had been written. It cheered my soul like a burst of sunshine. It was almost like a message from heaven.

The writer of that epistle had said to me only a few days before: "Don't worry about income. Means will flow into your hands as fast as you have need of it." And he was right. It has always been so. I have never been rich, nor have I cared to be; but neither did I ever lack for the necessaries of life. And most of my blessings have come without my seeking, almost invariably as a surprise.

President Snow's interest in me partly grew out of the fact that he had discovered our lineage to be the same—our lineage in the House of Israel. During one of our interviews he informed me that his sister Eliza had been told by the Prophet Joseph Smith that their parents and my grandparents were of the blood of Judah. "And that," said he, "makes you my brother."[a]

Another bond of union between us was our love for "the spiritual things of the Kingdom," the philosophy and poetry of the Gospel. Its temporalities we also valued, but neither of us thought the temporal or the spiritual should be carried to sordid or fanatical extremes.

A few weeks after the receipt of President Snow's very comforting letter, I was told that a project was on foot for the production of a History of Utah, and that I had been mentioned as the prospective historian. My informant was Franklin S. Richards, one of the Church attorneys. A day or two later I was sent for by President Woodruff, and as soon as I entered his office—then in the Gardo House—he said to a well-dressed

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a My patriarchal blessings tell me that I am of the blood of Ephraim. But Ephraim "mixed himself among the people" (Hosea 7:8; 8:8, 9.); so that we who are "of Ephraim" have also the blood of the Gentiles in our veins. In like manner, Ephraim's blood and Judah's could so mix, through intermarriage between the tribes.

man with whom he and President Joseph F. Smith had been conversing: "Dr. Williams, this is the man we have chosen to write the History." Others present were George Reynolds, Franklin S. Richards, Karl G. Maeser and James E. Talmage.

Dr. John O. Williams, who had been connected in a business way with Bancroft's History of the Pacific States and with Hall's History of Colorado, proposed to publish a History of Utah; the Church to select the historian and sanction the enterprise, he (Williams) to furnish the means of publication, put the work through the press, and distribute it. The desired sanction being given, I received my appointment, and was vouched for by leading men and women of the community. Thus the work began.

It so happened that Judge C. C. Goodwin, the gifted and capable Editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, had just issued a prospectus announcing his intention to prepare a history of the Territory. But nothing more was heard of it after the Williams project was launched. Goodwin, according to Williams, said: "Doctor, your history enterprise ought to be a big success, and I'll help you all I can. But when the work comes out I shall have to roast it." And he did.

Dr. Williams paid me a salary of two hundred dollars a month, and part of the time my wife drew fifty dollars a month as my secretary. That was all I ever had out of it, though I was entitled by contract to twenty-five per cent of the net proceeds, minus the amount advanced to me in salary. Had the business prospered as anticipated, I might have pressed my claim; but as it did not, I forbore adding to the financial perplexities of the situation.

My duties were purely literary. At no time did I have anything to do with the business management; yet my name was used, without my consent, as if I had been the very head and front of the enterprise. Certain agents employed by Dr. Williams were reprimanded by him and discharged for this and other irregularities. But so much prejudice had been engendered that Williams, in June, 1891, sold out the business,

or the main part of it, to George Q. Cannon and Sons, whose purchase rescued it from impending disaster.

It was in May, 1890, that I began this, the most voluminous of my literary works. To complete it required several years, during which I had many other duties to perform, and responded, as usual, to numerous calls for extra service in various directions. I was in love with my task—which lightened it greatly—but still it was strenuous and exacting, as anyone must know who has ever brought out a work of that character and magnitude.

To conserve my strength, I practised calisthenics and rode horse-back up the canyons, over the hills and down through the fields. The horse I rode was a gift to my wife and me from our brother-in-law, Hon. W. H. Dusenberry and wife. "Frank" was the horse's name. He was a princely fellow, though aging; as spirited as a roadster, yet as gentle as a lamb. He seemed like one of the family, and when he died we all mourned for him. I shall always think of him tenderly, and hope to see him again.

Zina and her children spent the summer in Provo. During their absence, I rented our home and boarded, first at my sister "Em's"—Mrs. George D. Pyper; and afterwards at Mrs. Fanny Young Thatcher's, both in the Eighteenth Ward. For my historical labors I was given the use of a desk in the west wing of the President's Office, and was promised all the help that the Historian's Office could render. But the scattered condition of the Church records, owing to the operations of the "Crusade", greatly interferred with the realization of that promise. My work, however, was read in manuscript to a committee of which the Church Historian, Franklin D. Richards, was chairman.

The autumn of 1890 saw the issuance of the famous "Manifesto" relating to plural marriage. In the General Conference I was called upon to read it to the congregation. I also read, by request, the Articles of Faith, to remind the people of the Church's attitude in honoring, obeying and sustaining the law. The vote was then taken and the Manifesto accepted

as the word and will of the Lord. Thus the Church, out of deference to statutes declared constitutional by the Court of Last Resort, withdrew further sanction from all marriages forbidden by the law of the land.

"Mormon" and "Gentile" hearts now began turning toward each other. In May, 1891, at a joint memorial service held in the City Cemetery on Decoration Day, I delivered an address, as did Reverend J. B. Thrall of the Congregational Church. Mayor George M. Scott presided, Bishop Leonard of the Episcopal Church, and President Angus M. Cannon of Salt Lake Stake, offered the prayers, and the Tabernacle Choir furnished music. It was quite a notable occasion.

In May of 1892 I took part in a Unitarian conference, arranged by Dr. David Utter, the resident pastor of that denomination, who had requested from the First Presidency my appointment as one of the speakers. Ministers of other churches received like invitations, and representative Unitarians came from various parts. The conference was held in the Jewish Temple at Salt Lake City. It was arranged that Rabbi Jacobson should lead out, presenting the claims of the Mosaic Dispensation, and be answered by a Unitarian minister, after which anyone might speak who cared to engage in the discussion. Next, Dr. R. G. McNiece of the Presbyterian Church would present the claims of the Christian Dispensation, and be answered by another Unitarian. My talk upon the Latter-day Dispensation would then draw the fire of still another of their orators. The program was carried out in every particular.

The minister who replied to me was Reverend Joseph H. Crooker, then of Helena, Montana; an elegant orator and every inch a gentleman. He took issue with me of course, but did so in a most courteous manner. The severest thing he said was in reply to what I had advanced upon the personality of Deity. "I stand appalled," said he, "at the sublime audacity that dares to tell us what kind of a being God is, and how he

came to be God. A God described is a God dethroned." All this and more in blandest tones and choicest diction.

Afterwards Mr. Crooker wrote to me from Helena, highly complimenting my address and delivery, and presenting me with a book of which he was the author—"Problems in American Society." Many years later, on revisiting Salt Lake from his home in Boston, he called me up, requesting an interview, and I spent a pleasant half hour with him in his rooms at the University Club. Subsequently I mailed to him, at his request, a lot of literature relating to the work among our young people, a subject in which he was much interested.

Rabbi Jacobson also expressed to me his great satisfaction with what I had said at the Unitarian conference—probably because I had given due honor to Father Abraham and the House of Israel. He told Dr. Utter, in my presence, that "Bishop Whitney's address was the most impressive part of the proceedings."[b]

Some time later a joint Charity Meeting convened in the Assembly Hall. Governor West presided, and speeches were made by ministers of all the city churches. Again I represented and spoke for the Latter-day Saints.

A welcome respite from mental toil had come to me in the summer of 1891, when, upon invitation of Isaac and Fanny Clayton, I spent a few weeks at their camp on the headwaters of Weber River. A close friendship between us and our families there had its inception. C. E. Dallin, the sculptor, and his wife were also guests of the Claytons. Dallin, a Utah boy born in

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b Professor John Henry Evans reproduced a portion of my address in his work on "Public Speaking." Therein he says: "The address, like all of this great preacher's sermons, abounds in comparisons, which are very luminous; as, for instance, where he speaks of the Salt Lake." I had referred to the Lake as the residuum of a greater body of water—Lake Bonneville—comparing the latter to the Gospel as originally revealed, and the former to the remnants of truth found in the religions of modern times.

As to the Rabbi, I am happy to say that good feelings have always existed between me and my Hebrew fellow citizens. At a great gathering in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, called to commemorate the action of the Paris Peace Council in recognizing Palestine as Judah's homeland, I delivered, by appointment, an address, and was warmly congratulated by prominent Jews, who flocked around me to express their appreciation.

Springville, had come from his home in Boston to fashion the model for the statue of President Brigham Young, now surmounting the Pioneer Monument.

The following summer found me again at Clayton's Camp on the Weber. This time my wife Zina was with me, also our son Race and our baby boy Byron.

In the spring of that year I was honored with a call from the poet, Will Carleton, who with his wife was spending a few days in Salt Lake City. They were shown around by Apostle Heber J. Grant, who invited me to a drive with them. I presented Mr. Carlton with a copy of my "Poetical Writings," and showed him Volume One of my History of Utah, just from the press.

For many months I had been conducting a Sunday morning Bible class in the Eighteenth Ward Chapel, and people came from all parts to attend it. Among them was a young woman, then or soon afterwards a teacher of elocution and physical culture in the University of Utah. Susa Young Gates had met her at Harvard, and persuaded her to come West. At Susa's suggestion she joined my Bible class. This was in the autumn of 1892. Before the year was out, Miss Maud May Babcock—that was her name—announced herself ready for baptism, having found in "Mormonism" something more desirable than "Episcopalianism," the creed in which she was cradled. She asked me to baptize her, but I persuaded her to allow Elder William B. Dougall that privilege, she having stayed at the Dougall home on first arriving in Salt Lake City. I confirmed her a member of the Church.

In April, 1893, at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, I was invited to sit with the Presiding Bishopric on the west side of the great hall in which the proceedings took place, and by request, I offered one of the prayers from that stand. This, no doubt, was in honor of my grandfather, Presiding Bishop Newel K. Whitney.

It was not the first Temple dedication that I had witnessed. Years before I had attended one at Manti, and on that occasion something very remarkable occurred. While sitting with my wife Zina in the midst of the congregation, I distinctly

heard strains of music in the air above our heads. I supposed it to be from a band playing in the town; but was afterwards told by President Anthon H. Lund and others that no band was out that day. The conclusion was irresistible that the music had a heavenly source.

In August, following the Salt Lake Temple dedication, I went with the First Presidency and the Tabernacle Choir to Chicago, where the World's Columbian Exposition was in progress. Going and coming, the Choir, led by Professor Stephens, gave concerts at principal points. It was my first sight of the City of St. Louis, and of Kansas City, and Independence, where the Choir sang on the Temple Lot.

While at the Exposition, I had the honor of delivering, in behalf of the Choir, a speech of presentation to Director General Davis, accompanying the gift of a beautiful cane made of mountain mahogany grown in Utah. My favorite resort at the great Fair was "Old Vienna" on the Midway Plaisance. There the Austrian Band under Zehrer discoursed most eloquent music.

Arriving home on the 17th of September, I found that my wife Zina had given birth, two days before, to her seventh child —the boy we call Bert; and little eight-year-old Emily, true to the parental instinct so natural to her, was doing her best to play a mother's part toward her younger sister and brother— Margaret and Byron.

Saturday evening, March 10, 1894, upon invitation from Lieutenant W. K. Wright, U.S.A., I addressed the University Club, of which he was the vice president. My theme, "The Origin of Mormonism," had been chosen by him and his colleagues, all graduates of universities in different parts of the country. They gave me a most respectful hearing and plied me with many questions, which I gladly answered.

The Tribune said of the occasion: "The parlors of the University Club in the McCornick Block were crowded last evening on the occasion of the regular Saturday night lecture. The speaker and guest of the evening was Bishop O. F. Whitney, who spoke at length on the history of Mormonism, preceding

1847. He has a rare flow of language, and was well up on the subject in hand, giving all from memory and greatly interesting his hearers."

Lieutenant Wright told me that they had never had a lecture that excited so much interest or so prolonged a discussion. The Club's president, Mr. E. B. Critchlow, a prominent member of the Utah Bar, was equally outspoken in his appreciation. At a subsequent meeting of the University Club I addressed them on the subject of "Early Utah."

Between the two occasions I met Mr. Nagarka, a delegate from the Brahma-Sumage at Bombay, to the World's Congress of Religions in Chicago. He was the guest of Dr. Utter, whose Unitarian views were much the same as those of his foreign visitor. I first saw the learned Hindu at a reception given by the First Presidency, and afterwards listened to him at the University Club, where he explained some of the views of the Brahma-Sumage. It was a return, he said, to primitive Brahminism, out of which Buddhism sprang. Had it not been for the degeneracy of Brahminism, Buddhism—its first protestant revolt—would never have arisen. I told him that this was precisely our view relative to Christianity and "Mormonism."

Mr. Nagarka, accompanied by Dr. Utter, was present on Sunday, April 1st, 1894, at the regular service in the Tabernacle. I chanced to be the speaker. At the close, the Doctor and his friend came forward, the former remarking that he had hoped I would speak and that things had turned out just as he wished. Said I: "I did not know that I was the lamb to be sacrificed." Whereupon Nagarka answered politely: "Well, it was a very fat lamb—a very good one. I was exceedingly interested."

All these years I was working on my History of Utah. Four large volumes, three of general narrative and the fourth a book of biographies, represent the scope of this production. It was well received. Notwithstanding the promised "roasting" given it by the Tribune, Whitney's History of Utah sold all over the Territory and adjacent parts, and was placed in the leading libraries of the land.

XXI

Statehood and Jubilee

1895—1898

"Strike off her fetters!" Forth the fiat ran
To where in fiery chains a captive lay.
The desert leaped to life. The queenly van
Of empire owns no fairer form today.

A queen uncrowned. O Nation great and grand!
Complete the glorious gift that Nature gave.
Bid Utah welcome to thy sovereign band,
That Freedom's flag may float from wave to wave.

THE "era of good feeling" continued. "Mormons" and "Gentiles"—modern Guelfs and Ghibbelines—had resolved to bury the hatchet,

Not in one another's craniums,
But in roses and geraniums.

The People's Party and the Liberal Party having disbanded, the former members of those organizations, dividing upon national party lines, mostly as Democrats and Republicans, began looking forward for Statehood.

An Enabling Act, authorizing the people of Utah to elect delegates to a Constitutional Convention, had been passed by the Congress and approved by the President of the United States, and the holding of that election was the next thing on the political tapis.

Judge Powers, the sometime Liberal leader, made a personal request of me that I allow my name to be placed upon the Democratic ticket as a candidate for the Convention. I consented, and during the campaign that followed, made

speeches in Salt Lake, Summit, Utah and Sanpete counties. It was my first real experience upon the "stump."[a]

At Taggart's Hall in Salt Lake City I told my hearers that while I had never declared my political predilections, I had always believed in Democratic principles, and was taking no leap in the dark, adding: "I sat down a student and rose up a Democrat." The applause and cheers that greeted this remark were almost deafening. After the tumult had subsided I went on to say: "I shall enter into no unseemly scramble for a seat in the Constitutional Convention, but if elected will stand upon principle and work for the best good of all." (More cheers.)

Election day was the sixth of November. I was chosen by the highest vote cast for any candidate in the Fourth Precinct of Salt Lake City. But the Republicans won the day, electing a majority of the delegates.

Utah's Constitutional Convention, consisting of one hundred and seven delegates, apportioned among the twenty-six counties of the Territory, assembled at the Salt Lake City and County Building, Monday, March 4th 1895. The victorious Republicans, as a matter of course, chose the presiding officer, Hon. John Henry Smith. On that side also, was my friend and brother-in-law, Heber M. Wells, destined to be the first Governor of the State. Among the Democratic leaders were Anthony W. Ivins, Franklin S. Richards, Brigham H. Roberts and Samuel R. Thurman. President Wilford Woodruff had been invited to offer the opening prayer, but ill health compelled him to decline, and his first counselor, President George Q. Cannon, invoked the divine blessing upon the assembly.[b]

The Convention was in session sixty-six days, adjourning on Friday the eighth of May. I served on several standing committees, including Preamble and Declaration of Rights, and Compilation and Arrangement. The latter revised the completed Constitution prior to its transmission to Washington.

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a My first attempt at a political speech had been made at a mass convention in the Salt Lake Theatre, June 25, 1887.

b The Convention had barely begun its labors when Zina's father died at his home in Provo. May's father had passed away four years earlier. Grand old characters, both, to whom I am proud and happy to be related.

My most conspicuous service was in championing the cause of Equal Suffrage. I was among those who advocated the placing of an article in the State Constitution enabling the women of Utah to vote and hold office. The Gentile members were much opposed to this, fearing that it would strengthen "The Mormon Power," of which they were still apprehensive, notwithstanding the pronounced change in public sentiment. A few "Mormon" members also disfavored it for prudential reasons, thinking it might create trouble by reviving old animosities. Upon this issue a lively battle was fought.

In defense of the proposed article, I crossed blades with the most redoubtable forensic warrior in the Convention, Hon. B. H. Roberts, of Davis County—in my opinion the greatest natural orator that "Mormonism" in the past fifty years has produced. Opposed to woman's participation in politics, he spoke against it, and was answered by several members, notably by Hon. Franklin S. Richards, who read a scholarly paper in support of the pending measure. I had not intended to say anything upon the subject, but was urged by Mr. Richards and others to take the floor and reply to the gentleman from Davis County. Accordingly, on Saturday, March 30, I made my plea for Equal Suffrage.

The Salt Lake Herald, in reporting the proceedings of that day, said: "Seldom before, in the history of the Territory, has there been such a great debate as this. It will live in the history of the new State. Whitney, differing as much in oratory as in person from Roberts, but not less able and impressive, subjected him to a most scathing speech. Roberts' courage was turned to ridicule, and his most beautiful simile into a club against himself. Whitney held the convention until 12:45. He was cool and contained during all his argument. His oration was not lacking in the rhetorical graces which had characterized the oration of his great rival. The two efforts were superb, each in its different way, and one can scarcely choose. Whitney was vociferously applauded, and after adjournment was overwhelmed with congratulations."

I had arisen at a quarter to twelve—the Convention's

lunch hour—expecting to occupy about ten minutes. But once started, I could not stop, and spoke for a full hour. After recess had been announced, a veritable throng of men and women, "Mormons" and "Gentiles," Democrats and Republicans filed past to shake hands with me and offer their felicitations. It was a genuine ovation, an enthusiastic non-partizan demonstration.

One of the first to congratulate me was Roberts himself. We had always been friends, and continued to be in spite of this rather sharp encounter—sharp, though good-natured throughout. Answering with his usual ability, he gave me "a Roland for an Oliver," and I countered with a second though shorter speech. Other speakers followed, and after a stormy battle the equal suffrage plank was placed in the State Constitution.

A few of the comments upon my first speech in the Convention are here reproduced:

Judge Goodwin, Republican and anti-suffragist: "Bishop, I congratulate you, and I congratulate the Convention on your being here."

Judge Thurman, Democrat and pro-suffragist: "You answered eloquence alone with both logic and eloquence."

Mr. Calvin Reasoner, a veteran journalist from Washington, D.C., who was reporting for the "Ogden Standard:" "Whitney's speech was a wonderful display of learning, eloquence and religious enthusiasm; and so complete an answer to Roberts that no further answer will be necessary."

The Herald and the Tribune, both under Gentile management, published the Roberts speeches in full on the front page, and gave me a brief synopsis. The Deseret News, edited by a life-long suffragist, was equally economical. But the women appreciated what had been done, and the Utah Suffrage Association printed my speeches in full and scattered them broadcast over the country.

The Herald, which had praised me so generously at the start, "took water" in a subsequent reference to "the great debate," being all for Roberts and nothing for me. Had the reporter been "seen" by the managing editor and chided

for reversing the paper's policy on the burning issue? Whatever the cause, no more plums from that quarter came my way. The Tribune also magnified my opponent and minimized me, but its chief reporter afterwards said privately: "Roberts had no show from the first; the arguments were all on your side."

Judge John B. Milner of Provo, a visitor to the Convention, was evidently of the same opinion. "Did you hear Whitney's speech?"—someone asked him.

"Yes, I heard it."

"Did you hear Roberts' reply?"

"I heard Roberts—but I heard no reply," was the dry rejoinder.

My able opponent could doubtless furnish a long list of eulogies evoked by his splendid oratory. It had but one fault—it was on the wrong side of the question.

While the Convention was sitting, I was introduced to the Mr. Reasoner previously mentioned. An ardent suffragist, he persuaded me to join him in establishing a periodical to be known as "Men and Women," the first number of which appeared a few days after the Convention adjourned. It contained my principal speech for equal suffrage and my recently completed poem, "Napoleon." The second number of "Men and Women" came out on the 22nd of June. It presented my first baccalaureate sermon, delivered in the Utah Agricultural College at Logan; and a card announcing my withdrawal from the paper. I had found that it demanded more of me in time and money than I was able to give.

Speaking of men and women, I met in May of that year two notable women—Miss Susan B. Anthony and Dr. Anna Shaw. They spoke in the Tabernacle, and I supplemented their remarks with a brief address. Later, on two separate occasions, I performed similar service at the home of Mrs. Emily S. Richards, where receptions were given to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet, and Mrs. May Wright Sewell, president of the International Council of Women. At the Tabernacle I answered a remark said to have been made by Mrs. Wilcox to a local newspaper

representative, to wit: That the statue of Brigham Young ought to be placed in the Hall of Fame at St. Louis among the Nation's "lesser great men." My answer was to the effect that the statue of the great Pioneer and State-builder should be placed among the *greatest* in the Hall of Fame, or not placed there at all.

The Republican Party, which had dominated the Constitutional Convention, also carried the first State election, November 5th, 1895. At the same time the State Constitution was ratified by the voters of Utah. The following address, written by Judge Goodwin, with whom I was associated in committee, accompanied the document when it was submitted to the people:

If with Statehood there will be a slight increase in taxes, the compensating advantages will cause the increased expense to be forgotten. We shall be able to utilize the magnificent gift of over seven million acres of land from our generous government; we shall be able to secure capital for our mines; under the shield of Statehood thousands of people will seek homes in our climate, assist to develop our wondrous and varied resources, and rejoice in the manifold blessings bestowed by nature upon our highly favored commonwealth. When we reflect that this instrument will secure to us in its highest sense local self-government, with State officers of our own selection, and Courts for the swift, capable and economical administration of the laws by Judges of the people's choosing; that it will give us a school system abreast of the foremost in the Union, with power to utilize the lands donated to our educational institutions; give us a voice in the election of Presidents, also two Senators and one Representative to present the claims of our new State in the Congress of the Nation; add the star of Utah to the hallowed ensign of the Republic; bestow upon us full sovereignty with all that this majestic term implies, and thus draw to us capital and population and invest us with a dignity that can never attach to a Territorial condition, with steadily swelling confidence we submit this Constitution to the consideration of the people of Utah, in the certain belief that they will, by an overwhelming majority, endorse and ratify our work.

The inaugural ceremonies of the new State—the forty-

fifth in the constellation of the Union—took place in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, January 6, 1896. I was one of the vast throng that witnessed them. The oath of office was administered to Governor Wells by Chief Justice Zane, after which Acting-Governor Charles C. Richards, in behalf of the Federal Government, surrendered the public offices and affairs of the Territory into the keeping of the State.

About that time I was offered the chair of History in the Utah Agricultural College, the offer coming from President J. H. Paul, upon recommendation of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, General Superintendent of Church Schools and ex-member of the Constitutional Convention. Almost simultaneously came a like offer from the Brigham Young Academy. That my record in the Convention was the main cause of these inviting overtures, I verily believe; though the one from Logan may have been partly induced by my baccalaureate sermon in the A. C. and by a lecture I had delivered under the auspices of the Brigham Young College.

The Logan correspondent of the Salt Lake Herald, under date of December 8, 1895, said concerning that lecture: "Hon. O. F. Whitney, of Salt Lake City, lectured last evening in the Thatcher Opera House. His subject was 'Oratory, Poesy and Prophecy.' The learned gentleman treated his subject in a most exhaustive and masterly manner, holding the individual attention of eight hundred people for nearly two hours, with the magic of his oratory and the depth of his wisdom. At the conclusion of his address, there was thunderous and long-continued applause, while Mr. Whitney was receiving the congratulations of his friends."

The Deseret News correspondent wrote respecting the same incident: "Probably no man in Utah could treat these subjects so instructively and entertainingly as did Mr. Whitney." The Logan Journal referred to it as "an intellectual treat of the highest order."[c]

Seated in one of the Opera House proscenium boxes, were

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c In January, 1896, I repeated this lecture to an immense audience in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

two distinguished gentlemen from the capital—Hon. B. H. Roberts and W. S. McCornick, trustees of the Agricultural College. They were in Logan to attend a board meeting, and having a little leisure pending a ball, to which I also was bidden, they dropped in to hear me. At the close both came upon the stage and congratulated me. Said Mr. McCornick: "I haven't had such a treat for many and many a day"—showing that something besides money-getting occupied the mind of that prominent and successful Salt Lake banker.

I came very near accepting President Paul's offer—in fact, was only turned from it by one that seemed yet more favorable. The B. Y. C. promised to equal and even better it if I would accept the chair of Philosophy in that institution. It was my preference for the atmosphere of a religious over that of a secular school, that caused me to take up with the second proposition.

Accordingly, I packed my household goods, rented my home, and prepared to move to Cache Valley. "We shall only lend him to Logan," said President Angus M. Cannon, at a farewell testimonial given me by the members of the Eighteenth Ward, none of whom looked upon my going as final. As a token of their esteem they presented me with a gold watch and chain, the handsome and valuable timepiece bearing this inscription: "Presented by the Saints of the 18th Ward, Jan'y 3rd, 1896."

At Logan I was kindly welcomed, with the larger part of my family, into the home of Hon. Lyman R. Martineau, son-in-law to Bishop William B. Preston. We stayed there for a week or more while looking for a suitable place to rent, and finally got settled in the Lundberg House, next door to the Benson School, in which we placed some of our children.

Almost immediately upon my arrival in Logan, I was made the recipient of an ovation tendered by the women of Cache County, as a mark of appreciation for my championship of equal suffrage. The proceedings took place in the Tabernacle. Miss Jennie Hubbard made a pretty speech, presenting flowers, and I responded. Secretary of State James T. Hammond and

Hon. Moses Thatcher also spoke. The pleasant affair ended with a banquet.

At the opening of the winter semester of the Brigham Young College I began my brief career as an officially recognized pedagogue, bearing credentials from the Church School authorities.[d] I was popular with my students, many of whom have since risen to prominence in various professions and pursuits. I did not teach philosophy, there being no applicant for that study; but had classes in theology and English. Among those enrolled in my class of systematic theology was the local Presbyterian minister, Mr. Clemenson.

It was at the B. Y. C. that I first saw Melvin J. Ballard, now my brother Apostle. He led the college choir and taught one or two classes in the institution. Dr. George Thomas, since President of the University of Utah; James A. Langton, of the Deseret News staff; Josiah E. Hickman and Douglas M. Todd were also members of the faculty. Dr. John A. Widtsoe was in the A. C., but met with the teachers of the B. Y. C. in a club formed at my suggestion for the reading and discussion of literary masterpieces.

Inexperience in pedagogic methods caused me, at the outset, to overtax my mentality, and I suffered an attack of "brain fag," necessitating a rest of about two weeks. At the expiration of that period I returned to the school room, and was gladly welcomed by my students and fellow teachers. Thenceforth, I measured my time and strength more carefully, and had no further trouble.

In the intervals of school work I responded to calls for sermons, lectures, and other public ministrations in Logan and other places. During the summer of 1896, with other members of the faculty, I lectured through Bear Lake, Box Elder and Weber counties, in the interest of the College. I also wrote a sketch of it for the American University Magazine.

In June of that year the State Society of Sons of the

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d As a youth I had taught for a short season a little school in my mother's home; my brothers and sisters and children of the neighbors being my pupils. Aside from that, I had had no experience as a teacher when I went to Logan.

American Revolution chose me as their orator for a banquet in Salt Lake City, commemorative of the battle of Bunker Hill. I was not connected with the society, but knew some of its members, including the president, Mr. Nat. Brigham. At the banquet Judge Goodwin was toastmaster, and Governor Wells and I were guests of honor.

Goodwin, as was his wont on such occasions, introduced me in facetious vein. He said that I was "a sincere fanatic," and added: "I have sounded this little discord in order to make the music you are about to hear all the more entrancing."[e]

The toast to which I responded—"The Genius of Americanism"—was one furnished by myself. "A masterpiece, received with unstinted applause," was the comment of the Salt Lake Herald upon it. The Tribune published the speech in full.

At the close of the school year in June, I learned to my disappointment that the promise made relative to my salary in the B. Y. C., was not destined to bear fruit. That promise had been made without the knowledge of the Board of Trustees, and the promiser, the president of the institution, was not in a position to make good his word. The trustees, out of consideration, appropriated the sum of two hundred dollars, extra compensation, which enabled me to meet some pressing obligations; but they could not, of course, discriminate in my favor to the extent of paying me a higher salary than was being drawn by any other member of the faculty. I was obliged to accept a figure less by three hundred dollars than the offer made me by President Paul.

Making the best of a bad situation, I struggled on, endeavoring to support two families on an income barely sufficient for one, and going deeper and deeper into debt as the months

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e While often at sword-points professionally, Judge Goodwin and I were on good terms personally, and often "jollied" each other. When preparing my biographical volume of prominent Utah citizens, I said some complimentary things about him and sent him the printer's proof to read. Evidently he was satisfied with what I had written, for he made no change, but sent back the proof with these words penciled on the margin: "Dear Bishop, is there any forgiveness in your Church for lying?" I answered on a postal card: "Yes, there is—come right along." The next I heard of the joke, it was being bandied about San Francisco, the Judge, as I suspect, having told it on himself, which was quite characteristic of him.

went by. There were other trials, too, which made these petty money troubles, annoying though they were, mere trifles by comparison. But no dissertation regarding them would be understood by anyone who has not been similarly placed. Suffice it, though hard to bear, those trials were beneficial, and I would not part with the priceless experience that came out of them.

In the midst of my cares and worriments, I received word of the serious illness of my little son Wendell, then an infant, only a few months old. He was the younger of my wife May's two children—Murray, born May 10, 1892, and Wendell, whose birthday was November 4, 1895. When I went to Logan, May with her children remained at her mother's home, 323 Second Avenue, where both these boys were born.

Wendell had bronchial pneumonia. Examinations being on, I could not leave at once, but as soon as possible hastened to Salt Lake. Meanwhile, the babe, though critically ill, had rallied under the administration of the Elders—Bishop George Romney, James Sharp and John Nicholson. "Your child will live," said Elder Sharp to the anxious mother, and this promise was repeated by Elder Nicholson. Live he did, thanks to the power of faith, after the family physician had given him up to die.

My son Race was developing marked reportorial talent. First, he worked on the Logan Journal, and then, after attending the Church school at Provo, became a correspondent for the Salt Lake papers. He was valued for his versatile ability.

My mother died in November, 1896; Aunt Mary having passed on a few years previously. Zina and I were at Mother's bedside when she breathed her last. She had parted with her old home, and built a new one on C Street and Sixth Avenue. There her funeral was held, President Joseph F. Smith being the speaker. "Aunt Helen" he called her, in speaking of her relationship to his uncle, the Prophet. The members of her family then surviving, were myself, the eldest; my sisters Lily (Mrs. Paton), Genevieve (Mrs. Talbot), Helen (Mrs. Bourne) and Florence Marion (Mrs. Dinwoodey). My brother Charles had died ten years before.

Winter fled; summer came; and by that time I had made up my mind to return to the city of my birth and to the good old Eighteenth Ward of Salt Lake Stake, which had "only lent me to Logan."

It was Utah's Year of Jubilee, and the State's fair capital had donned gala attire, to celebrate the first half century since the Pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley. The celebration, authorized by the Governor and Legislature, and conducted by a duly appointed commission of which Spencer Clawson was chairman and my brother Horace a member, began on the 20th and ended on the 24th of July.

The first of the five days thus devoted saw the unveiling of the Pioneer Monument at the junction of Main and South Temple streets. President Woodruff unveiled it, but his feeble health would not admit of his delivering the dedicatory prayer, and by request I read it to the multitude from his manuscript. Judge Goodwin followed with an eloquent tribute to "The Pioneer." At a concert in the Tabernacle, on the evening of the same day, "The Pioneer Ode"—my words, set to music by Evan Stephens—was sung by a choir of one thousand voices, assisted by the Jubilee Chorus and the Knights of Pythias Band.

In addition to "The Book of the Pioneers," which, by appointment, I compiled for the State archives, I contributed to the literature of the Jubilee a poem, "The Lily and the Bee," an allegory descriptive of the founding of the State. The committee of adjudication were united in the opinion—which they published—that The Lily and the Bee was "the most artistic poem" in the collection submitted to them—seventy-two pieces in all. But they did not award it the prize, assigning as their reason that it would not be so well understood by the Tabernacle congregation, who were to hear it read, as the production to which the award was given. I thanked the committee for their favorable comment upon my work, assuring them that it meant more to me than the cash prize of one hundred dollars that went to my competitor.

The Jubilee a thing of the past, I took Zina and her chil-

dren to Provo, where we sojourned for a few months at the Hotel Roberts, then leased and conducted by my wife's sister, Mrs. Dusenberry. In February, 1898, I moved my folks back to Salt Lake. Having sold my home on Second Avenue, we lodged and boarded for a season at Mrs. Gertrude Hampton's, on Second North Street. Later, I leased the Seckels House—45 East First North, and we moved into it on the eleventh of June.

XXII

Lights and Shadows

1898—1900

IN January, 1898, there came to Salt Lake City a peculiar character in the person of Dr. John M. Reiner, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. A Roman Catholic in religion, and a great scholar, with perhaps a dozen languages at his tongue's end, he seemed to know all about law, literature, history, science and philosophy. He spoke in the Tabernacle one Sunday afternoon, and a day or two later I was introduced to him. We became well acquainted and conversed freely and frankly with each other. One day he said to me:

You Mormons are all ignoramuses. You don't even know the strength of your own position. It is so strong that there is only one other position tenable in the whole Christian world, and that is the position of the Roman Catholic Church. The issue is between Catholicism and Mormonism. If we are right, you are wrong; if you are right, we are wrong; and that's all there is to it. The Protestant sects haven't a leg to stand on; for if we are right we cut them off long ago as apostates; and if we are wrong, they are wrong with us, since they were a part of us and went out from us. If we have the apostolic succession from St. Peter, as we claim, there was no need of Joseph Smith and Mormonism. But if we have it not, then such a man as Joseph Smith was needed, and Mormonism's position is the only consistent one. It is either the perpetuation of the Gospel from ancient times or the restoration of the Gospel in latter days.

This clear and concise statement, I answered as follows: "Doctor, I agree with you in almost everything that you have said; but don't deceive yourself with the notion that we 'Mor-

mons' are not aware of the strength of our own position. We know it better than anyone else can know it. We have not all been to college; we cannot all speak the dead languages; and we may be ignoramuses as you say. But we know we are right, and we know you are wrong." I was just as frank with him as he had been with me.

Dr. Reiner's attitude toward me was friendly. I might even say that he took a personal interest in me. After attending a Sabbath evening service in the Eighteenth Ward Chapel when I was the speaker, he said to me: "You are a natural ecclesiast, and could be a great preacher if you would study hermeneutics and homiletics." This sent me to the dictionary: Hermeneutics—"the science or art of the interpretation of literary productions, especially the sacred scriptures." Homiletics—"that branch of rhetoric that treats of the composition and delivery of sermons or homilies."

While not in a mood to despise this amiable suggestion, I thought I knew of something better still—a testimony of the Truth, and the gift and power of the Holy Ghost—worth all the hermeneutics and homiletics in the world!

In August of that year I was persuaded to become a candidate for the State Senate. The persuasion was necessary, for politics and legislation are almost as foreign to my bent as finance and commercialism. Never have I sought public office of my own inclination, though yielding at times to the desires of others who deemed it advisable for me to accept this or that nomination for political honors.[a]

I was nominated for the State Senate on the ninth of September, in the Salt Lake County Democratic Convention, of which my wife Zina was a member. The convention held its sessions in the Salt Lake Theater. My kinsman, Hon. J. Golden Kimball, placed me in nomination, and my friend,

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a My first experience in a legislative body was in January, 1888. I was then Treasurer of Salt Lake City. My services were solicited as Minute Clerk for the House of Representatives. I had served several weeks in that capacity, when I was advanced to the post of Chief Clerk, the incumbent, Joseph A. West, a professional engineer, having been called away to survey a railroad. Two years later I was again offered the Chief Clerkship, but was too busy to accept.

Hon. Barnard Stewart, made a strong speech in my behalf. During the campaign that followed, I spoke in several Salt Lake County towns, in two wards of Salt Lake City, and in Grantsville, Tooele County.

B. H. Roberts was running for Congress at the same time, and I put forth my best efforts for him and the ticket in general. His plural marriage relations were harped upon by his political opponents, and the Tribune cartooned both him and me upon that score. It kept on insinuating that I had recently married a plural wife—which was not true. I had but one plural wife, and had married her ten years before—two years prior to the date of the Manifesto.

In my Sixteenth Ward speech I said: "I shall vote the Democratic ticket straight; not so much for the names upon it as for the principles they represent—the undying principles of Democracy. But I can also say something for the men. I know B. H. Roberts. I don't know how many wives he has, nor how many children; but I'll stake my all that he never lived with a woman who was not his wife, nor ever had a child he was ashamed to father. (Great applause.) I also spoke a word for Judge Baskin, the Democratic candidate for Chief Justice.

Then came this bit of buncombe as a peroration: "Close your ranks, Democrats, and prepare for battle. When word comes to storm the heights of this political San Juan, don't stop to inquire whether your troops are white or black, but charge up the hill, capture the block-house and plant the banner of freedom and equality upon the deserted trenches of a frightened and vanquished foe. The Cerveras of Republicanism are steaming out from the harbor. They go to their doom. The blockading fleet of Democracy awaits them at the harbor's mouth, and is calmly yet terribly preparing to receive them."

It "took," of course,—such things always do at a political rally. Said the Herald: "An ovation seldom tendered a speaker followed Mr. Whitney's stirring oration."

Election day was the eighth of November, and the Democrats scored a complete victory. This meant that I would sit

in the State Senate in January 1899, and as a hold-over Senator in the succeeding Legislature.

The Democratic county chairman, Ben T. Lloyd, said that I had done more for the party in Salt Lake County than any other speaker during the campaign. B. H. Roberts, Utah's choice for Congress, felt "more indebted to me than to any other speaker" for his election. So he wrote me, and as a token of esteem and a memento of the campaign presented me with a handsomely bound copy of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." Judge Baskin also seemed appreciative at the time. But the spirit of revenge was so strong within him, and the sense of gratitude so weak, that he forgot or ignored what I had done in helping to elect him Chief Justice. He could only remember that I had criticised him in my History of Utah, and when he published, many years later, his reminiscences, he abused the Church in general and me in particular. Poor old fellow! It hurt no one but himself.

Two days after my election to the State Senate, I sought an interview with President Lorenzo Snow, who was then at the head of the Church, President Woodruff having passed on. My object was to ask for the office of Assistant Church Historian, succeeding Elder Charles W. Penrose, who had been called to another position. The President welcomed me with a beaming smile, saying: "Just the man I want to see." He told me that President Franklin D. Richards, the Church Historian, wanted me as an assistant in his office—the very thing I was seeking. At President Snow's suggestion I at once had an interview with President Richards, and got some understanding of the duties that would be required of me and upon which I was expected to enter at the beginning of the New Year.

Meanwhile I continued working on the final volume of my History of Utah—the biographical book. A number of prominent citizens, whom I had invited to take their places therein, solicited my services in the preparation of their biographies. While pursuing this task, along with other duties, I was suddenly stricken with a severe illness and suffered the most excruciating pain I have ever experienced. It was a case of

renal colic. Two or three similar attacks followed, but after that there was no recurrence of the trouble.

My first and so far my only experience with a burglar happened about that time. At three a. m. of Monday, September 5th, my home was invaded and a gold watch and diamond sword-pin stolen from Mrs. Gertrude Hampton, who happened to be our guest that night; having come down from Logan, where she was conducting a boarding house. The burglar got in on the ground floor, cutting his way through the wire screen of a front window and ascending to the sleeping rooms above. He entered every room except mine, which adjoined but did not communicate with my wife's apartment. After ransacking cupboards and drawers and rifling them of their contents without securing anything of much value, he came to the room where Mrs. Hampton and some of my children were sleeping. Her watch and pin were taken from under her pillow while she slept.

The intruder then passed into my wife's room, and was searching a bureau opposite the foot of her bed, when she awoke and saw him. Her first impulse was to cry out, but fearing for her life and for mine if I rushed to her, she was silent for a moment and then, as the burglar turned toward her, shrieked: "Ort! Ort!" The first cry awoke me. At the second I sprang out of bed and ran to her, almost meeting the marauder in the hall as he dashed down the stairs. Had I been a moment sooner or he a moment later, I might have been shot or stabbed. I had no weapon, but rushed to the window and shouted a threat at the fleeing burglar, who went out at the gate and down the walk at a speed I have seldom seen equaled.

We had had so much sickness and trouble in the Seckels House, that I resolved to have it dedicated. Accordingly we gave a dinner to the First Presidency and their wives, and President George Q. Cannon, by request of President Snow, offered the prayer of dedication.

The New Year found me duly installed in my new position of Assistant Church Historian. My duties were to keep a journal of all important events pertaining to or in any way

affecting the Lord's Work in any part of the world; also to prepare for President Richards, or help him prepare, any historical document that might be needed from time to time. "Dan" Collett was my capable assistant as typist.

During the same month that I began my labors at the Historian's Office the Utah Legislature convened, holding its sessions, as usual, in the Salt Lake City and County Building. A United States Senator was to be elected by this body, and as soon as practicable the two houses met in joint assembly for that purpose.

A number of candidates were in the field, the principal ones, William H. King, Frank J. Cannon, Orlando W. Powers and Alfred W. McCune, the last-named a wealthy mine-owner. The Democrats had a strong majority, but it was much divided, and the balloting went on for many days without any candidate receiving the requisite number of votes.

The 121st ballot had been taken, and McCune was within a vote or two of election when, one morning in February, Albert A. Law, a Silver-Republican representative from Cache County, arose upon the floor of the Joint Assembly and charged that McCune had offered him fifteen hundred dollars for his vote. The latter, called up by telephone, branded the charge as false.

Then came the appointment of a committee of investigation, of which I was one, its other members being Lewis W. Shurtliff, Joseph Howell, Samuel W. Stewart, C. W. Sorenson, M. W. Mansfield and Horace H. Cummings. A court of inquiry was instituted, with Judge Shurtliff in the chair, and proceedings began.

I had been one of McCune's supporters, though he was not my first choice for the Senatorship. Originally I was pledged to Hon. Charles C. Richards, at whose solicitation I had become a candidate for the State Senate. Owing to ill health, he fell out of the race, and that left me free to go to McCune, who had won my friendliness by acts of kindness in the past.

In the course of the balloting and before Law's charge was

launched, some of McCune's opponents had thrown out the insinuation that those who voted for him were influenced by financial considerations. I resented the imputation and dared them to "name the men." This they could not do, having no evidence, but they went to work to make some, and when the investigation began every member of the Legislature who had had any business dealings with McCune and had voted for him, was summoned before the committee as witnesses.

McCune was represented by William H. Dickson, Arthur Brown and Waldemar Van Cott, all leading members of the Utah Bar. Attorney David Evans conducted the prosecution, but he was not alone. He had plenty of helpers, though they kept themselves hidden. It looked like a conspiracy to down McCune and disgrace his supporters. Having accepted, at his solicitation, an offer to prepare his biography for the History of Utah, I was virtually made a co-defendant with him in the very court of which I was a member.

The prosecutor, after having me called to the stand, plied me with questions regarding the McCune biography, for which I had received the sum of $250. Evans tried to make it appear that this was in the nature of a bribe to influence my vote. But when it was shown that U. S. Senator Joseph L. Rawlins, U. S. Senator Frank J. Cannon, and others not connected with the Legislature had employed my pen for precisely similar purposes, the arrow aimed at me fell short.

No more successful was an attempt to besmirch me by showing that a mortgage on my late residence had just been paid off; the inference being that I was the payer and that the means to pay had been given me by McCune. I almost laughed outright when this was mentioned, but straightening my face, set forth the simple facts, which were these: Dan Spencer, to whom I had sold my home on Second Avenue, had assumed a mortgage then upon the property; but to avoid the expense of new papers, we had agreed at that time (October, 1897) that the mortgage should continue standing in my name until he was in a position to pay it. A few days before the McCune investigation began, Dan had told me that the

mortgage was paid. "Send for Mr. Spencer," said I, "if you wish any corroboration." But Mr. Evans was not in a sending mood.

That bubble having burst, I asked permission to address the Court. Permission being given, I stated my case in full, closing with these words: "Mr. Law has expressed much indignation because it could be thought by anyone that he would sell his vote, his American citizenship, for the paltry sum of fifteen hundred dollars. Have I not the right to feel indignant that anyone could suspect me of selling my vote, my American citizenship, for a paltry $250, and throwing in a biography to boot?"

"They didn't make much out of you, Senator," said Joel Priest of the Herald, as I passed from out the committee room, where one of McCune's attorneys had just been pummeling the prosecutor for referring to him as a "pettifogger." Mr. Priest's comment expressed, I believe, the opinion of the entire community. Evans himself, on a subsequent occasion, nominated me for a political office and took the stump in my behalf, vouching for my honesty and uprightness.[b]

The sequel to the McCune investigation was a divided committee and the presentation of two reports, one signed by four Democrats—Whitney, Stewart, Mansfield, Cummings—and one Republican—Sorenson; the other signed by two Republicans—Shurtliff and Howell. The majority report held that the charge had not been sustained. The minority took opposite ground. Both reports were received and filed, and there the matter ended.

The balloting went on from day to day, but no candidate could muster sufficient strength to land the coveted prize. The Legislature adjourned without electing a United States Senator.

August 19th of that year witnessed the return of the Utah Batteries from the Philippines. They were given a great ovation. In their honor a poem from my pen was featured on

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b This was in September, 1902, when I received by acclamation the nomination for County Clerk. But it was a Republican year and our ticket was "snowed under."

the front page of the Salt Lake Herald. Therein I referred to these volunteers as

> Guardians of a great State's honor,
> Oft by slanderous tongues assailed.
> Who dare brand her as disloyal,
> Whose brave sons have thus prevailed?[c]

The hit bird fluttered, and some writer in the Tribune "came back" with an article on "The Bishop's Loyal Squawk."

A few days later I received the following communication from a big-hearted, broad-minded Gentile, a leading member of the Utah Bar:

Salt Lake City, Utah,
August 25th, 1899.

Bishop O. F. Whitney,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

My dear Mr. Whitney:

I wish to thank you for your beautiful poem in Saturday's Herald. It seemed to me that both diction and sentiment could hardly be improved.

Sincerely yours,
Frank B. Stephens.

A notable event in my household had taken place on the night of the 24th of April. It was the birth of twins, the youngest of Zina's nine children. Paul and Virginia we named them, the boy coming into the world a few minutes in advance of his baby sister. Our joy at their advent was unclouded by a thought of the sad bereavement that was hanging over us.

For many years Zina had suffered from an internal ailment which caused her at times great agony. Of an intermittent character, it was better and worse by turns. Occasionally, on coming home, I would find her stretched out upon the floor, unconscious, her teeth set and her fingers tightly clenched in the palms of her hands, showing the terrible torture that she had undergone. "Stomach trouble," it was called. Dr. W. F. Hamilton, one of Utah's best physicians, prescribed for her, and she was helped, but not permanently. Finally an operation was determined on.

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c See "Love and the Light," pp. 110, 111, for the entire poem.

Early in December, when the twins were about seven months old, I took their mother to St. Mark's Hospital, situated near the Warm Springs, and had her placed in a fine airy room where she received every comfort and attention that the institution could supply. The operation, performed a few days later by Dr. F. S. Bascom, gave partial relief, but did not touch the main trouble.

She remained in the Hospital until after the winter holidays. Early in the New Year (1900) I took her home, that being her desire, owing to sickness among the children; our son Byron having come down with scarlet fever, from which his brother Bert had just recovered.

Winter was not yet over, when Zina and I attended a social function at the Gardo House, then rented from the Church by the McCunes. The affair was in honor of a distinguished lady visitor, whose name I do not recall. There was a banquet, with diversions of various kinds, and Zina, by request, contributed a humorous recitation, much enjoyed by all. That was the last time she and I were out together.

Spring came, and one morning, after a night of dreadful suffering, she went to the Temple, Fanny Clayton taking her in a carriage and bringing her home after she had been blessed. She took to her bed and never again arose. On the 20th of May, in her forty-second year—the twenty-first of our married life—my dear Zina passed to her final rest.

The funeral, in accordance with her often-expressed desire, was held in the home, President Joseph F. Smith and President George Q. Cannon being the principal speakers. The others were Brigham S. Young and James E. Talmage. President Snow was also there, but did not speak.

At the conclusion of the service and while the funeral cortege was forming, a most pathetic incident occurred. From an upstair window, little Paul and Virginia, in their nurse's arms, looked out in wonderment upon the scene below, waving tiny hands and laughing in childish glee as the casket containing their mother's body was borne to the waiting hearse. Poor little innocents! How could they know what was taking place!

The burial was in my family lot in the City Cemetery. There, upon a marble headstone underneath the carved word "Zina," appear these lines—my own:

Fettered here we fain had held thee,
For our happiness, not thine;
But our wills were as the willows,
Bending to a blast divine.

Autumn came, bringing another helpmate to assist me in bearing the burdens that Providence had seen fit to impose. My wife May had consented to take charge of the entire household and do a mother's part by all my children; the youngest—the twins—then but one and a half years old. It was a delicate and difficult task, and she undertook it with some reluctance. But recognizing that it would be better for us to live under the same roof and be no longer two families, but henceforth one, she waived all objection and responded willingly to my request.

As soon as convenient we went to the Temple and were sealed at the altar in the House of the Lord. This second ceremony was no more sacred and no more binding than the first, either to us or in the eyes of the Church. But it gave her the status of a legal wife and removed from her all disability imposed by the law of the land.

May has been a faithful wife and mother, wisely managing my household from the first. She dismissed the hired help—so indispensable during Zina's illness and for some time after her death—and took upon herself all the cares of housekeeping, with such small assistance as my little daughters were able to render.

Many a doleful prediction was made concerning the twins. We would "never be able to rear them," some said. But a remark made by President Cannon at their mother's funeral heartened us. Said he: "There is a special providence that watches over little children." We experienced the truthfulness of that remark, for it was so with Paul and Virginia. They

lived and throve, by the blessing of God, in the tender care of one who loved them as her own.[d]

d During their second summer it did seem as if these fragile human plants were fated to wither away. But we had a friend in Miss Rhoda Welling, who had lived with Zina in her later years, and now, in kind thoughtfulness, invited us to bring the children to her mother's home in Farmington, where they might escape the city's heat and get a breath of pure country air. A brief sojourn with the Wellings put new "pep" into the little invalids, and I have always felt that this timely action saved their lives.

XXIII

In and Out of the Legislature

1901—1902

THE Utah Legislature reconvened in January, 1901. The Senate was still Democratic, though only by a majority of one. The House was overwhelmingly Republican. Abel John Evans, of Lehi, became President of the Senate, upon my motion. I could have had the honor myself—Evans wished it so; but I lacked all desire in that direction and considered him better fitted for the place. My influence secured for an old-time friend, Elder Brigham S. Young, the post of Chaplain. I served on nine standing committees and was one of a joint special committee of Senate and House, to welcome the members of the Wyoming Legislature, who were visiting Utah.

In his message to the people's representatives Governor Wells referred to the recent death of Dr. John R. Park, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and recommended resolutions of respect to the memory of the distinguished educator, under whom His Excellency and other members of the law-making body, including myself, had been students in earlier years. Acting upon the Governor's suggestion, Senator Edward M. Allison introduced in the Joint Assembly a set of such resolutions, one of them proposing that "Senator Whitney be requested to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion." The resolutions were adopted, and the address was delivered and made part of the Legislative proceedings, besides being published in pamphlet form.[a]

The usual excursions were taken to various points, to

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a History of Utah, Vol. 4, p. 329.

enable the Governor and the law-makers to inspect public buildings and institutions, and our wives or daughters generally went with us. At each place a banquet, a ball, or both were given, and I was frequently called upon for a speech.

Early in the session the members of the Senate proceeded to the State University, then in its new home on Federal Heights. Students and faculty, headed by President Joseph T. Kingsbury and Doctor Richard R. Lyman, gave the visiting party a cordial welcome. A meeting convened and speeches were made. Said the Herald: "Senator Whitney, in a happy effort, amused, instructed and advised the students, and said that as he had once been a student at the University, later its Chancellor, and always its friend, he would continue to uphold and advance its interests."[b]

Referring to the agitation then rife over the question of compulsory vaccination, in opposition to which a bill had been introduced in the Senate, I said: "Of course we all believe in vaccination"—there was a deep silence, until I finished my sentence—"the vaccination of education as a cure for ignorance and a preventive of crime." The cheer that followed encouraged me to add: "I didn't think vaccination would 'take' so well."

There was an excursion to Boise, Idaho, by courtesy of the Oregon Short Line Railroad. My daughter Helen went with me, also our friends the Claytons, who were my guests. Our special train of nine elegant Pullmans left Salt Lake City on Friday, February 8, and reached the Idaho capital next morning. Following a joint session of the Idaho and Utah legislatures, there was a ball at the Natatorium where, by request, I spoke thanks and farewell in behalf of the visiting party. At one a. m. our train pulled out for Huntington, Oregon, and for the first time I stood within that State.

Having breakfasted, we set out to return. It being the

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b Though an alumnus of the University, I have not been able to keep up a very intimate acquaintance with my Alma Mater; owing to the many public duties engrossing me. But neither have I entirely neglected her. More than once I conducted for a week the devotional exercises at the University; and have lectured and acted as toastmaster or speech maker at various functions under its auspices.

Sabbath, divine service was suggested, and I was invited to speak. In the Pullman coach "Orta" (a coincidence reminding me of "Orson's Academy" in London) I held forth to a necessarily limited, though very attentive congregation of ladies and gentlemen, most of whom had come in from other coaches. Among them were Governor Wells and his fiancee, Miss Emily Katz, for whom I tied the nuptial knot a few months later. Standing at one end of the car, I had to shout to make myself heard above the roar of the train, and succeeded fairly well in conveying my ideas to the listeners. The only thing I remember saying was in the nature of a comparison, likening the train upon which we were traveling to mortal life, with its many changes, and the country through which we were passing, to life eternal, which would remain when all else had gone by.

During March of that year the Woman Suffrage question came up in the Senate, the committee on Federal Relations, of which I was chairman, presenting majority and minority reports, the former favoring, the latter opposing, a memorial to Congress asking for an amendment to the Federal Constitution, one granting woman suffrage throughout the Nation. I spoke to the question, advocating such a memorial, and it was framed and adopted.

Early that month a bill was introduced over which a heated discussion arose. It was the Evans Bill, so-named because the President of the Senate introduced it. It was designed to put a stop to the mischievous operations of a paid spy and informer, acting in the interest of the Anti-Polygamy League of New York. That virtuous body had succeeded in having Utah's Representative, B. H. Roberts, shut out from Congress, and in continuation of the fight was using this mercenary creature to pry into the lives of certain men, mostly old and decrepit, who, under a sentiment of tolerance felt by "Gentiles" and "Mormons" alike, were still living with the wives married to them before the issuance of the Manifesto. It was thought unwise to require these men to cast off the families dependent upon them; and so long as they were not

taking new plural wives, that they ought not to be disturbed in their manner of living.

But the League or its agent thought otherwise. He made a good living by bringing trouble upon men better than himself; and it was against him and his works that the Evans Bill was aimed. Those who opposed it despised the fellow, but deprecated this method of fighting him, fearing that it might be construed as an attempt to revive polygamy, and that Utah's enemies would use it as a weapon to still further harass and annoy her people—which they did.

The bill passed both houses and went to the Governor for his signature. He vetoed the measure, and then the real fight began. A motion to pass the bill over the Governor's veto, called forth some warm speeches. Mine contained these sentences:

Mr. President:—Nothing has occurred since the passage of this bill that occasions me any surprise. I predicted that the Governor would veto it, and I expected to be called a "fanatic" for supporting it. I knew the use that would be made of the situation to awaken a storm in the East, and yet I favored the measure, on principle. I care not what they call me, so long as I can stand as an honest man before the bar of my own conscience. I do not question the Governor's motive. He is my friend. I admire the spirit and diction of his message, but do not agree with him upon the main issue.

At the crisis of the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon ordered the Imperial Guard to carry the crest of Mont St. Jean, where Wellington's army was entrenched. The veterans responded with enthusiasm, and all but accomplished the task. "Would to God night or Blucher would come!" murmured the Iron Duke. And Blucher came, just in time to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, and the retreat of the French became a rout. But one square of the Old Guard stood its ground to the last, refusing to flee, unable to advance, and grimly facing death, belched upon them in thunder and flame from the batteries on the height above; answering every peal of artillery with volleys of musketry, the rattle of which grew fainter and fainter as their ranks grew thinner and thinner. Finally a British officer, struck with the valor of the heroic band, ordered the cannonade to cease, and cried out: "Surrender, brave French!" Cambronne, commander of the square, hurled in the teeth of the

enemy these words: "The guard dies, it never surrenders!" The English batteries then re-opened fire, and the Old Guard was no more.

Gentlemen of the opposition, we met and overcame you; but in the moment of victory, lo, a new enemy on our flank and rear! Your Blucher arrives; we are outnumbered, surrounded, and you ask us to surrender. The guard dies; it will not surrender. I vote aye.

All having spoken who desired so to do, the vote was taken —a tie vote in the Senate—nine for and nine against. To overcome the Governor's veto a two-thirds vote of the entire Legislature was necessary. It was not forthcoming. Consequently the veto stood and the bill failed.

The Legislature having adjourned, I started on March 21st for San Francisco, accompanied by my son Race, of the Herald staff, and his friend, Alan Lovey, that paper's cartoonist. It was my first visit to the Pacific Coast.

There I was entertained by members of the Cummings and Clawson families, old-time Salt Lake friends. Sunday I spoke in the L. D. S. meetings on Market Street, and spent the next few days sight-seeing in San Francisco and Oakland. Interviewed by a reporter of the S. F. Examiner, I explained the real purpose of the defeated Evans Bill and my reason for supporting it.

Race and I then took train for Pacific Grove, proceeding thence to the Hotel Del Monte, where Will Clawson, Utah's noted portrait painter, was plying his art among the guests of that splendid hostelry. We dined with him and returned to Pacific Grove. Another Utah artist, Harry Culmer, was painting landscapes along the coast. By his invitation and in a fine livery rig we took the famous "Seventeen Mile Drive," viewing some of the most beautiful sights to be seen anywhere.

The drive ended for me at Monterey, where President George Q. Cannon was spending his last days. I found him in a comfortable little cottage on a hill overlooking the ocean. His wife Caroline and two or three children were with him; also his faithful friend Charles H. Wilcken, and a Doctor Clift of St. George, Utah, one of the California missionaries. Propped up

with pillows, President Cannon, though very weak, took cognizance of all that was going on around, and conversed with comparative freedom. He expressed pleasure at my coming, as did all the rest, and greeted me with a cordial handclasp.

I had arrived just as the brethren were about administering to him, and was invited to take part. "President Cannon, who shall use the oil and who shall bless you?" asked Elder Wilcken. "Let Brother Orson do both," was the reply. Thereupon I anointed him, blessed him, and bade him good-bye.

Rejoining my son, who came by the next train from Pacific Grove, I returned to San Francisco, and on the second of April left for home. Ten days later I learned of the death of President Cannon at Monterey.

I was glad of that interview with him. Always an admirer of Brother Cannon for his great talents, I had still other reasons for holding him in high esteem. During my early boyhood, whenever we chanced to meet, he would notice me, call me by name and speak kindly to me—he an Apostle, I a nobody. My heart went out to him, and my regard increased with the passing years. I felt thankful for the privilege of blessing him in his last hours. The date of that final interview was March 30, 1901.

President Cannon's brother, Angus, also took a kindly interest in me, as I have shown. At the laying of the cornerstone of the enlarged Eighteenth Ward Chapel on July 21st of that year, the Stake President, in the course of his remarks, said: "When Bishop Whitney, then twenty-three years of age, was called to preside over this ward, it was the feeblest ward in the Stake. Its finances were the lowest, and its prospects the poorest. Today it is the most prosperous and the wealthiest ward in the Stake. Indeed, it might be called the banner ward of all Zion. Brother Whitney, now forty-six, has been half his life a bishop, and has made an honorable record. He was wifeless and childless when ordained twenty-three years ago, and now he has ten living children, having buried one."

The tragic death of President William McKinley was the occasion of a great memorial service in the Salt Lake Taber-

nacle. I was one of the committee on arrangements and the appointed speaker for the occasion. My address was featured on the front page of the Deseret News.

Another notable death—not tragic, yet equally mournful to most of the people of Utah—occurred a few weeks later. It was the passing of President Lorenzo Snow, who died at his official residence, the Bee Hive House, on the tenth of October. I attended the obsequies in the Tabernacle, and went with the funeral party by special train to Brigham City, the place of interment. At a meeting in the Eighteenth Ward Chapel that evening, I pronounced a eulogy on the life and character of my departed leader and friend.

President Joseph F. Smith now became the head of the Church, with Bishop John R. Winder and Apostle Anthon H. Lund as his counslors. My first conspicuous act under the new administration was in speaking at another great memorial service—this time in honor of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was held in the Tabernacle on December 22nd, the nearest sabbatic date to the Prophet's birthday.

At the General Conference of the Church, in April, 1902, I was sustained as an assistant to the Church Historian, President Anthon H. Lund. I had held this position for over three years, without bearing the title. Andrew Jenson, A. Milton Musser, and Brigham H. Roberts were likewise sustained as Assistant Church Historians.[c]

Busy as ever, I wrote for various publications in and out of the Church, often preparing articles for others to sign, whose names were more widely known, more influential, and consequently more potent for good. Occasionally, articles to be signed by myself were solicited for histories, magazines and other publications.

One day in May, 1902, I was summoned as a juryman. It was an exceptional occurrence, for, save as a press reporter, I have had very little to do with courts. I was wanted for the Mor-

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c In the preceding January the State Historical Society had elected me its president, and I held that office for the ensuing five years. The first President of the Society was Franklin D. Richards, at whose death, in December, 1899, I delivered the memorial address.

tenson murder trial. Called to the stand at the instance of counsel for the defense, I was questioned as follows:

"Mr. Whitney, you have read in the papers, have you not, that James Sharp said he had received a revelation?"

"I have."

"Did you believe it?"

"What—that he said it?"

"No—that he received it—the revelation."

"I believe *he* believes it."

"Do you believe that God reveals to man the guilt or innocence of a person charged with crime?"

"I believe He could."

"Do you believe He does?"

"Not commonly."

"Do you believe He revealed it to James Sharp?"

"I cannot say—I would have to have the same evidence."

"Now, Mr. Whitney, do you believe he had that revelation?"

"I can't say that I do—I haven't made up my mind."

The Judge held that I had given a reasonable reply. I was passed for cause, and subsequently, to my great relief, excused.

In August of that year I witnessed at the Salt Lake Theatre the premier presentation of Orestes U. Bean's historical play "Corianton," founded upon an episode in the Book of Mormon. The title role was in the hands of Joseph Haworth, a distinguished actor from the East. This play, the work of a Utah boy, possessed considerable merit, but toward the close it fell off in interest, owing to its great length. The Deseret Dramatic Syndicate, which had financed the play, wanted it cut down, and at their request B. H. Roberts and I, with Mr. Haworth and my son Race, went to work upon it with that end in view. We improved it some, and might have done more but for the stubbornness of some of the actors, who stoutly objected to any abbreviation of their lines.

Later, the syndicate—Richard K. Thomas, George W. Thatcher and Wesley K. Walton—urged me to write them a play. But my mind was not running in that groove, being occupied with my epic poem "Elias," upon which for several years I had been working.

XXIV

"An Epic of the Ages"

1900—1904

THAT I should one day write a great poem was predicted by Edward W. Tullidge, historian and dramatist, as early as the year 1881. In the July number of his Quarterly Magazine he introduced me to the public as "a personage of interest," in that I gave promise "of making a mark in life with my pen in the sphere of poetry." The comment was inspired by my poem, "The Jubilee of Zion," written the year before. In a later number of the Quarterly, its editor published some verses of mine entitled "The Everlasting Hills," and appended this glowing appraisement: "We give the foregoing but as a fragment from the bold and lofty imagination of the young Byron of Mormondom, promising to our readers, by and by, a great poem that will astonish them and give to the writer lasting fame."[a]

Tullidge wanted me to take for my theme, "The Mormon Exodus." Full of the subject himself, he had outlined an epic poem thereon, but being too far advanced in years to execute his project, he proposed to bequeathe it to me. He offered to make me a present of his plan.

While grateful for the good feeling that prompted it, I was not in the least tempted to take up with the well-meant proposition. In the first place, my love of originality stood in the way: I must make my own plan, if I was to have one. In the next place, his idea did not appeal to me. I thought I could see something far more comprehensive, of which that wonderful

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a The substance of those verses is embodied in "Elias," Canto Two.

pilgrimage of the fugitive Saints into the heart of the Western Wilderness, was but a single phase—one act of the play, one chapter of a greater story waiting to be told.

So I waited, pondered, experienced and developed, until I felt myself a more fitting instrument for the Muse in the production of what I determined should be a work worthy of the mighty theme. It was long after Friend Tullidge fell asleep, when the inspiration rested upon me that resulted in the creation of "Elias—an Epic of the Ages," generally regarded as the crowning feature of my literary career.

This poem was begun in the spring of 1900, not long after the death of my wife Zina, and while I was prostrate upon a bed of pain. The inspiration was timely. I needed something of the kind to occupy my thoughts and dispel my gloomy feelings. While pondering upon the situation, and wondering whether my life's work was drawing to a close, I heard or seemed to hear a Voice—inaudible to the outward ear, yet plain to the inward understanding—the same Voice that had spoken to me on former occasions in hours of distress or deep anxiety. It now said:

"Do you really wish to go?"

"No," I replied; "I must not go until I have finished my work."

"What would you like to do?"

"Something that would live when I am dead, and go on teaching the Truth after my mortal tongue is still."

"And what might that be?"

I reflected, and my thoughts took this form: I would like to write a poem embodying all that I have learned, thought or felt respecting the divine plan known as "The Everlasting Gospel." I would love to tell in heroic verse the sublime Story of God. "Mormonism," historically, doctrinally, prophetically —be that my theme, my task, with whatsoever else the Lord has for me to do.

No sooner had I come to this conclusion, than the first lines of the poem formed in my mind, and weak as I was I sat up and wrote them down. Thus the work began.

It took years to complete it, for I could not, of course, give all my time to poetry. I was still a Ward Bishop and an Assistant Church Historian. But I worked upon the great theme whenever I could, and found much delight in so doing. It burned like fire in my brain, and I felt that I must get it out or it would consume me. Day after day—sometimes twelve hours or more at a stretch—month after month, and year after year, I toiled on in the intervals of office work and outside engagements, till the poem, if not finished, was ready for a trial reading. This was toward the close of 1902.[b]

The first reading was given at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. N. W. Clayton—140 Second Avenue, Salt Lake City. These kind friends placed their spacious parlors at my disposal, and for the date of the reading I fixed upon my wife's birthday —December 10. That evening, in the presence of a select gathering of literary and musical friends, I read the prelude and first four cantos of "Elias." Professor John J. McClellan, at the piano, and George D. Pyper, tenor vocalist, interspersed the reading with selections giving the proper tonal coloring to the presentation.

The reading over, I responded to requests for a speech, telling my hearers how I came to write the poem, and what were my hopes and desires concerning it. Said I: "I do not think that I have produced an 'Iliad' or a 'Paradise Lost;' but neither have I attempted to do so. 'Elias' is a 'Mormon' poem, upon the subject and in the spirit of 'Mormonism.' That is all I claim for it. I know not what its fate may be; but this I know: No poet ever had a greater theme. The treatment of it is another question. Upon that count I am in the hands of my critics and my friends."

In the audience were such men as Colonel Clayton, his brother Isaac, B. H. Roberts, William H. King, Richard W. Young, Rulon S. Wells, Horace G. Whitney, Joshua H. Paul,

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b While I was working upon "Elias," scarlet fever again invaded my home, my son Wendell now being the object of the attack. We were quarantined, but after thorough fumigation, I was permitted to issue forth, and by the kindness of Anna Snow, an elderly widow living next door, was given the use of a furnished room until the quarantine was raised. In Sister Snow's humble cottage I continued my poetic labors.

John D. Spencer, Charles S. Burton, John Q. Cannon, Harry Culmer and Arthur Shepherd. These gentlemen, with their ladies and a few others, including my wife, composed the asemblage, numbering in all about forty persons. "Elias" was pronounced by them "a great poem."

The reading was continued at the same place and before practically the same audience, on the following Sunday evening; and two more sessions, one at the home of George D. Pyper, the other at the residence of Franklin S. Richards, sufficed to complete the series.

The Deseret News of January 10, 1903, gave the epic a full page announcement, my portrait accompanying the article, which contained these paragraphs:

A great Mormon poem has appeared, or is about to appear as soon as it can find a suitable publisher. Such is the verdict rendered by a delighted, though necessarily limited, circle of literary friends of our gifted townsman, Bishop O. F. Whitney, the author of the work, which has been read by him from manuscript before a series of gatherings in private homes.

The occasion—for in this sense all these sessions may be considered as one—has been exalting in the highest degree. The reading has not been marked by straining after elocutionary effect, yet the delivery was musical, at times thrilling, and always impressive. Of the work involved in the production, few can estimate the magnitude through the measurement of hours, weeks, months and years. While it must have been an excessive and unceasing strain upon his every mental fibre, it has nevertheless been a labor of love with the poet and that it will prove an unending source of encouragement to the Saints, and a potent agency in diffusing truth in most admirable expression throughout the world, is the promise held out by every page, and the hope and belief entertained by every one who has thus far heard it.

The following analysis, from the pen of Professor Joshua H. Paul was also published in the News:

In the construction of this work the author has been engaged in his leisure moments during the past two and a half years, though the materials for it have necessarily been much longer in gathering. The poem really represents the matured study of a lifetime. It aims to present in poetic form the whole

vast theme of "Mormonism," to embody the truth, past, present and future, of the great plan of salvation. * * * No modern names are used, excepting those of a classical character, but the historical personages introduced are described or referred to in such a way as to leave no doubt of their identity.

The Holy Ghost, the inspirer of ancient and modern seers, is the real subject of this poem; and the aim is to show to what purpose the inspiration of heaven rests upon men. This idea runs like a golden strand from prelude to epilogue. The poem has the merit of every laudable undertaking in literature—the author has something to say. He has a message to deliver, and is fully conscious of its importance. He concentrates his powers and literally "wreaks his thought" upon the truths he presents and the images he portrays. His subject—The Spirit of Revelation—stirs him to do his best work, and right nobly is the mighty task undertaken.

In conclusion, I desire to express the admiration I feel both for the plan and the execution of this magnificent work. To read it is an inspiration, not less on account of the truths it contains, than because of the majesty, the stern, stately dignity of the language employed, and the lofty style chosen and consistently sustained throughout. Believing, as I do, that this epic is the worthy creation of a true poet, I commend it without reservation to the critics and literati as a work of art, and to the people to whom it is primarily addressed as a choice poetic exposition of a theme that must always become the latest and severest study of every noble mind—the Everlasting Gospel of the Son of God.

A special telegram from Salt Lake City, giving a synopsis of the work, with favorable comments, appeared in the New York World, filling a column of space in that great journal on Sunday morning, January 25th.

It had been my dream to read the poem in the Bee Hive House parlors, in the presence of the Church Authorities; and through the kindness of President Joseph F. Smith that dream was realized. He appointed a committee to manage the affair, and a card of invitation was issued, reading as follows:

ELIAS, AN EPIC OF THE AGES

President Joseph F. Smith invites your presence at a reading, by Bishop Orson F. Whitney, of his poem, "Elias, an

Epic of the Ages," to be given in the Bee Hive parlors on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, February 16, 17 and 18, 1903.

Hour of assembling, 7:30. Doors will close at 8:00.

B. H. Roberts
Joseph F. Smith, Jr.
H. G. Whitney
George C. Smith
J. J. McClellan
Committee of Arrangements

On each of the evenings named I faced a distinguished gathering in the historic old mansion. President Smith, President Lund, Bishop William B. Preston, Governor Heber M. Wells, Charles W. Penrose, George Reynolds and John Nicholson were among the notables present. Nothing could be more hearty, more sincere than the compliments showered upon me from all sides. Similar readings were given in the Brigham Young College at Logan, and in the Brigham Young University at Provo.

Learning that a project was on foot to publish the poem under the patronage of leading citizens, I carefully revised it, assisted by Harry Culmer, who was deeply interested in the work, and his niece (by marriage) Mrs. Ada J. Culmer, a poet herself and a critic of excellent judgment. To them I read the poem, that they might point out places where they thought it could be improved, leaving to me, of course, the task of improving it. I wanted no other help from them, and received no other.[c]

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c An incident in the life of Lord Byron comes to mind. When composing "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and coming to the point where his hero is represented as standing upon the field of Waterloo, the poet wrote these lines:

In pride of place here last the Eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain.

Told by a friend to whom he read this part of the poem, that eagles do not tear their prey with their beaks, but with their talons, Byron drew his pen through the faulty line and rewrote it thus: "Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain," saying to his friend as he did so, "Thank you for a better line." And yet the line was the poet's own; his friend having merely pointed out the defect, which Byron himself mended.

In the New Year's issue of the Salt Lake Herald (published at the close of 1903) appeared the following article:

An Epic Poem of America and the West—An Appreciation of O. F. Whitney's Poem, "Elias." (By H. L. A. Culmer)

A Utah poet has produced a great work. A man born in this city, and whose life purposes and ambitions are all identified with those of this State and its communities, has completed a poem which will rank among the finest of all literature.

I confess, at the outset, an affectionate bias in favor of the author of this poem, a leaning that has grown during association since boyhood, when we rambled the hills together, discussing in earnestness our divergences in thought as to pnilosophy and religion—differences of belief that elude all attempts at reconciliation, though they are honest differences on both sides.

This much to show that in his admiration for the poet's present achievement, the writer has not been carried away—as believers might be—by the doctrinal features of "Elias," but is absolutely free to consider its beauty, strength and other of its literary qualities.

It does not appear that Bishop Whitney has taken any of the great epics as his model; for in theme, construction and treatment he has gone far and away from the old classics; yet his work would hardly be epic in character did it not, like them, swing on the old lines of the relation of God to man, of heaven to earth, of celestial drama to mundane experience.

After careful study of its merits I do not hesitate, in calmness and deliberation, to compare "Elias" with Dante's "Divine Comedy" or Milton's "Paradise Lost." I can find nothing in the English versions of the "Divine Comedy" to surpass some of the finer passages in "Elias."

It would be impossible here to go far into the stupendous subject of the poem, for it deals with the "Arcana of the Infinite," the beginnings of thought, through all the mystic ages of dim ancient times; through the growths of philosphy and religious belief, now true, now false; lifting in epochs of illumination and groveling through the dark ages, through periods when the torch burned brightly and centuries when the flame flickered low; passing with stately measure through the mazes of earliest idea into the open field of modern thought. Not only does it treat with intellectual experience on earth, but it harks back to the conflict of thought in heaven before man was.

From this period in the vague past the poet has traversed

with enlightened pen the various stages of civilization to the present time and place.

Whatever merits there are in Mr. Whitney's poem in common with other epics, it has this distinctive feature, all its own, that it is American and, more than that, it is an epic of Western America. Therefore, if the poem lives, as I believe it must, it will be identified in the annals of literature with Western American culture; and that is something which we here must not forget. Germany never speaks of her literature without reference to Goethe, Italy forgets not Dante, England remembers Milton; let the West cherish Whitney; because, verse for verse, thought for thought, motive for motive and theme for theme, they will bear comparison on every issue.[d]

More than twenty years before my poem saw the light, Harry Culmer and I were camping with others at Silver Lake in Big Cottonwood Canyon. During a conversation on poetry, I remarked that I had the ambition (I knew not whether I had the ability) to produce a poem that would be to my people what "Paradise Lost" is to the English race. Harry replied: "But there are the minor triumphs." "Yes," I answered, "but they would not satisfy me; it must be something great or nothing." It is interesting to note, therefore, that this friend of mine, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, was one of the first to class my work with Milton's immortal epic.[e]

The committee on publication were Governor Wells, President Lund, United States Senator George Sutherland, H. L. A. ("Harry") Culmer, and Major Richard W. Young. These gentlemen, out of pure public spirit, took the initiative and launched the project, almost without my knowledge. They sent out a letter, signed by them, asking certain well-to-do people to subscribe for an edition de luxe, at twenty-five dollars a copy; so that the poem might be properly presented,

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d When the Culmer appreciation appeared in the Herald, Mr. William Igleheart was the manager of that paper. Acknowledging to me the "highly appreciated honor" of a gift copy of "Elias," he wrote: "It will give me pleasure to review it whenever the opportunity offers to do it justice, or as near justice as I can come in the time I can find. The glimpses of the verse already invite me, and I envy you the satisfaction it must have given to achieve so much of beauty and strength."

e Alice Louise Reynolds, the earliest to teach "Elias" in the school room, voiced her opinion of the poem in these words: "Dante wrote the epic of Catholicism; Milton the epic of Protestantism; and you have given us the epic of 'Mormonism.'"

and the author realize something for his work—provided anything were left after discharging the debt incurred by its expensive publication. It was proposed to limit that edition to one hundred and fifty copies. A jubilee edition—suggested by my fiftieth year—was to be issued at ten dollars a copy; and another edition less costly.

My friend Culmer, publisher as well as artist, helped me to prepare the work for the press, and furnished drawings for some of the engravings. Major Young attended to the corespondence and managed the business from first to last. The service rendered by these gentlemen and their associates was invaluable.

The list of subscribers for the edition de luxe included President Joseph F. Smith, the members of the Elias Committee, and President Heber J. Grant, who was then in charge of the European Mission. He cabled from Liverpool, ordering four copies. The famous actress, Maude Adams, by her secretary, M. Galyer, placed her name among the subscribers for the de luxe edition, and forwarded her check in advance from New York. The Trustee-in-Trust subscribed for copies of all three editions—the whole order amounting to a thousand dollars.

Published by the Knickerbocker Press (Putnam and Sons, New York), the poem appeared about Christmas time, 1904. Later, by action of the General Board of Education, a students' edition, annotated, was issued and introduced as a text-book in the Church schools. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, the epic was given a place in the Utah Exhibit. Parts of it have been translated into foreign tongues, notably the Norwegian, Rudolph Stockseth being the translator. Selections from this poem and other verses of mine, I have heard recited in different parts of Britain.

Some fault was found with "Elias," but it was mostly of a very mild character. One fair critic was heard to say: "It lacks human interest." Judge William H. King, being told of this, laughingly remarked: "Some people would like a love story in the prophecies of Isaiah."

It was hardly to be expected that the poem would continue

indefinitely as a text book in the schools. Such works are mainly for reference purposes; and are more at home on library shelves than in the class room. A certain lady teacher, being asked why "An Epic of the Ages" was no longer taught in the institution to which she belonged, replied: "We haven't anyone who can teach it."

In conclusion, I have only to say: "Elias" was not intended as a primer to "Mormonism;" and it must bide its hour, as other books have done, and fill its mission, if it has one, in the Lord's own time and way.

XXV

"A Wee Hoos on the Hillside"

1903—1906

MARCH 17, 1903, witnessed the removal of the Whitney family, or my part of it, from rented quarters on First North Street to a home of our own—160 Fourth Avenue, a little east of Canyon Road. My Brother Horace had made me a present of the lot, upon which stood an old though strongly built house, the front of which I caused to be taken down and a new front put on, prior to our occupancy of the premises. Proceeds from the sale of my poem "Elias" paid off most of the mortgage I had placed upon it, and finally I secured complete possession of the property. Around that humble home, where I dwelt during the next eighteen years, many happy memories cluster.

We had lived there about a year, when my daughter Margaret began to achieve success as composer and producer of some clever musical plays (operettas), the earliest of which were presented in the Eighteenth Ward to overflowing houses. Regarding the first presentation—March 23, 1904—a Herald reporter, Mrs. Don. C. Coray, who had been Margaret's teacher in the Lowell School, wrote and caused to be published this announcement:

A unique little operetta is to be sung in this city tonight, unique in more ways than one. It is the work, in both music and libretto, of a girl of fourteen years, Margaret Whitney, daughter of Bishop O. F. Whitney.[a] The play is called "Fanchette" and is in three acts. The author had drafted the plot

[a] Margaret, when a child of five years, had appeared with the Home Dramatic Club, making her debut as "Pip" in "Tears, Idle Tears."

and prepared the parts, teaching them verbally to the cast, before any of their grown-up friends or relatives knew anything about it.

The original intention was to present the play to a chosen company on a certain favorite back porch, but a few of the parents having heard some of the lyrics, thought the matter deserved a better setting, and so Miss Whitney was induced to put the play on in the Ward hall. She is exceedingly modest about the compliments she has had on the work and says the only reason she had for keeping the affair quiet was that she thought it was not important enough to say anything about it.

The playwright is also the stage manager and conductor, and the following little people compose the cast:

Fanchette, a waiting maid ..... Blanche Squires
Marquis de Nolier.....Rebbie Morris
Uncle Mike, a gardener ..... Lawrence Clayton
Children of gardener....Paul and Virginia Whitney,
Helen Knowlton, Kenneth Bourne
Florinda.....Nan Clawson
Grace.....Rehan Spencer
Jeanne.....Lynne Knowlton
Babette.....Neil Giles
Marie.....Burdette Clawson
Yolande.....Corneel James
Francoise.....Juliet Knowlton
Annette.....Lucile Van.

In spite of bad weather the hall was packed, and many stood through the three acts to the close. Said the Deseret News, by its dramatic and lyric editor, Horace G. Whitney:

The operetta achieved emphatic success. The young author, a child of fourteen, waved the baton over the whole production, and over Professor H. E. Giles at the piano. She was smothered in flowers by her young friends at the end of the first act, and had to come before the curtain and respond in a neat speech. The hits of the night were made by the Whitney twins, Paul and Virginia, aged three,[b] and Kenneth Bourne, aged four and a half . . . The piece was so undoubted a success that it is

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b At a character ball given by the Primary Association, February 22, 1905, Paul and Virginia led the grand march, tricked out in Colonial style as George and Martha Washington.

sure to draw another heavy audience at the final performance tonight.

Among the first to recognize the merit of Margaret's work, and encourage her to present it in public, was Mrs. Frances K. Thomasson, president of the Eighteenth Ward Primary Association, under whose auspices the premier performance was given. "Fanchette" was repeated on the afternoon and evening of April 2nd, for the benefit of the Ward fund. A cadet drill by sixteen boys—my sons Murray and Bert among them—was added to the original stage business, and after all was over each little performer was given a half-pound box of candy and sent away happy.

Several months later a younger sister of "Fanchette" was introduced to the public in like manner. Three performances were given to crowded houses, and standing room was finally refused applicants. Annie Pike, reporting for the Tribune, paid the following tribute to "The Countess:"

A little opera was given last night in the Eighteenth Ward hall which in many ways put to shame more ambitious musical comedies now on the road. It was thoroughly delightful, even in its shortcomings. The librettist and composer is Miss Margaret Whitney, just turned fifteen; the accompanist, Master Charley Shepherd, a mite of a boy whose fingers barely stretch an octave, and the manager is Martin Irwin Clawson. The opera is presented with never a note or a word having been put upon paper, the whole score having been taught the entire cast by Miss Margaret "out of her head."

Margaret Whitney, the child composer, was now the talk of the town. She fairly took the public by storm. Her next pieces, "The Girl in Blue," "The Steno," and "The Sub," were presented at Whitney Hall. Her later and greater successes, "Dearie Girl," "Quaker Follies" and "Shadow Girl," were brought out at down-town play-houses, where she waved the baton over professional orchestras playing her music. "Dearie Girl" jammed the Salt Lake Theatre for three consecutive nights.

Margaret's pronounced success did not please everybody. That there should be "feelings" over it in certain quarters was

perhaps inevitable. Some, the first to applaud, were also the first to depreciate. But they could not daunt her. A dynamo of energy and self-reliance, she was also a humble, prayerful child of God, and with the public at her back, showering her with compliments and crowding her performances, she went on her way rejoicing. The newspapers were friendly to her, and everybody flocked to witness her charming operettas.[c]

Margaret's song, "Dearie Girl," carried her name beyond the borders of her native State. Witmark of New York published the piece on a royalty basis, and listed it as one of the four song hits of the season. It was sung in New York and in other great cities. One might hear it almost anywhere between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Most of Margaret's musical training was under her "Aunt Marion" (my sister, Mrs. Florence Marion Dinwoody) who, besides teaching her the notes, devoted many untiring hours to her development in the divine art. Later, "Floddy" (as I called Marion) gave her a course with Spencer Clawson, pianist, one of Margaret's truest friends; also a course in vocalism with Professor Torrens, of Chicago and New York. She likewise received encouragement from the noted bandmaster, Arthur Pryor, who orchestrated five of her choicest numbers, including "Dearie Girl." Mr. Pryor was related by marriage to a member of the Margaret Whitney Opera Company.

Frequent requests came to me, usually without previous notice, to supplement speeches made from the Tabernacle pulpit by distinguished visitors, or to address companies of tourists as they sat in the midst of the congregation. Christian ministers, Jewis rabbis, members of Congress, foreign noblemen, noted men and women in general, often came to the stand at the close of the service and expressed pleasure at what they had heard both from speaker and choir. The

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c At Margaret's request, I met with her and her little company in a room under the stage of the Ward Hall, and invoked the divine blessing upon their performances; also advising them to honor the Law of Tithing with the modest proceeds thereof. This they did, and nearly drove wild the clerk at the Presiding Bishop's Office, who issued the receipts, most of them for fifty cents per individual. Rumor says that he has not yet recovered from the strain.

Tabernacle organ, in and of itself, was a great attraction.[d]

One Saturday afternoon (May 13, 1905) I received from President Winder, who had charge of the regular Sunday service in the Tabernacle, a note reading as follows:

Bishop Orson F. Whitney.
Dear Brother:

I understand there will be five hundred preachers in Salt Lake City tomorrow. Will you have the kindness to occupy the time in the Tabernacle?

Your brother in the Gospel,
John R. Winder.

Agreeable to this request, I was there upon the hour—2 p. m.—and spoke to a large congregation, including many strangers, who paid strict attention and seemed much interested in the discourse. Extending a hearty welcome to the visiting ministers, I advised them to investigate "Mormonism" from all sides, reminding them of the story of the two mounted knights who met upon a road where stood a statue bearing a shield declared by one of them to be of gold, while the other, approaching from the opposite direction, maintained it to be of silver. From heated words they came to blows, ran a tilt and unhorsed each other, both falling to the ground mortally wounded. But during the combat they had exchanged places, and with their dying gaze discovered that the shield over which they had fought and slain each other, was gold on one side and silver on the other.

"Mormonism," I told my hearers, assumed a variety of phases, according to the viewpoint and spirit of the beholder. The poet, if sufficiently inspired, would see in it a beautiful and sublime poem; the philosopher, equally enlightened, a well spring of wisdom and truth. To the clear-seeing philanthropist

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d Constructed originally of Utah timber and built by a Utah man (Joseph Ridges), this great organ has undergone various changes from time to time, keeping pace with the march of improvement in that line. Dr. Walters, a noted organist from Washington, D. C., after playing upon this mighty instrument, answered a question I put to him, as to how it ranked with other great organs, by saying: "There are larger organs (and he mentioned one or two), but in variety of construction and the massing of tonal qualities this represents the *ne plus ultra* in organ building. In those respects it is the greatest organ in the world."

it was a great system of charity and benevolence; while to the mind that soared not above dollars and cents it looked like a big financial or commercial scheme. The licentious man beheld in it nothing but licentiousness; while the pure in heart esteemed it as holy and divine. How necessary, then, that the problem should be fairly and fully investigated, by the light of the Spirit of God, which alone is capable of comprehending the things of God.

There was much more to the discourse, the foregoing being but introductory. What was thought of it by the visitors, I had no way of knowing, but hope the effect was not unlike that described in the following communication of earlier date:

Editor Deseret News.
Sir:

If you will permit me, an entire stranger in your city and territory, to use your columns, I would like to give your readers and the general public my impressions concerning the religion of the Latter-day Saints.

I was from earliest childhood taught to regard Mormonism as one of the most degrading and ridiculous sects—in fact the most objectionable—into which Christians are unhappily divided; that their moral, social and theological standards were far beneath others, and to cap the climax that they were not patriotic Americans. All this I have heard and been led to believe, in common with hundreds of thousands of others.

I arrived in this city about two weeks ago, just in time to be present at the sermon in the Tabernacle, by Bishop Whitney; and from that moment all my prejudice melted away. I have heard sermons, lectures and discourses on all subjects by men of the greatest eminence—Burke, Beecher, Froude, Manning, Talmage, etc., and I say candidly that I was never more impressed in my life than when I listened to Bishop Whitney. Long may he live and be as able as now to show cause for the faith that is in him.

I would respectfully suggest that millions of copies of this discourse be printed and distributed, if not for the purpose of making converts, at least with the intention of disabusing the minds of people who, like myself, have heard of your vices but not of your virtues.

Authentic.

Salt Lake City, April 7, 1888.

If the Prophet Joseph Smith had lived until December 23, 1905, he would have been one hundred years old. In recognition of this fact a great memorial service was held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, the 24th. It was under the combined auspices of Salt Lake, Ensign, Liberty and Pioneer stakes; the First Presidency directing the proceedings. Elder B. H. Roberts and I had been appointed to speak in the afternoon, but illness kept him away, and the speaking all fell to me.

In July of that year I passed my fiftieth "milepost," and the event was duly celebrated by my family. A beautiful picture, accompanied by a sentiment equally beautiful, came as a birthday gift from Brother and Sister Roberts. The picture was "The Prodigal's Return." The sentiment ran thus:

In Memoriam—1855-1905

"The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It is born of the pure love of God, and is best exhibited on earth in the life and teaching of Him whom we know you love, and whose merciful disposition shines through your own deeds and character; hence the accompanying memento.

God bless you, Friend!

Brigham and Margaret.

Following a big celebration of Pioneer Day at Liberty Park, a non-partisan affair in which all classes joined (Hon. Fisher Harris and I being the orators), I again visited the Pacific Coast, going by way of Portland, where my son Race was connected with the Oregon Journal. As dramatic editor of that paper he had made an enviable record and was highly esteemed by his associates. At the Lewis-Clarke Exposition (1903) Race, as chairman of the press bureau, had been presented with a gold watch in recognition of his services.[e]

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e For the Alaska-Yukon Exposition (1909) I was chairman of a committee to arrange a suitable exhibit for the Church. A unique feature of it consisted of small-scale replicas of the Temple and Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. These works of art, owing their creation to the clever hand of Abram Reister Wright, after serving their original purpose, were presented to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. Spencer Clawson was very active in creating this exhibit, and George D. Pyper had charge of it at Seattle.

At Long Beach, California, my wife and my daughter Margaret joined me. After a sojourn of several weeks at that pleasant resort, May and I came home, leaving Margaret to return with friends who were summering on the coast.

In the following November I met with a mishap that came nigh resulting seriously. An accidental scratch on my wrist, causing a slight abrasion, and regarded as of no particular consequence until several days had passed, developed into an infection. Dr. Joseph S. Richards, at the L. D. S. Hospital, gave me the necessary treatment, which, supplemented by the best of nursing both at home and in the hospital, probably saved my right arm. Dr. Richards would make no charge for his services, but accepted as a token of appreciation a copy of "Elias," sent to him at Christmas time. I also presented my nurse, Miss Leila Hard, with a copy of the poem.

Early in 1906 my daughters Emily and Helen entered the marriage relation; Helen, the younger, going first and mating with John William ("Billy") Timpson; while Emily became Mrs. Winslow Farr Smith. Both marriages were performed in the Salt Lake Temple; President Joseph F. Smith officiating in the first instance, and Apostle John Henry Smith ("Win's" father) in the second. Helen's wedding day was the eleventh of April; Emily's, the seventh of June. Both these girls have reared large families and have proved themselves excellent wives and mothers.

April 18th, 1906, will be remembered as the date of a great earthquake, followed by a destructive conflagration, in the City of San Francisco. My son Race was right in the midst of it. Having left Portland, he was on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle when the disaster occurred. As soon as I could learn of his whereabouts, I sent him money and urged him to come home. He arrived on the eighteenth of May.

Though severely shocked by what he had passed through, he regained his health sufficiently to work on the Deseret News. He also lectured in the Eighteenth Ward, and wrote for me a biographical sketch, which was published in the "Juvenile Instructor." Later he collaborated with Waldemar

Young in the production of a burlesque, presented at the Salt Lake Theatre by the local Press Club; Race and "Wally" both being in the cast. Then they went to Los Angeles and resumed work on a comic opera, "The Kingmaker," which they had been writing when the earthquake interrupted their labors.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with our little home on the hillside, there is one that should always be cherished by the members of my family. It will be better understood after reading what the Book of Mormon has to say upon the subject of the Three Nephites.[f] My wife thus relates the incident:

It happened many years ago. My husband was away, and the only members of the family in the house besides myself, were three of our little boys. It was early spring, and I was busy house-cleaning. Hearing the door-bell ring, I opened the door, and there stood an elderly man, with white hair and beard, clean, neatly dressed, straight as an arrow, and altogether respectable in appearance and respectful in manner. He carried a cane and held his hat in hand. He asked me if I could help him. I told him that I had no money, but if he needed food I would gladly give him some. Said he: "I would be very grateful."

The unusual answer somewhat surprised me, but being much occupied, I paid slight attention. Showing him down into the dining room on the basement floor, I spread before him what food I had, and left him sitting at the table. The little boys were playing there at the time, and I told them to stay with the stranger and wait on him, while I returned to my work on the floor above.

After awhile I heard the patter of feet running up the stairs, and here came the boys, all breathless and excited, the oldest (Murray) exclaiming: "Mama, I bet that was one of the Three Nephites!"

"What makes you think so?" I inquired.

Here spoke up the second boy (Bert), who had had a toothache when the stranger arrived: "I was holding my hand to my face, and he said, 'Son, what is troubling you?' 'My tooth aches,' I said. 'It will trouble you no more,' said he. And it stopped right then and hasn't ached since."

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f 3 Nephi 28:4-30.

The boys told me that the visitor, when departing by a back door, spoke these words: "Peace be unto you and your house." They likewise related how they rushed out after him, not seeing him pass the windows, and looked up and down the street and through the back yard, but could catch no glimpse of him.

I do not think that I am over-credulous regarding such matters. But the impression made upon my mind by that venerable stranger and his pleasing address, coupled with the excitement of the boys and their expressed conviction as to who he was, caused me to marvel. I have never been able to entirely banish the thought that possibly the boys were right.

XXVI

One of the Twelve

1906—1913

THE greatest honor that my life has known came to me in the month of April, 1906, when I was ordained an Apostle and called into the Council of the Twelve. This advancement, though a complete surprise to me and mine, fulfilled more than one prediction made concerning me during the previous quarter of a century.

Three vacancies had existed in that Council, caused by the death of Marriner W. Merrill, and the retirement of two others of the Twelve, John W. Taylor and Matthias F. Cowley, who had found themselves out of harmony with the changed attitude of the Church relative to the further practice of plural marriage. Those vacancies were filled when George F. Richards, Orson F. Whitney and David O. McKay became Apostles.

Called at the General Conference in the Tabernacle, on Sunday the eighth of April, we were ordained by President Joseph F. Smith in the Temple, on the day following. Others taking part in the ordinations were Presidents John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund; Elders Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith, Rudger Clawson, Hyrum M. Smith, George Albert Smith and Charles W. Penrose, of the Council of the Twelve; and Patriarch John Smith. The remaining members of the Council—George Teasdale, Heber J. Grant and Reed Smoot—were absent on duty elsewhere.

Except in one particular, my ordination blessing, stenographically reported by Secretary George F. Gibbs, did not differ materially from the blessings pronounced upon Brothers

Richards and McKay. And that exceptional item was left out of the Secretary's report, through a misunderstanding. The President had said that I would represent the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Council of the Twelve; but Brother Gibbs omitted this promise, so precious to me, thinking, as he subsequently explained, that those words were uttered after the President had taken his hands from off my head—which was not the case. I was right under his hands when the words were spoken, while the Secretary was writing at a table on the other side of the room.

I forbore to mention the matter upon first reading the written blessing, supposing the President had seen fit to eliminate that part; and it was not until after his death and then upon the suggestion of his successor, that I inquired of Brother Gibbs and learned from him that he alone was responsible in the premises. Of course, the mere omission of words from a sheet of paper would not invalidate an act done by divine authority. But it would have been gratifying to me to have had the blessing just as it was delivered, as a matter of record.

In the afternoon of April 9th, the day of my ordination, the General Authorities, with their wives, met by invitation at the home of President John R. Winder, where we had dinner and spent a very happy evening. Our host, in greeting his guests, expressed the conviction that the right men had been chosen to fill the vacancies in the Council of the Twelve, adding that the impression made upon him to that effect was as vivid as the sudden turning on of a light.

President Smith voiced a similar sentiment, and while still upon his feet, said: "I have wanted Orson in this Council for years." He had previously referred to me as "one of the staunchest and most faithful men in the Church," one who had "rendered valiant service as bishop, poet, orator and historian;" and he added: "I have long thought that he should stand among the leaders of this people." He mentioned my mother's relationship to the Prophet, also my kinship to President Heber C. Kimball, and said that I would represent both in the councils of the Priesthood.

Everybody, "Gentiles" as well as "Mormons," congratulated me, either by tongue or pen. Colonel Pat. Lannan, the owner and manager of the Tribune, said as he shook my hand: "Bishop, it's where you belong; there's nothing incongruous about it." My former Stake President, Patriarch Angus M. Cannon, who had just returned from Europe, greeted me with this remark: "I heard of it at Liverpool. I congratulate the Church on your call to the Apostleship."

While deeply sensible of the high honor conferred upon me, I nevertheless felt keenly my separation from the little flock that had so long looked upon me as its spiritual shepherd. At a farewell testimonial, where I formally laid down my Ward office, I entreated my old-time friends to continue calling me "Bishop Whitney." I felt a genuine preference for the old title, around which so many happy memories thronged.

The testimonial took place on the tenth of May, and was in the nature of a Ward reunion. My successor, Bishop Thomas A. Clawson had charge, and Elder B. H. Roberts made an eloquent speech on "The Retiring Bishopric." President Joseph F. Smith and others also spoke, and Bishop Clawson, in behalf of the Ward, presented me and my counselors each with a large, handsome, leather easy chair. We three had held our offices without a break since the date of our installation—July 14, 1878—and were probably the oldest living bishopric in the Church to remain unbroken for so long a period.

In reponse, I referred to the many surprises that had come to me in the course of my life, notably my call to the mission field, my ordination as a Bishop, and now my advancement to the Apostleship. Many, I said, looked upon me as a dreamer, and I was not disposed to deny it; for my dreams were my ideals, and I felt thankful for them. Others might excel me in doing certain things, but I generally knew how things ought to be done, and always knew when they were well done. I paid a tribute to my counselors and gave them full credit for their faithful work.

Bishop Clawson and his counselors, John A. Evans and Lafayette T. Whitney, had entered upon their duties at a

similar function in April. On that occasion President Richard W. Young, of Ensign Stake, paid tribute to my record as a Bishop and its results, as shown in the flourishing condition of the Eighteenth Ward, in the love felt for me by its members, and in their sorrow at our parting. Delineating the character of my work (as Elder Roberts had done), he showed that it was spiritual, poetic, philosophic, as well as temporal, and had made for culture and refinement. President Winder said that one of my best qualities was humility—I hope I merited the encomium; and President Lund added that the Ward must not expect to monopolize me any longer, as the Church needed me in a wider and more extended sphere. I was more than gratified with the love and honor shown me, and felt that in the wealth of good feeling manifested by my brethren and sisters, I had ample compensation for my many years of service as their Bishop.

It is not my purpose to enter upon a detailed account of all my labors as an Apostle. There is no room for it, nor any need of it. It would be both superfluous and tiresome. The part must answer for the whole.

During most of the time since my ordination, my duties have consisted of weekly visits to the Stakes, with occasional tours of Missions, and such other service as the presiding authorities have required of me. Once a week, at a regular council meeting, the Apostles report their labors to the First Presidency and to one another, and join in prayer and the transaction of important Church business. There we receive our appointments from the President of the Twelve, sanctioned by the First Presidency, with general directions to govern us in the discharge of our sacred duties. On certain days we set apart and instruct missionaries, and on any and every day do whatever needs doing for the good of the Cause. Every three months the Twelve, or as many of them as can assemble, come together in a quarterly meeting, and every six months they convene in joint session with the First Council of the Seventy and such of the mission presidents as are able to attend; the latter reporting conditions and prospects in their fields of labor and

receiving such advice and instruction as the Apostles see fit to impart.

My first appointment as an Apostle was to the Alpine Stake Conference, held at American Fork on Saturday and Sunday, May 5th and 6th, a little less than one month after my ordination. My little son Paul went with me and attended the first day's meetings, after which I took him to Provo for a visit to his mother's relatives.

My first apostolic appearance at the Tabernacle was on Sunday, May 13, when I preached from Matthew 24:4—"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."

From Preston, Idaho, on June 2nd, came this special to the Deseret News:

Yesterday the new tabernacle at Whitney, three miles southeast of Preston, was dedicated, the dedicatory prayer being offered by Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Apostles, who had been specially invited for that purpose.

The town was named for the guest of the occasion. When the new tabernacle was ready for dedication, the people united as with one voice in request that the man who was a young and rising bishop when their city was named, but who in the meantime has grown to be one of the best known and beloved men in the inter-mountain region, should visit them and take the leading part in the dedication exercises. After the meeting, at which Elder Whitney was one of the speakers, an elaborate banquet was partaken of, scarcely a man, woman or child of the town being absent from the repast. It was a day long to be remembered by the people of Whitney.[a]

From the Tabernacle pulpit, on Sunday, July 15, I answered an attack made by Dr. William M. Paden, local pastor of the Presbyterian Church, upon the well-known "Mormon" hymn, "O My Father." According to report, he had refused to have it sung at the funeral of a young man, a member of his church, who loved the sacred song and sympathized with its sublime sentiments. Paden said it was "all rot."

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a Years later, upon two separate occasions, I dedicated the high school and a new ward chapel at Whitney.

At my request, "O My Father" was sung by the Choir, and I then dwelt upon the main themes embodied in the hymn —Man's Pre-existence and the Eternal Father and Mother, concluding my discourse thus: "The doctrines advanced by the Prophet Joseph Smith will gain ground and make headway as the years roll by. They cannot be overthrown, for they are founded upon the Rock. The ignorant and bigoted may fight them, but they cannot prevail against them, and those who deride and denounce them will find sooner or later that they have been fighting the Truth and striving against God."

In midsummer of that year I made my first visit to the Canadian Stakes, in company with Elder George Albert Smith. We were gone from home five weeks. At Raymond I caught a severe cold, caused by a sudden slump in the weather, which became of a freezing temperature, although the month was August. On reaching Cardston I bought a fur coat, overshoes and thick underwear; and all the way home gradually peeled off these then superfluous articles, purchased in a land where they have "little winters in the summer time and little summers in the winter time."

December found me in Southern Utah, attending a Stake Conference at Kanab. At the close of the Sunday morning session I was handed a note, signed by an elderly sister, requesting me to explain the scripture: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

I had never spoken upon the subject; had never analyzed it; and did not know just what to say. But between meetings I retired to my room and prayed, asking the Lord to make the matter clear to me, so that I could explain it to others. In the afternoon I preached with that as my text, first reading to the congregation the following passages from the New Testament:

> And he (Jesus) said also unto his disciples, There was a certain rich man which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods.
>
> And he called him, and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward.
>
> Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do?

for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship; I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.

I am resolved what to do, that when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses.

So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord?

And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him. Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty.

Then said he to another. And how much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write four-score.

And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. (Luke 16:1-9.)

In saying this, the Savior commended, not the injustice of the steward, but the foresight that provides against the future. I cited another parable, that of the woman and the unjust judge, in which the Son of God illustrated the value of prayer. I then went on to say: Suppose a servant of the Lord were in a financial strait, he poor and you rich. You, because of your riches, were able to help him, and did so. Would he not be apt to remember the kind act and reciprocate it, either in this world or the next, where conditions might be reversed, and he be rich and you poor? Such was the trend of my discourse.

It happened that President Joseph F. Smith had just been fined in the District Court at Salt Lake City, for the birth of a child borne to him by a plural wife whom he had refused to abandon; and this incident, then fresh in the public mind, gave point and emphasis to my argument.

After the adjournment an aged brother, Patriarch Nathan Adams, came forward and handed me a silver dollar, saying: "Brother Whitney, please give that to President Smith, with my best wishes. It is to help pay his fine. I am sorry I can't pay it all; but if three hundred of the brethren would each give a dollar, we could easily wipe it out."

At the next meeting of the Council I reported my visit to Kanab, and at President Smith's request repeated my interpretation of the Savior's parable. "I like your explanation," he said. I then told him about Patriarch Adams and handed him the silver dollar. He was visibly touched.

Early in January, 1907, I was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare "An Address to the World," answering charges made against the Church during the Smoot Investigation at Washington, D. C. At the next General Conference I read the address in the opening session, and it was adopted by unanimous vote.

In May of that year I spent ten days in Wayne Stake, traversing that rugged mountain region and holding meetings morning, afternoon and night, until every ward and branch had been visited. Elder Andrew Jenson was my companion. In many places the people could not assemble before nine p. m., which meant dismissal at eleven, and no sleep till midnight or after, followed by an early start next morning. Loss of sleep and so much preaching made it a rather trying experience. Still it was enjoyable.

It was chiefly notable for a miraculous incident, which had passed out of my mind until recalled by one of the chief actors therein. A Sister Hanks, wife of one of the bishops, had become blind. She craved from me a blessing, which I gave. While my hands were on her head her sight came back, restored by faith and the power of God. Strange to say, I had forgotten this until Sister Hanks reminded me of it in after years.

Many things equally wonderful I could relate—in fact, have done so in earlier chapters of this book. They are quite frequent in the experience of the Elders of the Church. I had been for some time an Apostle when the following incident took place. I was summoned with other brethren, one evening, to the bedside of a woman possessed of an evil spirit, which cursed us all the while we were blessing her. Tied down to the bedstead where she lay, the poor creature writhed and struggled violently. When, as voice in the administration, I mentioned

the authority of the Priesthood, the obsessing spirit cried out, "You haven't any." I then rebuked the demon in the name of Jesus Christ, and commanded it to "come out of her." Instantly she collapsed, limp as a rag, and that was the end of the trouble. She recovered, but had no recollection of what had occurred while she was under the evil spell.

In August I was at Afton, Wyoming, attending the Star Valley Stake Conference. My son Murray was with me; also Elder Joseph W. McMurrin and his son Everard, who proved good company for Murray, both lads being of about the same age. Leaving our boys at Afton, Brother McMurrin and I visited every ward in the Stake. While returning with President William W. Burton and wife from the Lower Valley, we passed through one of the worst storms I have ever beheld. The clouds along the mountain tops looked like a vast army marching to battle. We were inwardly congratulating ourselves on the apparently long distance between us and the tempest, when suddenly it burst upon us in all its fury. The electric bolts struck so near that the horses attached to our vehicle actually dodged, jumping sidewise, as if to avoid being hit. All along the way lightnings blazed and thunders bellowed, but we were unharmed.

At the General Conference in October, by request of President Joseph F. Smith, I replied to Bishop Franklin S. Spalding, of the Episcopal Church, who, in a sermon at St. Mark's Cathedral, had said that "Mormonism" was unfavorable to "the purity of the family"—or something of that sort. Bishop Spalding—though I did not know it at the time—was in the East when my address was delivered. He felt very bad about it, hearing that I had handled him severely. Upon his return he called me up, requesting an interview, which I readily granted; he coming to my home for that purpose. In the course of conversation he explained that he had not intended to question the purity of the Mormon family in a moral sense. "Integrity" or "wholeness," would have been a better term, he said, since that was his real meaning. We discussed "Mormonism" and "Episcopalianism" for some time, and parted with mutual expressions of good will.

Subsequently in a booklet entitled "The Utah Survey," Bishop Spalding charged me with asserting, in a public meeting at Provo, that the Priesthood of the Mormon Church were perfect, and that Joseph Smith stood next to Jesus Christ in authority. I answered him through the Deseret News, showing that he had misunderstood my reference to Priesthood, which means to a Latter-day Saint two things—first, divine authority; second, the men in whom that authority is vested. I was speaking of divine authority when I said the Priesthood was perfect. As for Joseph Smith standing next to Jesus Christ, I had neither said it nor thought it; the Prophet himself having taught that Adam stands next to Christ and Noah next to Adam, in the Priesthood.[b] I showed that Joseph's true place is at the head of this Gospel dispensation.

My last conversation with Bishop Spalding—whose deplorable accidental death shocked and saddened the whole community—was soon after he had issued his critical commentary on the Book of Abraham. "I notice," said he, "that some of your brethren have been answering me through the press. Why have you not answered me?"

"I have," said I; "I've been answering you all over the country, but it hasn't got into the papers."

"Oh, indeed, and what have you been saying?"

"I have been saying this:

> 'Truth is truth, where'er 'tis found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground.'

"And whether it be taken from an ancient hill in North America, as was the Book of Mormon; or from the catacombs of Egypt, as was the Book of Abraham, if it's true, it's true, no matter who translated it or how many supposed flaws appear in the translation. The character of the content and the spirit accompanying it, determine better than all else the truth and authenticity of such a work. We know Shakespeare's writings by the very sound of them—they have the Shakespearean ring, and thereby literary experts can tell the difference between

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b Hist. Ch. Vol. 3, pp. 385, 386.

his writings and all others. We recognize Milton's poetry by the Miltonic ring; the poetry of Byron or Tennyson by the Byronic or Tennysonian ring. Then, if God speaks, why should it not have a Godlike ring, something that no man can counterfeit, nor any but a spiritual expert fully discern or appreciate?"

"That's the way to answer me," replied Bishop Spalding. "I am one with you in the belief that the highest evidence of the truth and authenticity of any work is the spirit it breathes and the wisdom it inculcates."

"Then," said I, "the Book of Abraham needs no defense from me nor from anyone else. It speaks for itself and defends itself. By the majesty of its language, the sublimity of its teachings, and the Spirit that permeates them, it proclaims itself divine."

Another would-be censor of our sacred books once accosted me with the question: "Bishop Whitney, do you believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God?"

"I certainly do," said I.

"Well, can't God speak grammatically?"

"Of course He can."

"Then why was this grammatical error left in the Book of Mormon?"—and he quoted it.

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I believe that was left there just to keep you out of the Church!"

He seemed surprised: "Doesn't God want me in his Church?"

"No," I replied; "he only wants honest seekers after truth; and if you think more of a grammatical error than you do of your soul's salvation, you are not fit for the kingdom of heaven, and the Lord doesn't want you."

It has been said that Goliath of Gath, when the stone sank into his forehead, was astonished, such a thing never having entered his head before. It was the same with this man.

An interesting function, in which I had the pleasure of

taking part, was the opening of Whitney Hall, erected on the site of the old Eighteenth Ward Seminary. The invitation sent out for it read as follows:

To the Residents of the Eighteenth Ward. On Thursday evening, June 11, 1908, at 8 o'clock, Whitney Hall will be opened for the inspection of the people of the Ward and others whose generous donations have contributed to its erection. Yourself and family are cordially invited to be present. A brief program will be rendered by the Ward Choir, and Christensen's Orchestra will furnish music for dancing in the main hall.

Refreshments will be served by the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and the Relief Society of the Ward will act as a reception committee.

Bishop Orson F. Whitney, in whose honor the new hall was named, will make an address.

Respectfully,
Thomas A. Clawson
Lafayette T. Whitney
Ezra T. Stevenson
Bishopric.

Several months later Whitney Hall was dedicated, and on that occasion I offered the dedicatory prayer.

Early in April, 1908, I had learned that my son Race was ill at the Hotel Francis—629 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, and desired me to come to him. I started on the night of the 6th, reaching Los Angeles on the morning of the 8th. Race's friend, Eugene Lewis, met me at the railroad station and conducted me to the hotel, which was managed by Miss Margaret Gallagher, to whom Race was engaged to be married.[c] I remained there until the night of the 17th, and then left for Salt Lake, bringing him with me in a drawing room car.

After a few days at my home, he went with his sister Emily and her family to 777 Hawthorne Avenue, a cool, quiet place which I had rented for them in the eastern part of the city. Dr. Samuel G. Paul was Race's physician, and Miss Mary Hansen, a friend of the Smith family, his nurse. He suffered terribly from neuritis, but was gradually improving, when an

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c Race had been married years before, but not happily, and he and his wife had separated.

attack of dysentery seized him, and his enfeebled system succumbed. At the L. D. S. Hospital, on the morning of July 14th, he breathed his last.

Following a beautiful service in the Eighteenth Ward Chapel, Elders John Henry Smith and B. H. Roberts being the speakers, his remains were laid to rest beside those of his mother. And so passed from earth my eldest born, a brilliant mind, with a lovable disposition, which seemed to draw all hearts to him.

My second son, Charles Byron Whitney, was the first of my children to see service in the mission field. November 9th, 1909, in the Salt Lake Temple, I set him apart for a mission to South Africa, having previously ordained him an Elder. At the same time I received, vicariously, a like ordination for my son Horace Newel ("Race"), Elder William W. Riter officiating. Byron and I then went through the House; he for himself, I for his deceased brother.

Byron's farewell testimonial prior to his departure for his field of labor, took place in Whitney Hall on the evening of November tenth. Two days later he left for Montreal, there to embark for Liverpool, and thence, by way of London and Southampton, for Cape Town. He was gone from home nearly two and a half years, and filled a good mission; though his health failed toward the close and he returned home an invalid. Gradually recovering, he went with me occasionally to stake conferences, and evinced decided ability as a speaker. He has also displayed talent as a writer, both in prose and verse.

Byron's natural bent was to law and literature, but a business career seemed more promising as a means of bread winning; so I gave him a business college course, which enabled him to secure positions as stenographer, typist and accountant. He worked in the Oregon Short Line Railroad offices for a time, and afterwards for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, whose periodical, "The Cosette," he founded. Subsequently he was bookkeeper for the Lubrite Refining Company in St. Louis, and later a traveling salesman for various Utah concerns.

August, 1909, found me again in the Canadian Stakes—this time in company with President Francis M. Lyman. It was

my first opportunity to see the beautiful Waterton Lakes and to behold glaciers on the mountain sides, as our launch glided swiftly over the smooth placid waters. In Canada, also, I first looked upon the phenomenon of the mirage—mountains, houses, trees and other objects spreading along the horizon and melting into nothingness as we approached.

We held conferences at Magrath and Cardston. There was no freezing slump in the weather, as on the occasion of my first visit to that province, and no lack of warm welcome and appreciation. Everywhere we were gladly greeted and listened to with rapt attention.

"Would it turn your head if I paid you a compliment," President Lyman asked me one day. The question alone turned my head—in his direction. He went on: "I like to hear you preach, because you don't try to be eloquent." This gave me a chance to say: "No speaker was ever truly eloquent when he tried to be. He need only be in earnest and lose himself in his subject, and eloquence will take care of itself." President Lyman heartily agreed with me on this point.

One of this man's best qualities was the absence of envy. When one of his brethren said or did a good thing, it pleased him as much as if he had said or done it himself. It did not hurt him to give a word of praise to lubricate another's mental axle, thus making the wheel of future effort run more smoothly and effectively. I never knew Francis M. Lyman to be jealous, or to camouflage jealousy, as some do, by slighting a superior performance and lauding something of lesser merit, thus compounding with conscience and making a false show of liberality not really possessed.

President Lyman, in his generous appreciation of the labors of his brethren, never failed to give God the glory. "Pray for the speaker, brethren and sisters," he would say, "and you'll be surprised to see how the Lord will bless him."

While we were at Cardston a telegram from Moses Thatcher Jr. apprised me of the death of his father, and expressed the wish of the family that I should speak at his funeral in Logan. Regretfully I wired back that important engage-

ments prevented compliance with the request. President Lyman joined me in "love and blessing" to the bereaved household.

In May and June of 1913 I toured parts of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, attending Stake conferences and other gatherings, and viewing incidentally some of the natural wonders of that interesting region. Elder Joseph E. Robinson, then presiding over the California Mission, was my companion. He joined me at Denver and was with me to the end of the tour.

The character of the country through which we passed after leaving San Luis Stake, was quaintly indicated by the title of one of the little shanty towns strewn along the way—"No Agua," Spanish for No Water. At Santa Fe we rambled about the ancient town whose streets once had echoed to the martial tread of the Mormon Battalion en route to California. Leaving the railroad at Blue Water, we teamed over the mountains to a logging camp where some of our people, refugees from Mexico, were working on a contract from the American Lumbering Company of Albuquerque. That night we held a religious service in a tent under the starlit sky.

Inscription Rock, standing on the Government forest reserve and officially known as "The El Mora National Monument," was the next point visited. A huge mass of yellow sandstone in the midst of a lonely waste, it shoots up to a height of three or four hundred feet, covering with its ample base an area of many acres, and displaying on two sides of the rock various inscriptions, the earliest a Spanish scrawl, dated February 18, 1526, fourteen years before Coronado explored New Mexico. Another scrawl, also in Spanish, was of 1620, the year the Pilgrim Fathers landed.

At the Zuni Dam we gazed upon that splendid piece of work which the Government was constructing at a cost of half a million dollars, for the benefit of the semi-civilized Indians in that part, many of whom are good farmers and stock raisers. Farther on we halted at the Zuni Indian Village and walked through the narrow uneven streets of the little mud town, entering some of the houses where the women were making bread.

They first winnow the wheat, then grind it with stones, mix, and bake in conical ovens, either in the door yards or on the roofs of houses. Their little gardens, where they raise chili, garlic and other vegetables, are platted in squares like a quilt, reminding one of a child's playground. They are a harmless people, modest and retiring. At sight of a kodak they scatter in all directions, though their unwillingness to be "took" vanishes, it is said, at the first show of coin.

At the Zuni Wash our two cars—sent out from St. John's to meet us— came to a stand-still in deep sand, from which they were extricated with some difficulty. In front, upon the slope they were to climb, two large canvas sheets were spread, and all hands got out and pushed until one of the cars gained the bank. Then by means of ropes it pulled the other car up out of the gulley. In Arizona there are three classes of automobile passengers, we were told. The first class ride, the second class walk, and the third class push. We did all three.

From St. John's our route lay over the White or Mokeone mountains and across the Apache Indian reservation; the road winding through magnificent forests of pine and bordered with rich wild grasses. Our chauffeur was something of a speeder, and the way he whizzed and whirled us up hill, down dale, around curves and through glens and gullies, was positively hair-lifting. In reply to my remark that he had given me an entirely new understanding of the phrase, "fastnesses of the mountains," he said reassuringly, "Don't be at all uneasy; I know this country like a book." Had it been a book in reality, I fear he would have made it illegible. We escaped with two punctures and a bog hole mire.

En route from the Snowflake Conference to Holbrook, the nearest railroad town, we spent an hour or more in the Petrified Forest, wandering through and inspecting the remains of a once mighty growth of timber, every tree and twig turned to stone. None of the trees were standing, but broken sections of great trunks, with fragments innumerable, strewed the earth for miles around. It was a solemn and impressive sight.

The Grand Canyon afforded the next sensation. This marvel of marvels was reached by a branch of the Santa Fe Railroad, running from the main line at Williams. The sight more than justified expectation. Words fail to convey a full idea of its awful grandeur, its weird and terrible sublimity. A mountain gorge, more than two hundred miles in length, thirteen miles across from rim to rim, and a full mile deep from dizzy brink to rushing torrent—fantastically cut and carved by convulsion or erosion into every conceivable shape, colored with all the hues of the rainbow. Such was the Grand Canyon of Arizona, as we viewed it. At Bright Angel Camp, where we slept, and at the Hotel El Tovar, on the very edge of the abyss, we saw the sun set and rise over the mighty chasm, flooding it with splendor, bringing out its myriad hues and converting it into a spectacle of the strangest beauty.

Our journey ended at Los Angeles, where I preached in the Adams Street L.D.S. Chapel, before taking train for home.

No man among the Church Authorities has commanded my love and reverence more than President Joseph F. Smith. He was no flatterer, but was always genuinely appreciative of anything commendable done by another. How well I remember one occasion in the Tabernacle, when he leaned over from the President's stand, after I had spoken, to whisper in my ear: "Oh, Orson, I did so enjoy your discourse. I could have listened for another hour. It was altogether too short."

A feature of President Smith's administration was a series of receptions given to stake presidents, bishops, or old-time Church employees, with their wives; these functions usually taking place in the Bishops' Building at the close of a General Conference. Frequently I was called upon for a recitation or a humorous anecdote, to help enliven the proceedings. One evening I was requested to speak to a toast—"The First Presidency." "And," said one of the committee on arrangements, "you can be just as funny as you please."

Quoting this remark, I added: "I presume the committee that put Daniel in the lion's den gave him a similar privilege. It is interesting to think what would have happened, had he

availed himself of that privilege and been just as funny with those lions as he pleased—interesting to think how they would have taken it—and him. There is nothing funny to me in the First Presidency of the Church."

By that time there had been a partial change in the Presidency. Brother Winder having passed on, Brother Lund had been advanced to the position of First Counselor, and John Henry Smith chosen as Second Counselor. I toasted President Smith as "the greatest character in the Church at the present time;" his First Counselor as "a man whom everybody loves;" and his second Counselor as "a man who loves everybody."

President Smith, in his response, uttered a sentiment that I cherish as much as anything he ever said of me. It was this: "Since he was a little boy, and I a young man, I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Orson F. Whitney."

XXVII

Among Historic Scenes

1914

IN the summer of 1914 it fell to my lot to visit for the first time some of the scenes made memorable by the early experiences of the Latter-day Saints. Leaving Salt Lake City on Saturday, July 11th, I proceeded directly to Independence, Missouri, where, on Monday evening, I addressed the missionaries and resident Saints at McElroy Hall. My subject was "Zion." The hall was filled, the congregation including some members of the Reorganized Church.

The day following, in company with Elder Samuel O. Bennion, the able and energetic president of the Central States Mission, I motored to Richmond and Liberty. Joseph E. Cardon and Horace H. Cummings, just from Utah, were also in the party. At Richmond we learned that the jail where Joseph Smith and other Church leaders were imprisoned (as thrillingly related by Parley P. Pratt) was no longer in existence. We were directed, however, to the lot where the jail once stood, a lot now occupied by a private residence. At Liberty we found what was left of the prison were the Prophet and his brethren were held in durance vile through the dreary winter of 1838-1839.[a] There I secured some interesting relics —two iron window bars and a piece of the iron-riveted door of Liberty Jail, with photographs of the now vanished structure. These articles I purchased, and President Bennion, at my request, sent them to the L. D. S. Museum in Salt Lake City. A modern frame house, partly built out of the stones of the old prison,

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a Doctrine and Covenants, 121, 122.

had replaced most of the original structure. By permission we entered the basement and stood upon the dungeon floor, which had remained the same all down the years.

After returning to Independence we called on President Joseph Smith, the head of the Reorganized Church, and had a pleasant chat with him. He was in his eighty-second year, partly deaf, almost blind, and evidently fast failing. But his mind was still clear, and he conversed freely, telling of Nauvoo days and Church leaders whom he had known personally. We likewise called on Colonel Southern, counsel for the Hedrikites in their legal contest with the Reorganized Church for possession of the Temple Lot at Independence. A jolly old Confederate veteran, we found him well informed upon the externals of "Mormonism."

On the morning of the 17th, President Bennion, Elder Cummings and I took train for Gallatin, where we hired a rig and drove twelve miles to the Valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman, famous in Church history as the place of Adam's Altar, miscalled by present-day Missourians, "Adam's Grave." The Altar—what remains of it—crowns the summit of a wooded knoll, known in earlier times as "Spring Hill."[b] We saw no spring, but the hill was there, overlooking a beautiful valley through which ran a shimmering stream. "McDonald's Farm" is the more modern name of the place.

Having in mind the sacred events, past and prospective, connected with that ancient Hill, a solemn feeling came over us and found expression in a prayer offered by me as we stood with uncovered heads beside the crumbled shrine—the identical altar, according to the Prophet Joseph Smith, where our great ancestor offered sacrifices in the similitude of the Lamb of God.[c] The Altar, at the time of our visit, had almost disappeared, the pile of yellow and red stones composing it having been preyed upon by relic hunters, until it was almost a depression in the ground. It was plain, however, that some kind of structure had once stood there.

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b Doctrine and Covenants, 116.

c "Life of Heber C. Kimball," p. 222. Biography A. O. Smoot, Whitney's History of Utah, p. 99.

The Whitmer Farm was about all that remained of the city of Far West. A throng of thoughts surged through our minds as we recalled the events associated with that tragic scene. We were whirling with electric speed over roads once traversed by the slow-going wagons that bore from this place the Prophet of God and his fellow prisoners, condemned to death for defending their homes against a ruthless mob, but escaping at that time from the power of their would-be murderers.

At Breckenridge, next morning, we left the railroad long enough to motor out to Haun's Mill—then a corn field. On the public square of the town, affixed to one of the burrs of the old mill, was a placard reading: "A millstone from Haun's Mill, where eighteen Mormons were killed in a battle and thrown in a well, October 30, 1838."

"Battle," forsooth!—that brutal, unprovoked massacre. A band of armed ruffians stealthily surrounding a peaceful camp of unoffending settlers, and firing upon men, women and children, butchering old and young alike—that is not battle; it is murder—wholesale murder. Such was the affair at Haun's Mill, and history has so written it.

Brother Cummings and I soon took train for Illinois, passing through Quincy and arriving at Carthage about five o'clock in the afternoon—nearly the same hour when the Prophet and the Patriarch were slain there seventy years before. We made our way to the historic Jail, the only object in the town that held for us any special interest. A feeling of depression deepened into gloom as we sighted the fatal window from which the Prophet threw himself after his beloved brother had fallen, pierced by the bullets of a horde of assassins who stormed Carthage Jail on that memorable 27th of June and committed the foulest crime that stains the Nineteenth Century.

Ascending the stairs and entering the room where the blood of the martyred Hyrum yet stains the floor, we were shown the puttied dent in the door made by the ball that slew him. All the incidents of that cruel tragedy were re-enacted for us on

the stage of imagination. There was a fearful fascination about it, but we did not care to linger upon the gruesome scene. My heart was heavy with unshed tears, and a burning sense of indignation smoldered within me, as I recalled the base betrayal of the Lord's Anointed, treacherously lured into that infernal death trap.

We left Carthage the same evening, not caring to spend the night there, nor able to feel happy until far from everything reminding us of the dark deed that gave the place an evil fame. It may have been mere fancy, but the spirit of murder seemed to haunt the very atmosphere![d]

How different in Nauvoo! There a sense of sweet sadness pervaded all. Nauvoo the Beautiful—Nauvoo the Dead—still beautiful even in death.

It was a peaceful Sabbath morning when we steamed up the Mississippi from Keokuk, where we had slept, and saw for the first time the City of Joseph, the abandoned City of the Saints. Our steamer ("Dubuque") after passing the locks of a great power dam and touching at Montrose, was approaching the Illinois side of the river, when the Captain (Streefus), accosting us and waving his hand shoreward, said: "There, gentlemen, is the prettiest place for a town on the Mississippi River; I would rather live there than anywhere." He was pointing to Nauvoo. We then introduced ourselves, telling him that our fathers had helped to build that town. Whereupon he informed us that he had been to Utah and enjoyed a two day's stop-over in Salt Lake City. He pointed out a submerged island, or the willows growing upon it, where fifteen feet of aqueous depth, caused by the colossal dam, buries beneath the

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d For many years I had in my possession a chip spotted with blood, picked up near the well curb at Carthage Jail a few days after the Martyrdom. As I remember the account given by my parents, they visited the scene soon after the tragedy, and it was then that Father secured this chip. Undoubtedly the blood upon it was of that which flowed through the veins of the Prophet of God. I also had a lock of his hair, clipped from his temples as he lay in death, after the bodies of the two brothers had been brought to Nauvoo for burial. These and other relics I presented to President Joseph F. Smith in April, 1912.

Father of Waters what we supposed to be the old-time hiding place of the hunted and persecuted Prophet.[e]

Nauvoo had but one hotel, and needed but one when we were there. Registering at the Oriental, we hired a guide with a single horse rig to show us the town. Upon a vacant lot almost opposite the hotel, lay a heap of ruins, all that remained of the old "Expositor" building, the home of the paper abated as a public nuisance by order of the Nauvoo City Council, just before the Carthage tragedy.

Not a vestige of the Temple remained. The site—a noble eminence facing the river—was covered with small houses, but not one stone upon another marked the spot where the sacred edifice had lifted its spire heavenward. The stones, carried away, had entered into the construction of other buildings. The Masonic Temple was yet standing, but vacant and overgrown with vines and shrubbery. The Prophet's store was a mere excavation. Heber C. Kimball's residence had inmates, but the homes of Brigham Young, Joseph Young, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff were empty and crumbling to ruin.

The French colony—Icarians—who succeeded the Saints at Nauvoo, and covered much of its soil with grape vines (for they were wine-makers) were mostly gone; and the Catholics were having a hard time to eke out an existence there. The population of the place—a little over one thousand according to the preceding census—was all the time diminishing. Houses in ruins—houses empty—with pasture-like streets where cows and other animals were tethered to graze; such was the Nauvoo of 1914.

Our most prolific source of information was a sprightly old gentleman named Kendall, brother-in-law to the Prophet's son, Alexander, deceased. He had charge of the Mansion House, and allowed us to pass through it. He pointed out the

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e The Prophet had more than one hiding place. He was secreted in the home of Bishop Edward Hunter at Nauvoo, when my father went to him to be ordained an Elder. This was in the autumn of 1842, and Joseph's enemies were patrolling the streets for his capture. Only a few persons knew of his whereabouts, and one of that few was Bishop Newel K. Whitney, who, by permission, had confided the secret to his son, in order that the latter might receive from the head of the Church his blessing and ordination. Father relates this in his diary.

old cemetery where the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum were buried, where the remains of Father Joseph, Mother Lucy and Emma Smith Bidamon likewise repose. Speaking of Emma, the old gentleman let his tongue slip far enough to say: "She was Joseph Smith's first wife!"—and then, remembering his p's and q's, quickly added: "And the only wife he had, as far as I know." Those people have a desperate time trying to prove that the Prophet never practiced plural marriage.

The keeper of the Smith-Bidamon home was Mrs. Marshall, a widow, and like Mr. Kendall a member of the Reorganized Church. She invited us in, and readily consented to our visiting the graves in the Smith family lot across the way.

At Montrose, Iowa—where the Prophet, in August, 1842, predicted the pilgrimage of his people to the Rocky Mountains—I took train for Chicago, having business in that city connected with the publication of the school edition of my poem "Elias."

A few days later I was in Painesville, Ohio, visiting my Methodist cousins, whom I had not seen since the period of my first mission (1876-1878). They gave me a warm welcome, and insisted upon my making their house my home while I tarried. In Judge Reynolds, the husband of my cousin, Nellie Whitney, I found a warm-hearted, broad-minded gentleman. He and his family treated me royally, took me wherever I wished, and introduced me as their "Mormon cousin from Salt Lake City."

My visit—the second one—to the Kirtland Temple, was in company with Judge Reynolds and members of his household. It happened to be my father's birthday—July 25th. The young man in charge of the Temple was a zealous, not-long-converted and none-too-well-informed Elder of the Reorganized Church, which had possession of the property. Before learning who I was or whence I came, he made some statements that I felt called upon to correct. He asserted that while the apostles of the Reorganized Church were always out in the mission field, the apostles of the Utah Church—as they call us—always stayed at home.

"Are you sure of that?" I inquired—my relatives listening intently the while. "I happen to know that one of their Apostles, Hyrum M. Smith, is in England, presiding over the European Mission. Another, Reed Smoot, is in Washington, D. C., a Senator of the United States; and still another, your humble servant, is here in Ohio, talking to you at this very moment."

"Oh," ejaculated the custodian, a little jolted by the rock over which he had so recklessly driven. Quickly changing the subject, amid the amused grins of the bystanders, he next discoursed upon Sidney Rigdon, whom he disposed of by saying that he led a faction of the Church down into Texas and died there.

"Don't you mean Lyman Wight?" I inquired.

"Oh-ah," he stammered, "I believe it *was* Lyman Wight." (More grins on the faces of my party).

He then took me onto the pinnacle of the Temple, and showed me—not "the kingdoms of this world," but Kirtland and its environs. He pointed out Grandfather Whitney's old store as the place where the Prophet Joseph's eldest son was born; and indicated a vacant lot where, in a house no longer standing, Hyrum Smith's son, Joseph F., first looked upon mortal life! I could endure no more. Such a "reorganization" of the facts was too much for me. After informing him that I had just paid a visit to Far West, Missouri, the birthplace of President Joseph F. Smith, I fled the scene.

We parted amicably, however, and I cheerfully dropped a coin, as did Judge Reynolds, into the box at the entrance, as a contribution to the up-keep of the house, which, I was pleased to note, had been well cared for and was in a good state of preservation.

Upon the front wall of the venerable structure, under the original gold-gilt inscription giving the date of the Temple's erection, was another and more recent inscription, stating that the "Succession of the Reorganized Church" had been "established by decree of court!" Much ado is made over that decree of court—"much ado about nothing." A truant boy,

picking up a last year's bird's nest, claims on the strength of it ownership of the birds long since flown. That would state the case symbolically. The Kirtland Temple, a mere empty shell, abandoned by its rightful owners after serving its purpose, is no longer a shrine for the Priesthood nor a depository of the sacred ordinances of the House of God.

I explained to my friends that the judicial decision awarding this Temple to the Reorganized Church, was a judgment in default of our appearance in court; that it had not the least bearing upon the question of Succession; and that the whole extravagant claim of this wayward faction of the Church—a Church never disorganized and therefore in no need of reorganization—was looked upon and laughed at in Utah as an attempt on the part of "the tail" to "wag the dog."

I also took occasion to express surprise that the author of Ryan's History of Ohio would allow himself to be imposed upon by these misguided people. The chapter entitled "Mormonism in Ohio," while mainly fair and impartial, degenerates toward the close into a virtual "boost" for the Reorganized Church. Subsequently I prepared for the First Presidency a chapter headed "Mormonism Speaks for Itself," and it was given a place in the work mentioned.

Leaving Painesville on the morning of July 30, I reached Palmyra, New York, the same evening, and interviewed Mr. P. T. Sexton, banker, lawyer, University regent, and owner of the Hill Cumorah, to whom I carried a letter of introduction. I found him seated in the midst of a multitude in a park near his home, witnessing a high-class picture show for which he had allowed the free use of his grounds; the entertainment being likewise *pro bono publico.*

At his office next morning Mr. Sexton showed me a copy of the Book of Mormon, even more venerable than himself. It was one of the first edition. He also laid before me the perfected page proofs of that edition, kept by him in a glass case and treasured as a relic of great work. These proofs he had obtained from Major Gilbert, printer for E. B. Grandin, the original publisher of the Book of Mormon, in 1830. Gilbert

had been a tenant of Sexton's, and in his old age, broken down, impecunious, and unable to pay his rent, had surrendered the proofs in lieu of the debt owing to his landlord. Mr. Sexton pointed out the old printing office where the Book of Mormon was set up in type and put to press; the building and the ground upon which it stood being one of many pieces of real estate owned by him in and around Palmyra.

To cap the climax of courtesies, he ordered his car and directed the driver, Mr. William J. Page, a young man who looked after his landed properties, to "take Mr. Whitney wherever he wants to go." I was overwhelmed by the kindness of this genial, fine old Quaker gentleman, the richest and most influential citizen in that part, a man of culture and refinement. He presented me with printed copies of two speeches delivered by him on notable occasions, and accepted from me a copy of my poem, "The Educator."

The Smith Farm and the Hill Cumorah—the former two or three miles south of Palmyra; the latter, about the same dis-distance farther on—were now my main objectives. As we sped along the rural highway Mr. Page—perhaps to draw me out—expressed a wish to learn something about the origin of the American Indians. I told him I knew of a book that would give him the information he desired, and asked him if he would like to read it. He assured me that he would. Whereupon, at the first opportunity I sent his name and address to our Chicago office, requesting that a copy of the Book of Mormon be mailed to him and charged to me.

With what awe and reverence I stood within the Sacred Grove, where the boy Joseph uttered his first oral prayer and beheld and conversed with the Eternal Father and Son, I leave the reader to imagine. Scarcely less inspiring was the hallowed spot where once stood the humble farm-house, scene of the Angel Moroni's first appearance to the youthful Prophet. A newer building covers the old site. A most precious memory, my pilgrimage to those never-to-be-forgotten scenes.

I had been told that the Hill Cumorah would disappoint me—not being "much of a hill after all." But I felt no dis-

appointment on beholding it. True, it is not a mountain; but it certainly is a hill, the most considerable one in all that beautiful rolling country. A climb to the summit—a little higher, perhaps, than the Salt Lake Assembly Hall—is one to make the climber pant and perspire in midsummer. "Mormon Hill"—as Cumorah is called by the present-day inhabitants of that part—is of the kind known as "hog's back," the highest part, which faces north, rising abruptly from a lane at the base, and gradually receding southward until lost in the level country beyond.

Two places are pointed out—on whose authority I know not—each as the spot where the golden plates were discovered. One is marked by a rose bush; the other by a clump of trees; and both are on the Western slope of the hill overlooking the road to Manchester.

Through that town we passed on the way to Mendon, my mother's birthplace, and to Victor, where her parents first met in a Maud Muller sort of episode, as related in my "Life of Heber C. Kimball."

At Rochester Mr. Page left me, and I went on to Niagara Falls, there registering at a hotel—the Park House. Next day I crossed on a boat to the Canadian side of Lake Ontario and slept that night in the city of Toronto.

On the morning of August 2nd, I resumed my journey by rail to Montreal, and thence to St. Alban's, Vermont. There I spent a week as guest of Dr. Guy Carleton Lee, whose acquaintance I had formed some years before while he was lecturing in Salt Lake City. Author and critic, founder and president of the National Society for Broader Education (of which at his request I had become a member), he owned a beautiful island in St. Alban's Bay, and there he entertained me. The Doctor, a natural sailor, almost amphibious in his love for the watery element, seemed at a loss to comprehend why I preferred, most of the time, to stay ashore working on a new poem, instead of skimming with him and Mrs. Lee in their launch over the blue waters of Lake Champlain. Had he been a poet, he would have known. While on Lee's Island I learned of the outbreak of the Great War in Europe.

From St. Alban's I took train for South Royalton, the place of the Joseph Smith Monument; Dr. Lee going with me. We were met at the station by Elder Frank L. Brown and wife, missionaries in charge of the Memorial Cottage, four miles from the village. Dr. Lee returned home the same evening, but I remained to hold a meeting in the cottage, and read to the Browns and others, next day, parts of my new poem, "Love and the Light—an Idyl of the Westland."

The reader will recall that Vermont is the native State of some of my forebears. There are still many Whitneys among the Green Mountains. I even heard of an Orson F. Whitney, and curiosity impelled me to seek him out. He proved to be an Orson without the F.

I remained with the Browns till the morning of the 12th, when, thanks to them and their automobile, I was enabled to board a train at Lebanon, New Hampshire, and catch a passing glimpse of Dartmouth College, the famed alma mater of Daniel Webster.

Evening found me in the city of my youthful dreams—Boston. There I met most unexpectedly my brother-in-law, Junius F. Wells, just from Utah, on business bent. After supper we went with President Walter P. Monson and other Elders of the Eastern States Mission, to Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Berkeley and Fremont, where Brother Wells and I addressed a meeting mostly of Latter-day Saints.

"June" was invaluable as a pilot, knowing intimately every cow-path in the quaint old city. With him in the lead our little party, reinforced by President Lesueur of Maricopa Stake, rode from place to place seeing the sights.

Bunker Hill—once steep, but now "of mild declivity;" Lexington and Concord, with innumerable etceteras, made up the sum of famous objects viewed by us that very interesting day. Nothing surpassed in interest the Concord Monument, where the British advance was checked by the Colonials at the beginning of the Revolution. Emerson's noble verse descriptive of that heroic incident seemed to fairly blaze from the face

of the stone memorial. What true American can read it without a thrill of patriotic emotion?

> By the rude bridge that spanned the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

Returning from Concord, we halted at the poet's grave and then sped on through Watertown, the original home of my ancestors in America. Cambridge and Harvard also lay in the path. We previously had visited the Boston Navy Yard, where the old undefeated "Constitution" was reverently harbored, and had gazed with equal veneration upon the ancient tree under whose branches Washington took command of the Colonial Army. As for Paul Revere, had we not been motoring over the identical road immortalized by his midnight ride to warn the Americans of the approach of the British?

New York with its sky-scrapers next challenged attention —a towering Babel of many tongues, trying to get to heaven in some other way than that which the God of Heaven has appointed—"The Great White Way," for instance.[f] A marvelous city of giant growth, of titanic energy, of dazzling material achievement. But give me the peace and pure air of the Mountains, in preference to the rattle and clang and roar of proud, peerless, pleasure-bent wealth-worshiping Gotham!

Among its superior attractions was a colony of Utah people, many of whom I greeted at their religious gatherings on Sunday, August 16th. "Janet" (Mrs. R. C. Easton) the spicy correspondent of the Deseret News, said in her next letter to that paper: "The visit of Elder Orson F. Whitney of the Council of the Twelve was the signal on Sunday for the largest congregation of Utahns and their friends that Hawthorne Hall has seen in years. The chapel was crowded, every seat being taken. People came from Newark, Hoboken, Ocean Side and Brooklyn, as well as from this city, to hear Elder Whitney."

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f New York is no longer an Anglo-Saxon city. It has so many Jews and Irish that "Jew York" or "New Cork" has been suggested as an appropriate title for the stately "Manhatta" of Walt Whitman's verse.

At the Nation's capitol I was entertained by Senator Smoot at his home on Connecticut Avenue. There, on Sunday evening, I addressed a gathering of Saints, the Senator himself directing the service. My theme was the fulfilment of prophecy, as partly manifested in the terrible European conflict. At the Capitol, Representative Joseph Howell introduced me to Speaker Champ Clark and other Congressmen, and invited me to dinner. Senator Smoot placed his car and chauffeur at my service and rode with me some distance into Virginia. He wanted me to meet President Wilson; but as he was not accessible on Saturday or Sunday, and these were my only two whole days in Washington, I had to forego that pleasure.

Hastening back to Chicago, I joined President German E. Ellsworth, then at the head of the Northern States Mission, and proceeded to St. Paul, Minnesota, and Winnipeg, Canada, dedicating a Chapel in each place. Among those present at Winnipeg was a Sioux Indian brave—Sitting Eagle—a noble-looking Lamanite, accompanied by his wife. They had joined the Church in Montana. At Sitting Eagle's request I gave him a blessing, and President Ellsworth blessed his wife.

We then returned to Chicago, where I started for the West, reaching home on the sixth of September.

XXVIII

Miscellaneous Happenings

1915—1921

THE summer of 1915 found me at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. Taking a room at Berkeley, I crossed the Bay to the great Fair daily. Great it was, in the nature of a magnificent school, an intellectual banquet, where the mind could feast upon rare products of the genius and enterprise of all the ages. During my stay on the Coast, I spoke in Oakland and Los Angeles, and returned, after an absence of two weeks, in time to spend my birthday with my family.

I was still working on my poem—a task of some length—and this, with other labors, literary and forensic, kept me occupied during the years immediately following. I served on various important committees—one to revise the Book of Mormon prior to the bringing out of a new edition; and another, to pass upon the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, a work compiled by Hyrum M. Smith and J. M. Sjodahl. All along since becoming prominent in my native community, I have had work of that kind to do. Robert C. Webb's "The Real Mormonism," and B. H. Roberts' splendid History of the Church, both were read, before publication, to a committee of which I was a member.

October, 1917, found me again in California, visiting Camp Kearny, near San Diego, where my son Wendell and other Utah boys were in training as members of the 145th Field Artillery. Wendell had volunteered at Salt Lake City three days after the United States declared war against Germany.

At Camp Kearny, on Sunday the 28th, I dined with General Richard W. Young in a tent; Major B. H. Roberts, chaplain of the 145th, being also present. In company with Major Roberts, Wendell, and several of his comrades, I returned to San Diego the same afternoon, and spoke at the L. D. S. Chapel in the evening.

The following Wednesday I was at Santa Monica, where I called on President Joseph F. Smith at the Church home ("Deseret"). To a select gathering, including him and his family, Senator Smoot, Bishop Nibley, a prominent railroad official and his wife, President Robinson, and a number of other missionaries, I read my new poem. All were delighted with it, and President Smith not only sanctioned its early publication, but pledged himself as Trustee-in-Trust to provide the means for that purpose.

Christmas and New Years (1917-1918) I spent in San Diego, my wife and my daughter Virginia being with me. On the 17th of January I married Virginia to Dr. Donald C. James, of the Utah regiment's hospital force, the ceremony taking place in the Salt Lake Temple. The young couple lived in San Diego until the departure of the troops for France; Wendell and Don both going overseas, and Virginia returning home.

A unique observance in which I took part, occurred on the night of Friday, July 26th, when—to quote the Salt Lake Tribune's eloquent description of the event—"the Stars and Stripes were unfurled from the flag-staff on the summit of Ensign Peak, and several hundred Salt Lakers assembled on the historic spot to take part in a patriotic rally, in commemoration of the naming of the peak seventy-one years ago. The rally was under the auspices of the Ensign Stake Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations. As night settled over the city, and myriad lights flashed up in every quarter, the Boy Scouts raised Old Glory to the top of the standard and the U. S. military training detachment band from the University of Utah, sent out on the breeze the strains of the national anthem. The whole setting was picturesque, and the occasion unusually impressive. Apostle Orson F.

Whitney, of the Mormon Church, addressed the assembly." As a groundwork for my address I chose two lines from Isaiah: "How beautiful upon the mountains," and "He shall set up an ensign for the nations."

At the General Conference of the Church in October, 1918, I spoke upon "The Mission of America, " a theme suggested by the proclamation of the President of the United States, setting apart the four hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the discovery of America, for general observance throughout the Nation. Part of my address is here presented:

Columbus discovered America on October 12, 1492. He was not the first white man to tread the soil of the New World. Five hundred years before his time an Icelandic sailor, Lief Erickson, with a band of daring spirits, grounded keel on the shores of New England, named by him Vinland (Vine Land) from the wild grapes that grew there in profusion. They built a few huts, but made no permanent settlement, nor did they long remain. Other Norsemen followed in their wake. But no tidings of these adventurous exploits had reached the other European nations when the Genoese explorer started upon his great voyage.

Columbus was not the first to entertain the theory that the earth was round. Sir John Mandeville, an English traveler, had written a treatise upon the subject in 1356, long before Columbus was born, having become convinced of it by astronomical observations. That treatise is said to be the very first English book ever written.[a]

Most of the people of that day believed the earth to be flat or shaped like a cheese. It was thought that one sailing westward beyond the Pillars of Hercules—the Strait of Gibraltar—would come to "a slipping-off place," and go down and be heard of no more. In the face of this terrible tradition, it took some courage and fortitude to set out for the unknown West. Columbus, though not the first to proclaim the earth a sphere, was the first to give the theory a practical demonstration. He believed that by sailing West he could reach India. Accordingly, he sailed for India, and found America on the way. (President Smith, *sotto voce*, from his seat behind the speaker: "He could hardly have missed it.") President Smith says, "He could hardly have missed it." (Laughter.) Landing on one of

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a Ridpath's *History of the United States*, Chapter 3.

the Bahama Islands—San Salvador—Columbus supposed it to be the coast of India, and that is why he called the natives "Indians." They were not Indians—they were Israelites, as I shall now proceed to show.

The discovery of America was not an accident. The event had been foreordained in the Eternal Councils. The prophets of old had it in view. Jacob foresaw it when he blessed his son Joseph, calling him "a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall" (of waters) "unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills."[b] Moses had it in prophetic vision when he blessed the tribes of Israel, making great and peculiar promises to the tribe of Joseph, whose land (America) was to be "precious" for the things of heaven and earth, and whose descendants, through Ephraim, were to "push the people (the Lord's people) together to the ends of the earth;"[c] a hint foreshadowing the gathering of Israel in these days.

There was an American prophet named Nephi. He came from Jerusalem about six hundred years before the birth of the Savior—came with his father, Lehi, the leader of an Israelitish colony, by whose descendants South and North America were peopled. Those who followed Nephi were known as Nephites, while a rebellious faction who had as their leader Nephi's brother, Laman, were termed Lamanites. Nephi was shown by an angel the glorious future of this land, a land of promise, the land of Joseph, the land of Zion, the theatre of wonderful events in days that were to come. I shall now read to the congregation a portion of Nephi's vision, as set forth in the Book of Mormon:

"And it came to pass that the angel spake unto me, saying, Look! And I looked and beheld many nations and kingdoms.

"And the angel said unto me, What beholdest thou? And I said, I behold many nations and kingdoms.

"And he said unto me, These are the nations and kingdoms of the Gentiles."—I Nephi 13.

The "Gentiles" referred to were the peoples of Europe at the time of Columbus and his great discovery. The word "Gentile," as used by the Latter-day Saints, is not a term of reproach. The progenitor of the Gentiles was Japheth, eldest of the three sons of Noah, by whom this planet was repeopled after the Deluge. Shem peopled Asia and was the ancestor of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Ham was the father of the black

b Gen. 49:22-26.
c Deut. 33:13-17.

races, inhabiting Africa; while from Japheth sprang the European nations. The origin of the English word "Gentile" is in the Latin 'Gentilis, which means of or pertaining to a nation or people not of Israel. But let me read further:

"And it came to pass that I looked and beheld many waters; and they divided the Gentiles from the seed of my brethren.

And it came to pass that the angel said unto me, Behold the wrath of God is upon the seed of thy brethren."

Here is meant the Lamanites, who were cursed for their iniquity whith dark skins and benighted minds. By them the more enlightened though degenerate Nephites were destroyed, about 420 A.D. The phrase, "many waters" describes the ocean dividing the American continents from the Eastern Hemisphere.

"And I looked and beheld a man among the Gentiles who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down and wrought upon the man and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren who were in the promised land."

That man, of course, was Columbus.

"And it came to pass that I beheld the Spirit of God, that it wrought upon other Gentiles; and they went forth out of captivity, upon the many waters."

This has reference to the Pilgrims who fled from England to Holland and then to America, to escape religious persecution, and who landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, in December, 1620. They were followed by the Puritans. Already an English colony had founded Jamestown in Virginia; and Huguenots from France, Cavaliers and Roundheads from England, with Scotch, Irish and German emigrants of all classes, came flocking to North American shores. These were the elements of the great nation founded here.

"And it came to pass that I beheld many multitudes of the Gentiles upon the land of promise; and I beheld the wrath of God, that it was upon the seed of my brethren; and they were scattered before the Gentiles and were smitten."

The history of the red man, pushed back by the white, is too well known to require extended comment.

"And I beheld the Spirit of the Lord, that it was upon the Gentiles, that they did prosper and obtain the land for their

inheritance; and I beheld that they were white and exceeding fair and beautiful, like unto my people before they were slain.

"And it came to pass that I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles who had gone forth out of captivity did humble themselves before the Lord; and the power of the Lord was with them.

"And I beheld that their mother Gentiles were gathered together upon the waters and upon the land also, to battle against them;

"And I beheld that the power of God was with them and also that the wrath of God was upon those that were gathered together against them to battle.

"And I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles that had gone out of captivity were delivered by the power of God out of the hands of all other nations."

Thus is briefly portrayed the American War for Independence and the setting up of the Government of the United States. Great are the promises of God concerning this nation, provided it be a righteous nation. He says that he "will fortify this land against all other nations;" that there shall be "no king upon this land;" and that they "who fight against Zion shall perish."

Now I wish to dwell upon another phase of the subject, showing how wonderfully the Gentiles have prospered upon this choice land, and forecasting some of the great things yet in store. I cannot do better than read to you a few paragraphs from the writings of Dr. John Lord. In the sixth volume of his *Beacon Lights of History*, under the heading "Maritime Discoveries," he says:

"The discovery of America opened a new field for industry and enterprise to all the discontented and impoverished and oppressed Europeans who emigrated. At first they emigrated to dig silver and gold. * * * Many were disappointed, and were obliged to turn agriculturists, as in Virginia. Many came to New England from political and religious motives. But all came to better their fortunes. Gradually the United States and Canada became populated from east to west and from north to south. The surplus population of Europe poured itself into the wilds of America. Generally the emigrants were farmers. With the growth of agricultural industry were developed commerce and manufactures. Thus, materially, the world was immensely benefited."

Speaking of America's future, Dr. Lord continues:

"There is no calculating the future resources and wealth of

the New World, especially in the United States. There are no conceivable bounds to their future commerce, manufactures, and agricultural products. We can predict with certainty the rise of new cities, villas, palaces, material splendor, limited only to the increasing resources and population of the country. Who can tell the number of miles of new railroads yet to be made; the new inventions to abridge human labor; what great empires are destined to rise; what unknown forms of luxury will be found out; what new and magnificent trophies of art and science will gradually be seen; what mechanism, what material glories, are sure to come? This is not speculation. Nothing can retard the growth of America in material wealth and glory.

"And what then? * * * The world has witnessed many powerful empires which have passed away and left 'not a rack behind'. What remains of the antediluvian world?—not even a spike of Noah's ark, larger and stronger than any modern ship. What remains of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Thebes, of Tyre, of Carthage,—those great centers of wealth and power? What remains of Roman greatness even, except in laws and literature and renovated statues? * * * What is the simple story of all the ages?—industry, wealth, corruption, decay, and ruin. What conservative power has been strong enough to arrest the ruin of the nations of antiquity?

"Now if this is to be the destiny of America,—an unbounded material growth, followed by corruption and ruin,—then Columbus has simply extended the realm for men to try material experiments. Make New York a second Carthage, and Boston a second Athens, and Philadelphia a second Antioch, and Washington a second Rome, and we simply repeat the old experiments.

"But has America no higher destiny than to repeat the old experiments and improve upon them and become rich and powerful? Has she no higher and nobler mission? If America has a great mission to declare and to fulfill, she must put forth altogether new forces, and these not material. *And these alone will save her and save the world.* * * * The real glory of America is to be moral and spiritual,—that which the ancients lacked.

"I cannot see that civilization gained anything, morally, by the discovery of America, until the new settlers were animated by other motives than a desire for sudden wealth. When the country became colonized by men who sought liberty to worship God,—men of lofty purposes, willing to undergo sufferings and danger in order to plant the seeds of a higher civiliza-

tion,—then there arose new forms of social and political life. * * * An entirely new political organization was gradually formed, resting equally on such pillars as independent townships and independent States, and these represented by delegates in a national centre.

"So we believe America was discovered, not so much to furnish a field for indefinite material expansion,—but to introduce new forms of government, new social institutions, new customs and manners, new experiments in liberty, *new religious organizations.* * * * If America has a destiny to fulfill for other nations, she must give them something more valuable than reaping machines, palace cars, and horse railroads. She must give, not only machinery to abridge labor, but institutions and ideas to expand the mind and elevate the soul. * * * *Unless something new is born here, which has a peculiar power to save,* wherein will America ultimately differ from other parts of Christendom? * * * America is a glorious boon to civilization, but only as she fulfills *a new mission in history,*—not to become more potent in material forces, but *in those spiritual agencies which prevent corruption and decay.*"

Probably the learned author of those splendid words would stand appalled at the "presumption," the seeming audacity of one who would stand up in a public assembly and proclaim to him and all the world that this "something new"—new and yet old—having "a peculiar power to save," *has already come,* and that it lies at the very foundation of this work, God's mighty and marvelous work of the Last Days. Yes, this is our belief and our testimony. In the Everlasting Gospel, in the powers of the Eternal Priesthood, restored to earth through the instrumentality of a Prophet of God, in this the final dispensation of the Gospel, are those "spiritual agencies which prevent corruption and decay," "institutions and ideas to expand the mind and elevate the soul," forces and powers which can alone save this nation and "save the world."

America is fulfilling her God-given mission. True, there have been abuses, things never contemplated by the patriotic heaven-inspired founders of our nation. Under the Stars and Stripes men and women have been persecuted for their religious convictions. But these outrages occurred, not because of the Constitution, but in spite of it, and because the laws were not enforced for the protection of the weak against the strong. Let bygones be bygones. Despite all such lapses, America is fulfilling her mission.

Even as Joseph of old, liberated from prison and exalted to a throne, ministered to his brethren who had hated him and sold him into slavery, so this Land of Joseph, lifted on high, enthroned in beauty and power and glory, is now ministering to the needy nations who come bending to her for food, succor and assistance. America, rediscovering herself, forgiving the past, magnanimously returning good for evil, has crossed the ocean with her armies and navies and is sending her sons to the front to help the nations of Europe, the democracies of the Old World, fight the battle of freedom and equal rights. Our own boys are taking part in the glorious strife. And this is eminently proper. The Gospel Covenant in which they were born is Liberty's Perfect Law, and it is fitting and appropriate that they should help to spread the principles of human freedom and clear the way for the carrying of the mighty message into every nook and corner of the world.

God bless our country! God bless America in her heaven-appointed task of succoring the needy nations, guarding the ark of liberty, keeping alive the fires of freedom, and maintaining the rights of man!

No sooner had I taken my seat, than a card was handed to me inscribed with these words:

"My dear Bishop:

"It was a divinely inspired discourse. I hope it will be published and distributed broadcast without the change of a word.

Your brother,
Talmage."

President Joseph F. Smith, enfeebled by long illness, was also a speaker at that Conference. It was his last appearance in public. He died only a few weeks later. I was one of the pallbearers at his funeral, held at the graveside in the City Cemetery; the dreadful and dangerous influenza epidemic rendering unadvisable an indoor service over the well beloved, deeply mourned leader.

President Heber J. Grant began his administration by choosing for his counselors Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, who had served his predecessor in the same capacity. President Lund set apart President Grant, who then requested me to perform a like office for Elder Rudger Clawson,

setting him apart as acting President of the Twelve. The date of these proceedings was the 23rd of November, four days after President Smith's demise.

An event of absorbing interest was the visit of President Woodrow Wilson, who, on the night of September 23, 1919, spoke to a vast multitude in and around the Salt Lake Tabernacle. At the close my wife and I were introduced to the illustrious visitor by President Grant. Excepting one such instance, when President Taft was in Utah, it was the first time I had ever shaken hands with a President of the United States.[d]

At the General Conference following the Wilson visit, President Grant made a feeling reference to the head of the Nation and his serious illness, and just before the close of the forenoon session on the opening day, he made this public announcement: "After the singing of the Doxology by choir and congregation, we will ask that you all join Elder Orson F. Whitney in the benediction and pray for the recovery of the health of the President of the United States." It was done, and that part of the proceedings, including a verbatim report of the prayer, was wired to Senator Smoot and by him transmitted to President Wilson's home.

Early in 1920 two other distinguished characters honored Utah with a passing call, attending, on Monday, April 4th, the afternoon session of the General Conference. Said the Deseret News: "Just as the congregation arose to sing, William Jennings Bryan, famous American statesman, and Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, who are Salt Lake visitors, with a party of prominent local citizens, entered by way of the pulpit, came down the chancel steps, and took seats immediately in front of the stand in a row of big arm chairs. There was a perceptible stir, almost a demonstration in the immediate part of the congregation among those cognizant of Mr. Bryan's presence, but it was quickly hushed."

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d I had greeted in like manner ex-President U. S. Grant when, in October, 1879, he was returning from his tour around the world, and gave an informal reception from the rear platform of his private car, while the train halted at Ogden. I was there as a reporter for the Deseret News.

I was one of the speakers at that meeting, and here is a brief digest of my discourse:

Joseph Smith's first great service to humanity was in bringing back the lost knowledge of the true and living God. What do we mean by that? Who is the true and living God? He is the God of the Bible, the God described in the first chapter of Genesis, who created man in his own image—"male and female created he them." What is this but to say that God is in the form of man, and that we have a Mother as well as a Father in heaven, in whose image or likeness we are, male and female?

The world had need of such instruction, for it was worshiping all sorts of deities at that time. Men had forgotten the God of their fathers, and were bowing down to idols. The Canaanites worshiped the sun and moon—Baal and Ashtoreth. The Egyptians adored beasts and reptiles—the crocodile, the bull, the goat, the beetle. Among the Hindus the seasons were deified—spring, summer, autumn, winter; also the passions of the human heart—love, hate, fear, anger, revenge, and so on. Then came Moses, a man who had seen the true and living God; had conversed with him face to face, and received from him the Decalogue or Ten Commandments, the first one reading: *"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."*

The Christian world of Joseph Smith's day did not worship the sun and moon, nor the beasts, nor the seasons, nor the passions. But it had turned away from the true God, ignoring or misinterpreting what Moses had taught concerning Him. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, declared by Paul the Apostle to be "the express image" of his Father's person, walked upon the earth as a man, plainly showing what kind of a being God is; and when his disciple, Phillip, said to him, "Lord, show us the Father," Jesus replied: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

But Christian theology, turning away from this plain and simple truth, represented God as a being "without body, parts, or passions," and in line with this false tenet the English poet Pope described God as a "soul" which

> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Such was the orthodox concept of Deity when "Mormonism" came forth. That is what the Christian churches were

worshiping—not God, but a spirit sent forth from God; not Divinity, but an emanation from Divinity. And it devolved upon Joseph Smith to shatter the false doctrine of a bodiless, passionless deity, and bring back the lost knowledge of the true and living God.

Joseph saw in vision the Father and the Son, and they were in human form, two separate and distinct personages. They spoke to him; gave him directions for his guidance; and from that hour, there was one person at least upon this planet who knew what kind of a being God is. It was a virtual reassertion of the first commandment in the Decalogue, *"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."*

Elder Nephi Jensen, then president of the Canadian Mission, who sat near the Great Commoner while I was speaking, told me that as soon as I was through, Bryan, turning to Senator Owen, said: "That is the soundest doctrine I ever heard." He mentioned it again while addressing several hundred tourists who had come into the Tabernacle to attend an organ recital; and still again at a banquet given in his honor at the Hotel Utah. Bryan declared the doctrine of a personal Deity "a beautiful doctrine," and announced his intent to use some of the ideas advanced at the conference in a book he was writing—a book entitled "Back to God."

Toward the close of the year I toured the Northern States Mission, then presided over by my son-in-law, Elder Winslow F. Smith. Together we traveled that field, speaking at about thirty meetings, including those held in Chicago and Springfield. I did not forget that the last-named town had been the home of the martyred Lincoln, whose tomb in Oakridge Cemetery we visited. Nor did I fail to remember that Springfield was the capital of Illinois when Nauvoo bid fair to become the chief city of that State. It was at Springfield that Joseph Smith, having surrendered for trial upon writs whereby his enemies sought to take him back to Missouri, was arraigned in the circuit court before Judge Pope, whose righteous decision, declaring the writs void, set the Prophet free. By courtesy of the county recorder, to whom we introduced ourselves, we were permitted to pass the portal and stand within the precincts of that temple of justice.

Soon after my return home, the Pilgrim Tercentenary

Committee of the University of Utah, solicited from me an address on the Utah Pioneers, to be delivered on the 14th of December. Said the chairman, Professor L. A. Quivey, in his communication: "We know from your History of Utah and your general broad knowledge of history, that this will be an easy matter for you, and that you, of all from whom we might select, are the best fitted to bring into juxtaposition the Utah Pioneer and the New England Pilgrim. We are looking for an intellectual and forensic treat." The address, "Pilgrims of the Desert," was given on the date appointed.

In May, 1921, I attended the Maricopa Stake Conference at Mesa, Arizona. There I repeated my Pioneer address in the L. D. S. Auditorium. It was followed by an interesting talk from Colonel James H. McClintock, the able and fair-minded historian of that State. His subject was "Mormon Colonization in Arizona." Referring to my address, the Colonel expressed to me "a sense of personal indebtedness," and upon my being introduced to Governor Thomas E. Campbell, he said: "Governor, if you haven't heard Apostle Whitney speak, you've missed it"—which of course was literally true. But McClintock went on: "He's one of the orators of the West."

"Governor," said I, "If the Colonel were of the gentler sex, I might be tempted to say with Shakespeare: 'Methinks the lady doth protest too much.' "

"But as I am not," quickly answered the Colonel, "the statement will have to stand."

Arizona has always been kind to me in the way of appreciation. But I was not prepared for the complete and overwhelming surprise given me during that very pleasant visit to "the sun-kissed land." All unbeknown to me, the M. I. A. officers had arranged a "Whitney Program," which was carried out. A sketch of my life was given, selections from my poems were read or sung, and sentiments of esteem and affection expressed. This program was repeated, during the following week, in all the regular M. I. A. sessions throughout Maricopa Stake. To say that I deeply sensed the honor done me, but faintly describes my feelings.

XXIX

Again in Europe

1921

IN the Spring of 1921 I received an appointment to preside over the European Mission. It did not surprise me, nor was it at all unwelcome. I had long anticipated such a call, and was glad of a change in the scene and routine of my labors, being somewhat worn down, not so much by regular work, as by months of extra toil resulting in the production of a new book, "Saturday Night Thoughts," completed just before I left for Europe.[a]

My first intimation of the appointment came from President Heber J. Grant, while I was sitting one evening with my wife at a dramatic performance in the Social Hall. The President, coming from the other side of the house and taking a seat just behind us, asked me how I would like to go to Europe to preside. I answered that I would regard it as a high honor and a great opportunity; but mentioned the fact that I had an ailment which might require an operation, and would like time enough to make up my mind whether to have it done on this or the other side of "the water." He said I could have all the time I wanted, and there the matter rested. Subsequently I decided to postpone the operation and start upon my mission as soon as I could shape affairs to that end.

I was set apart by President Grant on the 19th of May, and left Salt Lake City on the evening of the 24th. My wife went with me, also as a missionary, set apart to supervise the Relief Societies in European lands. A small host of relatives and

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a In facetious mood I told the people at the General Conference in April, that I needed "a change of diet, after feeding so long upon Stakes."

friends came to the Union Depot to see us off and wave farewells until our train faded into the distance.

We were to have as companions over the ocean a party of seventeen missionaries, headed by Elder William A. Morton, whom I had persuaded the Presidency to appoint as my assistant in the editorial department of the Millennial Star; that arrangement being quite agreeable to Brother Morton. He and the others joined us in Chicago.

Elder Winslow F. Smith was still presiding over the Northern States Mission; and his wife, my daughter Emily, was still hostess at the Mission Home. My daughter Margaret and her husband, as well as my son Paul, also resided in Chicago. En route to that city my wife and I passed through St. Louis, where dwelt my son Byron and family. The youngest of his four children—Zina May—I blessed and named while there. We stayed with them two days and then continued our journey.

Most of the missionaries, in charge of Elder John B. Cummock, proceeded directly to Montreal, our port of embarkation; the Church having a contract with the Canadian Pacific Company, both for railway and ocean service. Brother Morton, at my request, remained with me. Our visit at an end, we likewise went on to Montreal.

Friday, June 3rd, after a night at the Hotel Vigi, we boarded the S. S. Minnedosa, bound for Liverpool. The official representatives of the steamship company, including the officers of the boat, were uniformly courteous and obliging. There was little sea-sickness in our party—not one qualm with me; and the nearest element to danger was now and then a drifting iceberg, which kept at a respectful distance off to larboard or the left of our course.

The Captain, G. S. Webster, a jolly jack tar, after supper one evening sent an officer to invite "Bishop and Mrs. Whitney" (for so we were listed) up to his cabin. During our talk he suggested that I bring my whole party onto the bridge next morning, "any time after ten." We were all there on the hour, and were shown by the Captain and one of his officers how the boat was steered and propelled through the water. We were

also taken to the wireless station, where the operator in charge explained the mystic process of sending and receiving messages through the air. Next day Chief Officer Simpson, by direction of the Captain, allowed us to witness the boat drill and inspect still further the machinery of the vessel.

In return for these courtesies, I extended an invitation to Captain Webster and his officers to call at Durham House, 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, the headquarters of the European Mission.

A pleasant voyage of nine days—"a nine days wonder" for most of the young Elders —ended with a safe landing at the mouth of the Mersey. I had been sent to succeed President George Albert Smith. He, with my wife's brother, Junius F. Wells, assistant editor of the Star, came aboard with other brethren to greet us. We were conducted to Durham House, where the President's wife, Lucy Woodruff Smith, and the rest of the household gave us a cordial welcome. In addition to the brethren named, Thomas M. Wheeler, mission secretary; J. Fred Pingree, bookkeeper; and Elbert R. Curtis, stenographer and typist, made up the office force. It being the Sabbath, we all attended service in the Durham House Chapel where, by unanimous request, I was the principal speaker.

Soon after getting settled in our new official home, where a spacious and pleasant room had been prepared for us, my wife and I, with President Smith and his wife, made a flying trip (not by airplane) to London, going by way of Birmingham, where we held a meeting with the Elders and Saints. We also visited Stratford-on-Avon—Shakespeare's Land—in "leafy Warwick."

The famous spot where the Master of Poesy was born, I had missed seeing while on my former mission; and as for my wife, this was her first trip abroad. In the Shakespearean Home we stood in the room where the immortal bard first drew breath, and in Stratford Church beside the stone slab that covers his sleeping dust. On our way to Stratford we had tarried a few minutes at the Ann Hathaway Cottage in Shottery, where the poet wooed and won his bride. We lunched at the "Shakes-

peare Hostelrie," and continued our taxi drive past Guy's Cliff to Kenilworth Castle (a ruin), and having passed through Warwick Castle, a palatial, wonderfully well preserved relic of the middle ages, we took the next train for London.

We were met at Paddington Station by Elder James Arno Kirkham, who presided over the London Conference. He took us to headquarters—"Deseret," 152-154 High Road, Tottenham—where we were domiciled. President Smith and I, with other Elders, spoke at indoor and outdoor meetings, the former at Deseret, the latter at the Marble Arch in Hyde Park—London's "Forum." Some sightseeing was followed by a delicious dinner and a pleasant social evening at the home of President Ralph J. Pugh, of Hammersmith Branch, after which we returned to Deseret, and next day to Liverpool.

The affairs of the European Mission were turned over to me on my birthday, which was pleasantly observed at Durham House; a handsome silver napkin ring being presented to me by the household. Already I had obtained some knowledge of those affairs, through a special convention of mission and conference presidents, held in the Durham House Chapel.

Moreover, I had many conversations with the retiring President, a marvel at friend-making among strangers. Both in London and in Liverpool, he introduced me to many prominent people whose acquaintance he had formed, including journalists, police authorities, steamship magnates, a Welsh member of Parliament, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and the American and German consuls. When he sailed for home on July 15th, I had matters fairly well in hand.[b]

After the departure of President Smith and family I made a tour of some of the Continental mission fields, accompanied by my wife and by Elders Thomas M. Wheeler and Arthur H. Taylor; the former, as stated, the mission secretary, the latter president of the Hull Conference. Starting on the second of August, we made a short stay in London and then

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b Liverpool's Lord Mayor (Alderman Taylor) accepted from me a copy of my poem, "The Educator," and in a courteous note expressed the pleasure he had derived from its perusal.

passed over to Paris, tarrying several days at the Hotel Bellevue, where English was spoken. To that place we had been piloted by Professor Walter A. Kerr, of the University of Utah, who with his wife, Marion Belnap Kerr, met us at the railroad depot. Both were students at the French capital.

We remained at the Bellevue until August 10th," doing Paris" and being "done" by Parisians. Many of the principal sights I had seen before, but of course they were a novelty to my wife, whose enjoyment of them added much to my own. Two masterly performances, one dramatic ("Les Miserables"), the other operatic ("Samson and Delilah"), afforded us much pleasure. At the opera I was host, and my party, with the Kerrs, guests. It was my first view of the interior of the Grand Opera House. Versailles was visited by motor car; also Rheims, where we gazed upon the shattered Cathedral, bombarded by German guns during the Great War. Thence we traversed for several miles the famous "Hindenburg Line," passing though the remains of French villages desolated by the fearful strife.

We bade a reluctant adieu to beautiful "Paree." The host, waiters and waitresses of the Hotel Bellevue seemed equally reluctant to part with us. All came to the door to shake hands and say good bye. Our table waitress, a cute little French girl named Isabel, came out twice to wave farewell. She was a pleasant memory to us all.

We had purchased railroad tickets to Lausanne, Switzerland. On the train a young French-Swiss girl, Madamoiselle Madeline Roth—a London lady's maid, going home on a visit —was among our fellow passengers. She served us as interpreter, and we shared with her our luncheon.

Evening found us at our destination. We had expected Elder Serge F. Ballif, who presided over the Swiss-German part of the Mission, to meet us at the station. But our telegram, addressed to him, had been bungled in transmission, and Brother Ballif, looking for us a day earlier, had met every train but the right one. We soon found him, however, also Elder Lawrence McKay (son of the Apostle David O.) and were escorted to the Hotel de la Paix (Hotel of Peace), where we

were comfortably quartered in luxurious apartments overlooking Lake Geneva, alias Lake Leman. We had our choice of rooms, the usual summer guests being away Alp-climbing or visiting other parts.

At a meeting in Lausanne on the evening of the 11th. I preached for the first time on the Continent of Europe. My wife and Elders Wheeler and Taylor also spoke, and thenceforth I shared with them the time at most of our public gatherings. President Ballif interpreted for us in French.[c]

I made it a point, when speaking, to refer to some notable incident in the history of the country where we happened to be. In Switzerland William Tell was a name to conjure with; also Arnold Winkelreid, whose brave exploit at the battle of Sempach, where he gave his life for his country (as eloquently narrated by the poet Montgomery) I had often recited when a boy. At Lausanne the rendering of this poem fairly thrilled the little congregation, who listened breathlessly to the heroic tale of how "death made way for liberty." That they had a good opinion of the speaker after that, goes without saying. I told them that Switzerland was the loveliest land I was ever in except one—the Switzerland of America; and congratulated them on living in "the Utah of Europe."

At Geneva to which point we took a boat ride (returning by rail), we gazed upon the statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau, father of the French Revolution; and the Church of John Calvin, the reformer. We also entered the Salle Alabama, so named

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c My first experience with an interpreter was in Weber College Hall, Ogden, Utah, one hot summer afternoon. I was there by appointment to attend a conference of the Netherland Saints, and Brother Frank I. Kooyman was the interpreter. "Brethren and Sisters"—I began—and the greeting was rendered into Dutch for the benefit of a large and sweltering congregation. I continued: "This is the first time I ever attempted to preach a double-barreled sermon!"—The interpreter stopped short, unable to proceed, but quickly regaining himself, shot out something that caused his hearers to grin. The rest was rapid, smooth sailing. Kooyman afterwards said, in explanation of his momentary halt: "I couldn't for the life of me think of the Dutch for 'barrel', as describing a gun. I thought of 'keg'—but I knew that wouldn't do, and for a moment was non-plussed. But presently the right word came." As for myself, I quite enjoyed the experience. I had heard speakers say that it bothered them to have an interpreter; but I found it helpful; it enabled me to mature my thoughts before giving them utterance.

for the "Alabama Claims," growing out of the American Civil War and settled at Geneva by arbitration.

An object of unusual interest was the castle and prison of Chillon, on the rocky shore of Lake Leman—immortalized by Byron's splendid poem commemorative of the patriot Francois Bonnivard, who spent six years of solitary confinement within those grim and wave-washed walls. Standing beside the stone pillar to which the prisoner had been chained, I recited for my companions parts of "The Prisoner of Chillon," including the beautiful Sonnet with which the poem begins:

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Leaving Lausanne, we proceeded to Bern, where Elder Othello Hickman presided and acted as our interpreter. We were now in German Switzerland, having left the French cantons behind. At Zurich, on Sunday, we had a fine conference —four gatherings in all; those of the forenoon and afternoon in the Town Hall. Brother Max Zimmer served as interpreter.

At Luzern our party took the lake trip to Tell's Capella (William Tell's Chapel) built to commemorate the traditional escape of the Swiss hero from his Austrian captors. In the boat "Wilhelm Tell" we returned from Fluellen to the point of starting. It was a wonderful trip, notwithstanding the almost incessant rain. The contrasted splendors of mountain, valley, lake and stream were simply indescribable. Never have I beheld, in natural scenery, anything more charming than lovely

Lake Luzern. Glacier Park, with Thorwaldsen's sculptured masterpiece, "The Lion of Luzern," was the next point visited.

In the afternoon of the 16th we arrived at Basel, the headquarters of the Swiss-German Mission. There we were welcomed by Sister Ballif, the President's wife, his daughter Evelyn (now Mrs. Owen Woodruff) and the brethren in the office. Before retiring that night I dictated to Brother Winters, typist, two editorials for the "Star." Such was my practice all the way. The next day was spent in Basel, with a meeting at night.

Twenty-four hours later we were treading German soil. At Frankfurt, the birthplace of Goethe, a party of Elders and Saints met our train, and an excellent meeting followed, between five and six hundred persons being present.

Next morning we railroaded to Mainz, and from that point boated down the Rhine. The boat was crowded, and we were many hours upon the water, but the time seemed short, owing to the interest of the historic scenery. Gazing upon the castled crags and terraced vineyards on either side of the romantic river, I was lost in dreamful reverie until someone roused me by pointing out the rock where the siren Lorelei, according to fabled lore, lured boatmen to their destruction. Of course we were very glad to get by unlured. At one point some American "doughboys" in garrison waved salutation from the shore. Shortly after eight p.m. we reached Cologne, where a large gathering awaited our late arrival.

At Hamburg we registered at the Hotel Reichshoff, and hiring a taxi took the Ulster Drive, a beautiful park encircling the city. Sunday, August 21st, the Hamburg Conference convened, beginning with a Sabbath school session and continuing with two public meetings in the Bahn Association Hall. Never have I experienced greater appreciation than was shown by the assembled Saints. We were given an ovation. A sweet little German girl, speaking English, made an address of welcome, presenting flowers, and after some interesting exercises, the several members of our party addressed the assembly. It was wonderful—the wholehearted manner in which those people

greeted us, flocked round to shake hands, bow, curtsy, and look their love for us as servants of the Lord.

Meetings in Bremen and Braunschwag followed, and at five p.m. of the 25th our train rolled into the stately German capital. We registered at the Markgraffen—not a first-class hotel, but the best one obtainable, the city being crowded with tourists. Unable to get an automobile, we hired a one-horse conveyance and drove through the beautiful streets of the city.

We were in Berlin three and a half days, and during that time took a side trip to Potsdam, former home of Frederick the Great and of the recently deposed Kaiser Wilhelm. Passing through palaces and parks, we sat for a picture on one of the lawns. We also visited the Kaiser's Church (The Dom), walked through the National Art Gallery, and strolled down the famous Unter den Linden and Victory Street, lined with the statues of German rulers from time immemorial. At the Staats Theatre we witnessed the opera "Der Freyschutz," paying only sixty cents a seat for that privilege. Such was the depreciation of German money, owing to the war, that the mark, normally twenty-four cents in value, was worth but two cents. For half a dollar one could pay for a dinner that would have cost three or four times that amount on an American Pullman diner. One feature that struck me all along was the bee-like industry of the German people. No drones, no unemployed, everybody at work, doing something.

A splendid conference capped the climax of our visit to Berlin. Beginning with a Saturday night priesthood meeting in the Aula School Hall, it continued with a general meeting at the same place Sunday morning. The two sessions that followed were in the Casino Music Hall, where the congregations, as reported, counted up to twelve hundred in the afternoon and thirteen hundred at night. About two-thirds of them were non-members of the Church. They paid strict attention, only one interruption occurring, and that of a perfectly respectful character. It was while I was speaking, and Alfonz Finck, a German brother, was interpreting my remarks line upon line. It was his first experience in that role, though no one would

have suspected it, for the Lord blessed him wonderfully—miraculously, he declared. But he spoke so fast that it was difficult to catch all he said. Finally a young man, a stranger, arose in the body of the hall and politely requested the interpreter to use a little less speed, so that the hearers might "get all the points." Another auditor was the organist of the Kaiser's Church, who in the afternoon volunteered an organ solo, and rendered it at the evening session.

Everywhere we were treated with marked courtesy—partly, perhaps, because we were Americans; for Americans were popular in Germany at that time. Whatever the cause, it was a marvelous change from the days when the Saints in that land, in order to evade the police, had to meet secretly in small groups and in private homes; while the Elders, if caught preaching anywhere in the Kaiser's domain, were imprisoned or summarily banished. One of our best meetings was at Chemnitz, where an audience of eight hundred people were seated waiting for us when we arrived.

In the forenoon of Tuesday, August 30th, we reached Leipsic, that famous old town, scene of the "Battle of the Nations," where Napoleon, in October, 1813, was defeated by the allied armies of Prussia, Austria, and other European countries; a defeat resulting in the temporary loss of his empire and his banishment to the Island of Elba. A massive monument (Denkmal) commemorating the victory of the banded nations over the conqueror of Europe, stands in the very center of the field; while a smaller monument indicates the spot—a slight elevation—from which the Emperor viewed the strife foreboding his downfall.

At the "Locale," used by the Saints for religious services, I addressed a crowded congregation that night, and though extremely weary from the day's ramble, was blessed with power in speaking. My wife and I were kindly entertained at the home of the Widow Henschel, who with her amiable daughters showed us every attention. The whole family went with us next morning to the railroad, where we took train back to Cologne; our labors in Germany at an end. Many of the Saints came to

see us off, and sang "Auf Wiedersehen" as the train pulled out of the station.

A dear, good people, those warm-hearted German Saints. The wholesouled welcome given us all through the Fatherland, or the parts that we traversed, I shall never forget. At every arrival and departure, they would gather at the stations to cover us with flowers and sing sacred songs expressive of their love and reverence. It amounted almost to adoration.

President Ballif now left us, he and Elder Howard Stoddard, president of the Berlin Conference, alighting at the town of Bebra, in Prussia.

During most of the daylight hours of September 1st we were passing through German and Belgian territory; parts of the former then occupied by American troops. The middle of the afternoon found us at Liege, where the German army, in 1914, met first resistance at the beginning of the world-quaking conflict.

At Brussels President and Mrs. John P. Lillywhite, of the Netherlands Mission, were awaiting us at the depot when the train pulled in. They gave us a glad welcome. Registering at the Hotel Metropole, we hired a taxi and "saw the town." Its most interesting object, to me, was the house in which the Duchess of Richmond gave her famous ball to the officers of the allied armies, the night before the battle of Waterloo. By the addition of Elder Alvin S. Nelson, then laboring at Liege, our party was now increased to seven.

September second was a busy day. A motor ride of thirty miles took us to the world-renowned field where Napoleon was finally overthrown—June 18, 1815. We reached the scene at 11 a.m., the very hour—so history tells—when the fierce struggle began. It was fought in rain and mud. For us the sun shone brightly and all was peaceful and pleasant. Our guide, an intelligent Belgian speaking English, gave us a full account of the great conflict, based upon narratives, French and English, with which I was already familiar. Ascending the Lion Monument, built six years after the battle, we surveyed from that lofty perch the different points of interest in the historic plain.

Descending the many steps by which we had reached the top, we next viewed the Waterloo Cyclorama, a wonderful exhibition, and after lunch at the Grand Hotel of the Lion, rode over the field, touching at the Chateau de Hougamont (the first point assailed by Napoleon's troops) and visiting in succession the Emperor's headquarters ("House of the King") La Haie Saint, and the once sunken road of Ohain, this obstacle represented by Victor Hugo as the fatal hinge upon which the French disaster turned.

Later, we passed through the village of Waterloo, and went through the house (now a museum) where Wellington slept the night before and the night after the battle. It was all exceedingly interesting, and we spent a very pleasant and profitable day.

While at luncheon, discussing the merits of the best omelette I ever tasted ("And if Monsieur like it not he need not pay"—this from our smiling and confident French hostess) the members of our party all signed a postal card, showing a picture of the Lion Monument, inscribed it "Greetings from Waterloo", and mailed it to President Grant, who, as I subsequently learned, read it from the stand of the Tabernacle at the next General Conference of the Church.

Sunday the 4th we visited the ruins of Fort Loncin, whose devoted garrison had made such a gallant defense against the overwhelming Teutonic invasion, seven years before. In the afternoon of that day we took "tea" with the American consul, Hon. George M. Hansen of Ogden, who had the Stars and Stripes raised above the consulate in honor of our visit. I recognized in Mrs. Hansen a daughter of "Dan" Olson, an old-time musical friend of my father's.

That evening I addressed the Saints in Liege, Elder Arthur Horback interpreting. Afterwards I was told that I had touched the hearts of the Belgians by my allusions to the heroism of their nation from the days of Julius Caesar down. I did not forget to mention King Albert's visit to Salt Lake City. My wife delivered one of her best talks. She had a winning address, and invariably captivated her hearers.

Most of the ensuing day was spent in journeying to Rotterdam, our Church headquarters in the Netherlands. At the Mission Home, 16 b Crooswijksche Singel, the Lillywhites entertained us with characteristic hospitality. All the way through Germany we had noted the scarcity of milk and other dairy products, that condition being due, we were told, to the confiscation of the cows, which had all been driven off by the French, who had suffered similar treatment at the hands of the Germans. In Holland, the land of dykes and windmills, and likewise of milk, butter and cheese, we had all we wanted of those edibles, and found them of the first quality.

At one of our meetings I related my dream-vision of the Savior, and it made a wonderful impression. "Rather than have missed it," said one of the brethren, "I would have given five years of my life."[d]

A notable incident of our stay in Rotterdam was a visit to the little church where the Pilgrim Fathers held their last religious service before sailing for America in July, 1620. By request of my companions and the permission of the woman caretaker, I ascended the old-fashioned pulpit and spoke for a few minutes on the subject of the Pilgrims.

A trip by rail to Amsterdam, and a steamboat ride to Marken Island, took up most of one day. The island, situated in the Zuyder Zee (South Sea), is the home of a little Dutch community of fourteen hundred people, sprung, it is said, from seven families, intermarried to the point of degeneracy. Their quaint costumes and habitations, unchanged by time, almost cause the tourist to imagine himself in another age of the world. Fishing is their principal occupation, to which may be added the selling of curios to strangers.

Between meetings at Amsterdam and Utrecht, we visited in the former city the Art Gallery where hangs Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watch." Gladly would we have entered the Peace Palace at the Hague, but it being a special day for the officers and marines of several British battle-ships

d See Chapter 8, "In the Mission Field."

anchored at Amsterdam, the general public was barred. We consoled ourselves with a run out to the beach at Schevenigen and a moving picture—"Danton"—at Rotterdam in the evening.

Queen Wilhelmina was expected there on Saturday the 10th, and did not disappoint expectation, though the eager populace had a long wait before she came. In an open carriage, with her German prince consort, the Queen, bowing and smiling, passed close to the mission home, and we had a fair view of her as she went by.

Though suffering from a severe cold, contracted during the trip to Marken Island, I was able to speak to the missionaries that morning, and at night addressed a well-attended public gathering in Dordrachg.

But the strain of travel, with almost incessant preaching, was beginning to tell on me, and the chain that I was dragging —my physical ailment—prevented all along complete enjoyment of that otherwise delightful tour.

Our farewell to Holland was spoken on Sunday the 11th. Two meetings were held, the count of the evening congregation being close upon nine hundred. My discourse upon "Joseph Smith, Prophet and Seer," was listened to with rapt attention. Twenty-four hours later we were speeding toward the Hook of Holland, where we went aboard the boat that was to carry us back to England.

Morning found us again upon British soil. We landed at Harwich, and barely escaped being sent back for failing to have our passports viseed by the British consul at Rotterdam. The immigration officer, a bullying sort of fellow, was disposed to be severe. "I ought to send you back to Holland, and the next time I will—is that clear?" he sharply demanded. Having no great desire to be sent back, I answered with a meekness that I did not feel: "I guess we have learned our lesson." He seemed to think we had done it purposely, to show contempt for the law. I explained matters, assuring him that the omission was unintentional, whereupon he relented a little, without apologizing, however, for his former rudeness.

At the Customs House we met David P. Howells, motion picture magnate, then a resident of New York City. I had known him as a boy in the Eighteenth Ward. He also was returning from the Continent. Upon his invitation we took breakfast with him on the train to London.

The evening of the 13th found the Whitneys once more at Durham House, our traveling companions having tarried in London. We had been absent about six weeks, during which time—to quote Secretary Wheeler's published report—we "had held twenty-nine public meetings, preached the Gospel to thousands of people, administered to many sick, instructed and encouraged the priesthood, and set apart a large number of missionaries. We had traveled thousands of miles, visited many important branches of the Church, had carried comfort and cheer to the distressed, and borne our testimonies wherever opportunity afforded."

A week or more went by after my return to Liverpool, before I again felt fit for active service. My cold had developed into a cough, and I felt a little depressed over my condition. Then came this cheery letter from Brother Ballif:

Basel, Switzerland,
September 13, 1921.

President Orson F. Whitney,
Liverpool, England.

After leaving your company at Bebra, Prussia, I felt much the same as I imagine Moses did when the glory of God had rested upon him, and then was withdrawn from him, and he was left unto himself. * * * I see how weak and incompetent I am. Our trip through Switzerland and Germany was a continuous outburst of divine inspiration. The Spirit of the Master rested in power upon our President, as he discoursed in a clear and concise manner on the principles of the restored Gospel of Christ. The saints felt it; the friends felt it; and the strangers who came for the purpose of seeing and hearing an Apostle, went from the meetings filled with the knowledge that there is something in what the world calls "Mormonism."

I am receiving many letters from the different conferences that we visited, in which they report the fruits of the meetings as wonderful. In Berlin our friends have increased to the number of one hundred and twenty-six, and in all the cities the saints and

friends say they will never forget these conferences. The good results cannot be estimated.

I appreciate more than I can tell, your coming among us. Never before in the history of the Swiss and German Mission have such great congregations been drawn together to hear the message from the mouth of an Apostle. The people will never forget your visit.

Sincerely your brother,
Serge F. Ballif.

President Lillywhite, in a similar epistle, expressed himself as follows:

Your presence was a great source of inspiration during our entire trip through Belgium and Holland.

You have won a warm place in the hearts of the Dutch people, and they will be glad to welcome you again into their midst, with even more warmth and enthusiasm than greeted you this time.

Your presence had a marked effect upon all with whom you came in contact. In the various branches the saints speak words of appreciation for your splendid Gospel sermons, and your kind spirit and simplicity of manners. Wherever we go we hear words of praise for you, for Sister Whitney, and for Elders Wheeler and Taylor.

September 18th was the date for a conference in Ireland. I could not go, but Brother Morton went in my stead. That country was in the throes of civil war, and in and around Dublin things were in a turmoil. But none of our people were molested. The other British conferences of the fall and winter season—twelve in number, held one week apart—I attended in person; and later also visited the war-torn Emerald Isle.

Immediately following the Irish came the Scottish Conference, to which I was accompanied by my wife and by Elders Pingree and Curtis. In or on the way to Scotland we were joined by Elder Horace L. Richards, from London. The conference was held in the Masonic Hall, Abbotsford Place, Glasgow. I spoke at all the meetings and the other members of the party were heard from as well. At the Sunday evening session a Miss Graham recited the third canto of my poem "Elias."

Some sight-seeing followed, beginning with "The Land o'

Burns." Except myself, none of the party had been there before. Alighting from the train at Ayr, we chose to walk the two miles or more to the Burns Cottage and "the auld Brig o' Doon." On the way I recited parts of "Tam o' Shanter" for the entertainment of my friends. Returning by tram to Ayr, we took train to Stirling Castle and then proceeded to Edinburgh and other points.

At Penrith, on the return trip, we hired a taxi and toured the beautiful Lake Region, with its traditions of the poets Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. The former two are buried there. Excepting brief stops at Derwent Water, Grasmere Lake, and one or two other places, the day was spent motoring through those delightful scenes. The only thing that marred our pleasure was the absence of sunshine: it was a leaden sky from first to last. At Windermere, "queen of English lakes," we dismissed the taxi and returned by train to Liverpool.

I traversed many other parts of Britain, and in Wales created a new conference (district), making fourteen in the British Mission. My time was fully taken up, editing the Star (ably assisted by Brother Morton), writing and publishing pamphlets, assigning and instructing missionaries, attending conferences and doing whatever else devolved upon the Mission President. My Gospel pamphlet, "The Way, the Truth and the Life," was written and published at that time.

My wife was equally busy with her duties as Relief Society president, in frequent attendance at conferences, and as hostess at Durham House. What seemed peculiarly her faculty, was in "mothering" the young missionaries, most of them inexperienced boys. Upon their arrival, coming or going, she would receive them kindly, entertain them hospitably, and wait upon them when sick or in trouble. "Mission Mother" was the name they bestowed upon her. She was almost an object of worship.

XXX

Anti-"Mormonism" in Britain

1922

AS the New Year dawned a fierce anti-"Mormon" onslaught began in the British newspapers—not in the great journals, such as the Times, the Telegraph, and others of that class; but in the "stunt" press, as it is called over there—the equivalent for "yellow journals" in America. During the next three months twenty-six of them were barking at our heels all over the land. My pen and tongue, with those of my associates, were kept busy refuting the vile slanders with which the country was flooded, and presenting facts relative to the Latter-day Saints.

It was not the first time that the Lord's Work had been subjected to such treatment in the British Isles. A similar agitation had been worked up only a few years before, when a Government investigation, conducted by the then Home Secretary, Hon. Winston Churchill, resulted in a report by him to Parliament that there was no cause for alarm or excitement over "the Mormons." But the "stunt" papers and picture shows, which made money out of the sensational stories set afloat, were not permanently silenced. Biding their time, after the lapse of a few seasons and without any provocation whatever, they began another mud-slinging campaign against the Church and its innocent activities.

The principal charge against our missionaries was that of inducing young women to go to Utah for polygamous purposes. The intelligent classes were not deceived by these false reports, many of them so ridiculous as to carry with them their own refutation. But the ignorant and thoughtless, stirred up in

some instances by ministers of the churches, accepted as absolutely true all that was published against us.

A very fair statement of our position appeared in the Liverpool Echo. Among other things that paper said:

An Echo reporter called at the Edge Lane headquarters of the Mormon Church this morning, and obtained details from Mr. Orson F. Whitney, president of the European Mission. Said Mr. Whitney:

"It is quite true that at one time plural marriages were performed by the Mormons, but the practice was done away with in deference to the laws of the United States, and today it would be a transgression of the laws of our Church.

"Our records are open for inspection," added Mr. Whitney. "The registers of the emigration authorities and the shipping companies also are available, and the Aliens officer and the police will help anyone who believes the charges made against us.

"Emigration to Utah is not a condition attaching to conversion to our belief. Indeed we discourage emigration, and I should be glad if you would make that known, because there is a serious lack of employment in the Rocky Mountain region. We want converts to stay at home to spread the faith."

In answer to further questions Mr. Whitney and Mr. Morton said there was certainly a large proportion of women at their services, but that was simply because women were more religious than men. Women predominated in all churches for the same reason.

One of our most active assailants bore a title that seemed to give its owner some show of respectability. He was Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, reputedly a former Texas cowboy, who, after inheriting an English baronetcy (with no fortune attached) had returned to his native land and been made the pastor of a church in London. He probably was a tool in the hands of others. Sabbath after Sabbath this ministerial blatherskite regaled his credulous congregations with the most mendacious stories, fabricated by himself and his ilk, and swallowed holus bolus by many of his deluded listeners.

Mr. E. N. Cooper, the British Government's chief aliens officer, applied to me for data regarding our missionary and emigrational activities. It was promptly furnished; James

Wotherspoon, then mission secretary, giving, by my direction, all that the inspector of immigration desired in that line.

Mr. Cooper, who represented the Home Secretary, was an amiable, fair-minded gentleman. When I asked him if the Home Office was really concerned over the silly outcry raised against us, he answered with a smile: "No—we understand. But we must be prepared, when questions are put, especially in Parliament, to present facts and figures in reply."

Most of the editors or managers of the sensational sheets, when requested to publish our answers to the charges that filled their columns, flatly refused. "We don't care to pursue the subject any further." "We are out to crush Mormonism at any cost." Samples, these, of the replies called forth by our appeals for fair treatment. And it was useless to argue with them at that time. The storm had to subside before they would listen to reason.[a]

All the Elders and many of the Sisters in the British Mission did excellent work in repelling the foul and unprovoked attack. Among its unpleasant features were the tarring and feathering of three Elders in Scotland, and the smashing of the plate glass windows of the London Conference House. Women with brooms joined the mob that drove our missionaries from some of the villages, and in places open-air meetings had to be discontinued until the excitement abated.

On the whole our cause was benefited rather than injured by the agitation. It awakened sympathetic inquiry, made friends for us, and increased the attendance at our meetings.

An incident of the press-pulpit campaign was a note from Rev. Cave-Brown-Cave ("Cave man," Brother Morton called him) to Elder Herbert Savage, then presiding in London, challenging him to a public debate on "The Ethics of Mormonism." President Savage referred the matter to Liverpool, where the following telegram had already been received:

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a It did subside eventually, and during the calm that followed, much effective work was done, notably by President James E. Talmage, in removing prejudice from the minds of British editors and obtaining fairer treatment from the press.

London, January 27, 1922.

Orson Whitney,
295 Edge Lane, Liverpool.

Do you accept Sir Genille Cave's challenge public debate with President Savage on Ethics Mormonism.

Editor Daily Express, London.

Immediately I wired this reply: "Certainly not. My reasons are embodied in the wise counsel given by Brigham Young: 'Never condescend to argue with the wicked. The principles of the Gospel are too sacred to be quarreled over. Bear your testimony in humility, and leave the result with the Lord.' "

As foreseen, this declination was used by the Express to convince its readers that we were afraid to have "Mormonism" known; a "most lame and impotent conclusion," since to make "Mormonism" known is the aim and object of our missionaries everywhere.

Some of the Elders thought it might be well to accept the challenge. President Savage was of that mind at first; though he wanted me, instead of himself, to pick up the gauntlet and champion our cause. Had it been an honest challenge from a fair opponent, I might have yielded to this persuasion. But as matters stood, I did not propose to be made a catspaw to pull an enemy's chestnuts out of the fire. To debate with our unscrupulous assailants, they to choose the subject and ground for discussion, would have given them the very thing they coveted—an opportunity to rehash stale slanders (already refuted a hundred times), to propagate new falsehoods and incite mob violence. This was their purpose, and my aim was to thwart it. Hence the declination.

The stand I took was commended by the Elders and Saints in the Mission, and by friends at a distance, who expressed in letters their appreciation.

Samples of my editorial utterances during that stormy period are here presented:

"CERTAINLY NOT"

(*Millennial Star, February* 9, 1922)

It ought to be a crime, in law as it is in fact, for any person or combination of persons to launch a religious persecution. And some day, when the world shall have advanced that far, such acts will be considered criminal and punished accordingly.

Strange it is, passing strange, that in these days of comparative enlightenment, a few reckless agitators, with no regard for truth, reason, or the commonest rights of man, can have it in their power to awaken against an unoffending people such a bitter and hostile sentiment as now prevails in different parts of this country toward the grossly maligned Latter-day Saints or "Mormons." Strange that any considerable number of men and women in a civilized Christian commonwealth can be so humbugged and misled, that they will rise up in wrath, and without a scintilla of evidence to justify their conduct, abuse, threaten and offer violence to a few harmless missionaries, whose only offence is a peaceable promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

And this is in the twentieth century of the Christian era—not in the days when the Savior and his Apostles were persecuted and put to death; not in the time of Nero, when the despised followers of the crucified Nazarene were accused of eating Roman children on lonely mountain tops or in the catacombs, where they assembled to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and were thrown to lions by order of an imperial profligate, bent upon diverting public attention from his own brazen licentiousness.

And this is not mediaeval Italy or Spain, where to voice an opinion contrary to those held by the dominant eccesiastical powers was to invoke the terrors of the Inquisition and be tortured into acquiescence or burned at the stake. This is free and tolerant England, a country famed and admired the world over for its traditional love of justice and fair play, for its undoubted loyalty to that greatest of Anglo-Saxon virtues—the suspension of judgment in the case of any person accused of crime until that person, as well as his accuser, has had his "day in court," and both sides have been fairly and impartially presented. This is the land of Milton, of Hampden, of Cromwell, and earlier patriots, who laid broad and deep upon the Great Charter wrested from King John at Runnymede, the foundations of British liberty. Yet even here and now is found, in places, the same old intolerant spirit that crucified the Christ,

hounded to death his disciples, and hunted heretics to their doom. Nothing charged against the ancient Christians, but finds an almost exact parallel in the accusations brought against the equally unpopular "Mormons;" the latter, like the former, "a people everywhere spoken against."

Every nation has within it an unthinking, bigoted, inflammable element, easily manipulated by demagogues for selfish and sinister ends. Any rascal, with a bottle of ink or a glib tongue, by making some unpopular cause, person or people the target of his abuse, can so work upon the bad passions of men and the hysterical emotions of women, that they lose self-command, throw judgment to the winds, and become a raging, havoc-dealing mob, ready to do anything that their unprincipled inciters suggest.

The motives of these plotters against peace and good will are apparent upon the surface. Here is a woman who writes novels—"penny dreadfuls," that need just this kind of advertising, in order to sell—this woman, who was never inside the Temple at Salt Lake City, and does not claim to have been, tells the British public, through a certain section of the British press, of things which (she says) take place in that Temple. She never saw a nude "Mormon," yet claims to know just how one would look, or what kind of underwear he would have on if he were stript. And yonder is an editor, who sees a chance to raise his paper's subscription list by revamping the stale falsehood that "Mormon" missionaries are luring British girls to Utah—"thousands upon thousands of them"—though the first case is yet to be reported to the patiently-awaiting Home Office. He cites, as evidence of the truth of this silly canard, the following sentence, taken from our Articles of Faith: "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." And the twister of that innocent text is evidently so illiterate as not to know that the sentence he singles out is an adaptation of the words of the Apostle Paul (Philipp. 4:8), who must, therefore, have been a woman stealer!—and was, just as much as any of these vilified "Mormon" missionaries.

Next comes up, as the redoubtable Don Quixote of this windmill onslaught, a London pulpiteer, whose motive is religious hatred or a thirst for notoriety, perhaps both. Having lived many years in Western America, he now repays Uncle Sam's hospitality by deliberately casting a slur upon a large portion of his domain; and this, too, in language that is almost an incitement to murder. Says the reckless romancer: "In

Texas and Arizona it is not a crime to shoot a Mormon missionary. Here we give them police protection." As a matter of fact, no "Mormon" missionary ever was shot in Texas or Arizona. In the latter State the thousands of "Mormons" who dwell there are highly esteemed by their Gentile neighbors, who are actually helping them to build a Temple at Mesa, one of the flourishing towns of that growing and liberal commonwealth.

A volume of such testimony might be adduced; but of course it would not satisfy the admirers of this clairvoyant of "air-drawn daggers," who, peering into someone's back yard and seeing a gory block where a chicken has been decapitated prior to being "baked in a pie," comes home, and from his London pulpit deals out to a gullible congregation this precious piece of sensational bosh: "I have seen with my own eyes the blood-stained boulder at the back of Smith's house, freshly stained with the blood of rebellious girl converts." He failed to tell his wide-eyed listeners why he did not report it to the police, and why the United States Courts in Utah overlook these hair-lifting atrocities. Another of his lurid tales charges the "Mormons" with killing off their old wives by giving them a strong alkali drink, which destroys them gradually, thus making way for younger wives, recruited through the efforts of the "Mormon" missionaries. Needless to say, alkali is not the only kind of lie used in his narrative.

And these are samples of the creatures who are carrying on—probably in the interest of some secret combination—this new-old, press-pulpit, anti-"Mormon" crusade. And one of their number has challenged one of our Elders to publicly debate with him "The Ethics of Mormonism." Ethics, forsooth! What do they know about ethics? Not enough to induce them to tell the simple truth. Debate with them! Certainly not—any more than we would fight a duel with a polecat. To shun such characters is no disgrace. To keep away from them until they manifest a disposition to be fair and decent, is but a proper show of that discretion which is "the better part of valor."

A British ex-soldier, who served through the Great War, wrote thus to the Editor of the Star:

I am writing to you regarding all the talk in the papers against your Mormon preachers in this land. I find nothing wrong with the Mormons from experience, but what I should like to know is: Why don't the Latter-day Saints take the

matter up in the papers and deny these awful things to the people; or, more than that, take it to a court of justice, where in the end truth would win? I quite understand that ninety per cent of the people don't know what a Mormon is, and most of them, on hearing the word "Mormon," think of some blood-thirsty creature coming to pounce upon them. Will you please give this your kind attention, and let me know, at your earliest convenience, as I should very much like to know when you will have your "says" on so important a subject.

Through the Star, I answered this fair and respectful communication as follows:

The reason why our "says" do not get into the papers as often as the infamous lies circulated by our traducers, is because our articles are nearly always refused publication.

The law courts, as you suggest, might do us justice in the long run. But "the law's delay" is proverbial, and it would cost more than it is worth to convict the blackguards who shield themselves behind the much-vaunted "freedom of the press."

Besides, they do not hurt us in reality; they direct attention to us, and that is just what we want. Such honest men as yourself would perhaps take no notice of the "Mormons," were it not for the atrocious libels of our enemies. We always make more converts after these periodical flare-ups. People who would otherwise be indifferent become interested, write for our literature or attend our meetings, and having learned the truth concerning us, they join the Church and become Latter-day Saints.

We stand ready to answer any respectful question from any decent source, or to appear at any time before any seat of rightful authority for that purpose. But we refuse to drag before the public gaze the sacred ceremonies of the House of God, for any purpose whatever, and especially to confute the lying stories told respecting those ceremonies. The Ancient Order of Freemasons have their temples and rituals, sacred to them and harmful to no one. Would they, if challenged to defend themselves against the aspersions of some traitor false to his Masonic vows, rush into print and reveal their actual ceremonies, to put down the lying covenant breaker? I think not. It would destroy all the sacredness that attaches to such things; and would be altogether too much of a condescension.

It is just the same with the Ancient Order of the Priesthood. Its representatives cannot afford to descend to the level of the apostate and traitor, who avenges himself or herself for

some fancied wrong by lying about things that he or she once cherished and held sacred. All we can do when assailed and challenged on this score, is to solemnly affirm the absolute innocence, purity and decorum of our Temple ritual, and brand as utterly and maliciously false everything written or spoken to the contrary.

These editorials were made part of a "Statement to the British Public and Press," copies of which were sent to every member of Parliament and to all the leading men in Britain. Some of them answered courteously, with thanks for the Statement. Others ignored it or replied insultingly. Through President Savage, I presented a handsome copy of the Book of Mormon to the Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, and received from him a polite acknowledgment of the gift.

I had long cherished a wish to visit Ireland, and on Saturday, April 15th, in company with my wife and Elders Pingree and Curtis, I boarded one of a line of boats plying between the two countries, and crossed the choppy channel from Holyhead to Kingstown. Immunity from sea-sickness since leaving home had led me to suppose that I was past all liability to that affliction. But the supposition was not well grounded.

The Irish Conference was held in Mill's Hall, Merrion Row, Dublin, on Sunday—Easter Day. The stand was tastefully decorated with lillies and white lilacs, and the discourses were appropriate to the occasion. A Monday morning priesthood meeting followed, and at night there was a concert in the Grand Central Hall. Asked for a recitation, I gave them "Shamus O'Brien," which was thunderously encored.

This concert was on Sackville Street, in the very heart of Dublin, the scene of dire trouble during the outbreak of 1916. It being the anniversary of that event, some feared that a rumpus might result. But the fear proved groundless. No harm befell anyone who attended the gatherings of the Saints, and our party, returning, had a smooth and delightful passage over the Channel.

Having all but completed the round of spring and summer

conferences in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and deferring (as I then thought temporarily) a visit to the Scandinavian countries, I went up to London to consult an eminent surgeon and see what could be done to get relief from my tormenting affliction. It was also my purpose to attend a conference—the last one of the season.

Accompanied by my wife and Elder Morton, I left Liverpool on Saturday, June 10th. In the evening at Deseret a Relief Society bazaar was opened. Sunday was occupied with the proceedings of the conference. My testimony on that occasion seemed to touch the hearts of all. They little knew, nor did I, that it was my last discourse before returning home.

Monday morning I with my party stepped into a fine new motor car owned and driven by our good friend Ralph J. Pugh, who took us to his home, 99 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, S. W. 13. There we left May with Sister Pugh, who was formerly a Utah girl, Miss Grace Tout of Ogden.

At the Savoy Hotel, where Pugh, Morton and I took lunch, we met Mr. Hennan Swaffer, an eccentric though clever literary man, and later called on Dr. Leonard Dobson, at 71 Holland Park Avenue, where I underwent a brief examination. The Doctor (Brother Pugh's family physician) was surprised to find my blood pressure only 140. "Why, man, you are young," said he. (I was nearly 67.) "You don't use alcoholic stimulants, do you?" Upon my answering in the negative, he said: "Ah, that's where you men score"—meaning, I suppose, "Mormon" men, though he did not say so.

Next, we called on Sir Charles Ryall, a friend of Dobson's, as Dobson was a friend of Pugh's. This eminent specialist had his home and office on Harley Street, where men of his class "most do congregate." He had been knighted for distinguished service in the East during the Great War. It was because I wanted the best, that I went to him for my operation. His fee was one hundred guineas ($500).

"Nothing malignant," commented Sir Charles, after a cursory inspection. But he advised me to enter a nursing home (private hospital) where he could give me a more thorough ex-

amination. I acted upon his advice. First, however, there was a dinner and an evening at Drury Lane Theatre, with Morton and the Pughs as guests of the Whitneys.[b]

At the Pembridge Manor Hotel, near the Forde Nursing Home, I engaged a room, and next morning the brethren came there and blessed me, after which Elder Morton returned to Liverpool. That evening I entered the "Home"—20 Pembridge Crescent, Bayswater W. 11.

The founder of this hospital—a converted private residence—was Miss Edith Forde, who still owned the property and conducted the massage department; while a relative of hers, a Mrs. Forde, managed the entire institution. They were both kind-hearted ladies, and treated me with all due consideration.

The nurse of Room Eight, to which I was assigned, was a Scotch lassie of uncertain age, rather good looking and undeniably capable—"a trained woman," as she proudly styled herself. She had had experience in the Orient during the War, an experience including, according to her own statement, a jilting by a young Australian soldier. Perhaps this had soured a naturally sweet disposition, for she manifested both while I was under her care.

Her most intimate friend, who often helped her in her work, was an English girl. These were the head nurses. The others had not risen so far in the professional scale, but more than one of them outclassed the upper twain in amiable qualities. I have in mind a Miss Reynolds, who had charge of the operating room; and a little Irish Colleen, Miss Forde's special assistant.

It was now definitely determined that I should undergo an operation. Eight days of preparation were deemed necessary, and during that time I think I drank enough lithia water to liquidate the national debt! My wife and I had more than one pleasant drive with the Pughs in the suburbs of London—Richmond Park and Surrey Hill being the principal points visited.

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b During a previous visit to London, Brother Howells had treated us to dinner and a fine theatrical performance—Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew."

At length all was ready, and on Wednesday June 21st, Sir Charles Ryall performed the operation, assisted by Dr. Leonard Dobson and his son, Dr. Eric Dobson. Afterwards I learned that the strain upon Sir Charles was quite exhausting, he having a weak heart, which on a former occasion had brought him nigh to death's door. As for me, I knew nothing, after passing under the anesthetic, till I awoke and found myself back in my room, bandaged, helpless, and waited upon by my nurse. I had been upon the operating table from 12:15 to 1:30 p.m. My heart behaved splendidly. I felt no pain, and bore as patiently as I could the disagreeable presence of the abdominal (abominable) draining tube.

The wound healed rapidly. Doctors and nurses were delighted, deeming my case one that would reflect credit upon all concerned. Hopefully I was looking forward to an early release from the home—thirty days being the usual detention period in such cases—when, to the keen disappointment of all, it was discovered that a supplemental operation would be necessary, to remove a slight obstruction overlooked in the first.

There being no alternative, I submitted to the ordeal—the reopening of a fast-healing wound. After that my progress was anything but rapid. "Your're a slow healer," remarked Dr. Dobson. "Why?" I inquired. "Oh, there's no telling," said he. But there was—had he cared to tell it. The slow healing was the result of the second operation.

I thought the wound would never close. "Don't fear," said Mrs. Forde; "you are too healthy to have an incurable wound." But oh the waiting!—the waiting! Day after day, week after week, I lay there suffering at times mental agony unspeakable, till nearly three months had dragged by. Though often depressed and in tears, I did not despair, but kept on pleading with the Lord for deliverance. Dr. Dobson came to see me almost every day, and gave me credit for great patience.

I felt the sustaining power of the prayers offered up in my behalf—not only at the bedside, but throughout the Mission, where the brethren and sisters fasted and prayed for me

repeatedly. Brother and Sister Pugh were especially kind and attentive, bringing fruits and flowers almost daily, and President and Sister Savage, with the Elders at Deseret, did everything possible for my comfort.

As for my wife, she was indeed a ministering angel. She came twice or thrice a day, to pray with me, read me the papers, and act as my amanuensis. No one could have been more faithful, more devoted. God bless her forever!

Though physically helpless, my mind was unclouded, and equal to the task of inditing articles for the Star. I sent a score of editorials to Elder Morton, my representative at headquarters. Moreover, I corresponded with the First Presidency and others in Utah, and with the brethren whom I had left in charge at Liverpool. They referred all important matters to me, and I continued to direct, as best I could, the general affairs of the Mission.

My wife, in spite of a crippled hand, took down most of my correspondence, and she and Brother Pugh looked after my affairs locally. At her hotel May met many fine people, to whom she explained the Gospel, and they treated her with the utmost respect. She also stood well with the doctors and nurses in the Home. All thought her "a brick," for the admirable manner in which she bore up under the weight of anxiety caused by my condition.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," so far as the two head nurses were concerned; a change not due, as might be supposed, to the fact that I was one of the hated people whose emissaries were "gathering up British girls and shipping them to Utah to lead lives of shame," as our accusers were fond of asserting. I had made no concealment as to who I was or whence I came, having told my nurse that in religion I was a Latter-day Saint. "Never haird of them," said she. I then explained that we were commonly called "Mormons." We argued in a friendly way, my aim being to disabuse her mind of any false impression that might have been created by what the papers had published against us, and at the same time give no warrant for any just suspicion that I was endeavoring to prose-

lyte among the inmates of the home. I had with me a copy of "Saturday Night Thoughts," and more than once the nurse took it from the table at my bedside and read parts of it. My avowal of being a "Mormon" and President of the European Mission, did not embitter her, though it may have helped to influence her subsequent misconduct.

She grew weary, I believe, of the prolonged task of waiting upon me. I was a disappointment, and my case had become "stale." More than once she manifested impatience and even insolence. One evening, feeling a hot flush on my forehead I drew her attention to it. Instead of showing any concern, she laughed mockingly and her friend did the same. The next moment my teeth were chattering, and for the first time in my life I was in a chill. Seeing their mistake, they fairly flew around to find and administer remedies, dosing me first with brandy, an investment that brought quick returns—for it promptly came up—and doing everything possible to retrieve their heartless blunder.

On another occasion—and I am persuaded that this was the main fly in the ointment—my nurse was preparing to walk out with a friend, leaving me in a neglected state. My wife spoke to her about it—and then the fat was in the fire! Mrs. Whitney was no longer "a brick;" and the nurse, though she said nothing, went to work to get even. She probably feared that we would complain to Dr. Dobson—which neither of us intended doing—and this may have been one reason why she impressed upon me that all communications from me to him must be through her and her alone.

Next she curtailed my wife's visits, on the plea that I needed more rest, in order to improve more rapidly. In reality, as I suspect, to forefend against any further observation of her delinquencies. Up to that time May had been coming almost at will, and her visits always helped me. Now she was restricted to the regular visiting hours, with no privileges above those of any other caller.

Another of my nurse's petty tyrannies was her objection to the Elders coming to administer to me. She spoke contempt-

uously of the healing ordinance and said: "Time will heal you—not those boys." "Those boys," I told her, were servants of the Lord, and He would heal me in answer to their prayers. I insisted upon their being admitted, and she then gave way.

There were other annoyances, but these samples will suffice. Doubtless the petty persecution would have stopped instantly, had I complained to the Doctor or to Mrs. Forde; but I preferred to suffer in silence, fearing that resentment, especially in an angry spirit, would react to my injury and retard my progress. In such an atmosphere, is it any wonder that I was "a slow healer?"

"And for these courtesies" I was paying nine guineas a week, with the additional cost, over and above room rent, of every medicine or appliance used in my case. I paid for both operations, and for doctors' fees during the whole period of my prolonged stay in the Home.

Early in September Sir Charles Ryall, while in Scotland on a golfing holiday, suddenly expired at a hotel in Dornoch. I was sorry to hear of his death. I liked Sir Charles. He was a very genial gentleman.

So also was Dr. Dobson—whose personality, by the way, reminded me of my cousin, Edward P. Kimball. The Doctor, returning from his vacation, during which I had been waited upon by his son, was surprised to find me still in the Home, and directed that I be given a cane and be allowed to walk around outside. Accordingly my wife came twice a day to dress and undress me, and trudge with me up and down the nearby thoroughfares. Aided by these short walks and the exercise they gave, I began to mend. And oh! how glorious to again feel the earth under my feet! Then came faithful Brother Pugh, with his car, and took us for drives through the city and into the country.

My wound had not yet closed, but I was determined to leave the Home, trusting in Providence for the outcome. And so, on Saturday, September 16th, I bade the place good bye. I was so glad to be free that I gave generous "tips" to everybody around, including the two head nurses, one of whom, the English girl,

received the money to distribute, while the Scotch lassie absented herself, as if ashamed to show her face.

The Pughs took me and my wife to their home, where we tarried ten days as their guests. While there I received a cable message from President Grant, notifying me that I was honorably released from my mission.

XXXI

Homeward Bound

1922

IT was Wednesday, September 27, when I returned from London to Liverpool, having been absent from my office three months and seventeen days. My wife and I were joyfully welcomed by the brethren and sisters at Durham House. Two new faces greeted us—Sister Morton, who had joined her husband while we were away, and Elder David W. Goddard, filling the place previously held by Brother Curtis, whom I had appointed to travel in the Nottingham Conference.

In the next number of the Star I announced my release and the appointment of my successor, Elder David O. McKay of the Council of the Twelve, as President of the European Mission.[a] I could not but feel disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, having set my heart upon three years, at least, as the period of my service abroad. But President Grant had expressed by letter his belief that I would convalesce more rapidly in the midst of kindred and friends, and so advised me to come home as soon as it would be safe for me to travel.

My editorials, sent from London, were still running through the Star, and this gave me some leisure for other labors. I employed it in getting out a new book of poems, "Voices from the Mountains," which I had partly prepared for publication before going to the hospital. Assisted by Brother Morton, who generously gave his service as a practical printer in setting up the type for the entire work, I completed it in time for its is-

a Elder McKay was, and is, a dear friend of mine. He, with Elder Hugh J. Cannon, had passed through Liverpool in December, 1921, returning from a missionary tour around the world.

suance from the Star press and bindery early in November. The expense, of course, was borne by myself.

While still directing the affairs of the Mission from which I was about to retire, I received, among many tokens of kindness, a letter from the Presiding Bishopric—Charles W. Nibley, John Wells, and David A. Smith.—a few lines of which ran as follows: "You have done a wonderful work. You have been there at a time when it needed a man like you to stand up for the right and defend the Saints. Your mission has been full of problems which you have nobly and splendidly solved." Bishop Nibley had previously written to me, expressing his appreciation of the "fearless aggressiveness" of the Star, and "the high ideals" embodied in its editorials.

The following sweet-spirited epistle from Colonel R. M. Bryce Thomas, then sojourning in Switzerland, tells its own story:

My dear President Whitney:

I see you will be going back to Utah soon now, and I hope you will take a good rest, and not throw your recovery back by being too strenuous in the performance of your duties. My wife joins me in wishing you speedy health and strength again. Sister Whitney must have gone through great anxiety, and we are glad to know that her faithful attendance upon you and your needs for so many long weeks, have now been rewarded by the blessings of the Lord in your recovery.

We shall be sorry to lose you and Sister Whitney from our midst. I speak for the saints and myself. You have both endeared yourselves to all, and I know that every one will miss you greatly.

I trust you may have a pleasant and safe journey back to your home and family and friends, and we shall always be glad to receive good accounts of you and your good wife. Do not forget us.

May God's blessing rest upon you both.

A brave officer in the British Army, Colonel Thomas was also a stalwart Latter-day Saint. His pamphlet, "My Reasons for Leaving the Church of England," had made him a well-known and admired character in the Church of Christ. Having undergone an operation similar to mine, he was in a position

to offer practical and wise counsel in my case. His kindly expressed wish that I would not throw back my recovery by a too strenuous performance of my duties, was not purposely disregarded, but failed of fruition through a lack of understanding on my part. Dr. Dobson had given me "three months to convalesce," advising that I "go away somewhere." But I had nowhere to go, except home or back to Liverpool, and thought that by working moderately I could endure the strain and at the same time progress toward complete recovery. Thinking myself stronger than I was, I made the mistake of reassuming too early the labors and responsibilities of the Mission President.

My wound closed on the eleventh of October, three weeks and four days after leaving the Nursing Home. Happy was I in the thought that my troubles were about over. But alas! A deep disappointment awaited me. I was not yet back to normal, and the burden upon me was heavier than my enfeebled condition could long sustain.

One day, while crossing the hall from the parlor to my bedroom on the second floor of Durham House, I turned dizzy and almost fainted. Staggering into Brother Morton's room, I asked him to administer to me. He did so, and I was at once relieved. But a day or two later, while walking with him in the Park, I again grew faint and had to go in. From that hour I became weaker and weaker, until I was compelled to give up all open-air exercise and stay indoors.

One dismal day—and Liverpool has many of them in the late autumnal season—I was sitting with Brother Morton on the front stoop of Durham House. Much dejected, I gave vent to my feelings in words like these: "I wonder if I shall ever walk again, or ever preach or write again." Morton was silent for a moment and then said: "Yes, you will. The Lord is going to raise you up. You will reach home and mingle with your children and friends; you will sit in council with your brethren, and resume your labors in the ministry. And you and I will yet go to Stake conferences together, as in the past."

"God grant it!" I responded; but could hardly believe it possible. I thought my days of usefulness were over; that I

was used up and only fit for the scrap heap. Yet that prophecy came true, every jot and tittle of it.

Continuing to grow weaker, I began to fear a total collapse. Going up or coming down stairs would set my heart to fluttering, and I had to cease my visits to the dining room, and have my meals brought up to me. Thenceforth I was confined to my sleeping apartment, unable to walk or even stand.

Dr. H. A. Clarke, a prominent physician, was called in. He told me that my trouble was due to the difficulty experienced by the blood vessels in readjusting themselves to changed conditions. The heart disturbance was not organic, he said, but only functional. He prescribed for me, giving me a strong heart stimulant, so that I could walk to and fro without fainting. "Stop short of fatigue," was his accompanying admonition.

I was obliged to cease all mental activity. I could not even read a postal card without turning dizzy; and had to quit thinking concentratedly upon any theme. So sensitive to noise had I become, that a loud voice, a step in the hallway, or a sound in the room overhead, would cause me to cringe as with pain. More than once, while the Saints in their Sunday service were singing in the Chapel below, I had to send word, begging them to stop or else change the tune, as the one they were singing was whirling through my brain in endless repetitions, threatening to drive me wild.

I was only waiting for the arrival of my successor, and to become strong enough to carry out President Grant's suggestion, that I start for home as soon as I could travel with safety. Dr. Clarke said: "You will pull through all right, but nothing will help you like your native air." My wife and Brother Morton felt the same, and yielding to these persuasions, I made ready to depart, without waiting for Brother McKay; that privilege having been given me by the head of the Church, if found necessary.

It was deemed best that I should take the boat leaving Liverpool on November tenth, this being the last one that would reach Montreal before the freezing over of the St. Lawrence River and the consequent landing of passengers at St.

John, New Brunswick, thence to be carried by rail to Montreal; an undertaking too hazardous for an invalid who could not then sit upright, either in car or at table.

Accordingly, with my wife and a small party of Saints and returning missionaries, I went aboard the S. S. Montclair (being almost carried from the hack to the wharf) and embarked for my native land. I had a choice of cabins, with a special steward, and my devoted wife continued to wait upon me tenderly.

Moreover, I was cared for by two young Elders—Clyde Romney of Salt Lake City, and Claude Hinckley of Provo; they having been released, as their missions were about to close, for the special purpose of helping me home. I don't know what I should have done without them. Nobody could have been more attentive, more watchful over my welfare. Twice a day they dressed me and virtually carried me up on deck, where I could breathe the invigorating air and enjoy the ocean scenery.

My health now began to improve. The ship's doctor, a clever physician, helped me materially both with medicine and good advice. At night, even when it stormed and the ship was rolling and tossing on mountain billows, I slept peacefully, without a qualm of sea-sickness or anything else to distress me.

All went well until we entered the St. Lawrence, and were within a day's distance of Montreal. Then another disappointment befell—one shared by the whole ship's company. In one of the other compartments of the vessel a case of small pox had been discovered, necessitating a strict quarantine and rendering unlawful our landing at the port for which we were bound. The Montclair was not permitted to go any farther, and the task of fumigating and cleansing the boat prior to its return to Liverpool, at once began.

Two hundred and forty first-class passengers, dumped upon a quarantine station island, there to remain until the demands of the law had been satisfied—such was the situation. The island was a frozen, wind-swept rock in mid-river, nearly opposite the town of Quebec.

Knowing that I had not been exposed to the contagion, I protested against being put ashore at such a place in my condition; but it was of no avail. The answer was that a point might be stretched in my individual case and I be taken to Quebec; but the members of my party could not be allowed that privilege, and no one would be there to meet me. So that the wisest course was for me to share with my fellow passengers the hospitalities of Grosse Isle. Such was the ship doctor's opinion, respectfully and kindly urged. Recognizing the logic of his argument, I yielded the point.

It was night—pitch darkness; snow was falling, and everything looked bleak and forbidding, when the tug came alongside, took us aboard, and conveyed us to the island. Prior to being housed in immigrant barracks on a hill overlooking the wharf, the entire company, excepting myself, was shower-bathed and fumigated immediately on stepping ashore. I was exempted, with the understanding that my case would be cared for later.

The Canadian Government's quarantine officer was very officious from the start. "Come, now, get off your high horses —we are all equal here," was his opening salutation to the detained passengers, ladies and gentlemen, none of whom had said or done anything to warrant the insult thus flung in their faces. His opportunities to assert his authority were comparatively few, it seems—this being the first chance in two years—and he could not forego the pleasure of mounting the "high horse" which he wrongfully accused others of riding.

The barracks were comfortable enough. Hot and cold water and ample bedding were provided; but at first I could get nothing to eat. I could not sit up at the table, and it was against the rules, we were told, to serve meals outside the dining room. My friends Romney and Hinckley bridged this difficulty temporarily, by ordering double portions for themselves, and bringing me what food I required. This was objected to by the steward, but a tip of ten shillings smoothed out every wrinkle of objection. From that time on I fared, if not sumptuously, at least sufficiently.

To while away the tedium of the detention period—fourteen days being the legal limit—the passengers danced and made merry half the night, using for that purpose the dining room, right next to my berth. Sleep was impossible under such circumstances, and the jazz machine music—if music it can be called—wrought me almost to a pitch of frenzy. Grosse Isle might be an ideal haven for strong, healthy immigrants; but it was no place for an invalid; and I told them so.

We all had to be vaccinated, some twice over. Fearing the result in my case, my wife begged the quarantine officer, who was also the island doctor, not to use the needle on me, whereupon he flew into a passion, rudely denying her tearful petition. Poor May! She had almost more than she could bear. While still on the island, a telegram apprised her of the death of her sister Kate, and she was broken-hearted over the sad tidings.

Word of our unfortunate detention reached Salt Lake City, and was wired by President George Albert Smith to my brother-in-law, Senator Reed Smoot, at Washington, D.C. With characteristic promptness, the Senator took the matter up with the Canadian authorities, using his influence to such good effect that Dr. Paget, the chief medical man of the Canadian Pacific Company, was sent from Ottawa to investigate my case. From the moment of his arrival the local doctor was all politeness and civility; though he strove to convince Paget that I was getting along all right, and that the concern felt by my friends was unwarranted. I protested that I was failing, and insisted upon being liberated and sent on my way.

Already some of the passengers had gone, being set free as soon as their vaccinations proved effective. Mine had "taken," as had Hinckley's and Romney's, but my wife's was slower to react. Eight days had passed since the beginning of our island sojourn, when I again entreated the doctor to let me go. "Impossible," he exclaimed, and left me abruptly. But the impossible became possible at once. Having conferred with Paget, and no doubt desirous of being favorably reported by him, he returned shortly and said: "Can you get ready in thirty

minutes?" "We can," I almost shouted, and our things were packed in a hurry. Supported by my faithful attendants and braced up with a strong stimulant, I walked down to the wharf and went aboard the doctor's boat, his private cabin being placed at my disposal.

Evening found us in Quebec, at the Chateau Frontenac, the finest hotel in that famed city. We had much desired to see this town while passing it on the way to Liverpool; but that was before day-break and we saw nothing. Now, it was our privilege not only to see but actually to sleep on the historic Heights of Abraham.

Next morning, while I was walking for exercise along the hotel corridors, my heart again misbehaved, and I had to lie down until train time. Fervently I prayed for strength to go on, and if I must die before reaching home, die among my children in Chicago! Such was my thought, and such the substance of my petition. But I was not to die then. The Lord heard my prayer and helped me. I had no further trouble with my heart that day, though I sat up all the way to Montreal, where a drawing room car was secured for me on the next train to Chicago.

We were met at the station by Emily and Winslow, Byron and Paul, Margaret and Lester, and taken to the Mission Home. There I was blessed by Brother George Albert Smith, just from Utah, on his way East. Our party tarried in Chicago eight days, spending Thanksgiving there, and then continued the journey westward. I parted from my children with a heavy heart, not knowing that I should see them again in this life.

Early on the morning of December seventh our train pulled into the Union Depot at Salt Lake City. A throng of relatives and friends, headed by President Grant, met us and welcomed us home. I wept for joy to be again among them, my long and wearisome journey at an end.

XXXII

A Marvelous Comeback

1922—1925

NO sooner had I crossed the Rocky Mountains, after that long journey by sea and land, than I experienced, in part, the fulfilment of my Liverpool doctor's prediction: "Nothing will help you like your native air." Even while lying in my berth in a closed-up drawing room car, I felt a reviving influence from the change of atmosphere into which I had come.

But the process to complete recovery was very gradual. "It will be eighteen months before you feel fit," said a Utah physician with whom I conversed soon after my return. This also was an accurate forecast.

A statement of mine to that effect was made a joke of, I was told; the intimation being that I had timed my recovery to agree with the doctor's prediction. But it was no joke to me, and any would-be humorist who desires a similar experience in order to be convinced that my illness was not imaginary, is welcome to it so far as I am concerned. Meanwhile, this hint from Shakespeare: "He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

Among those who met us at the station upon our arrival, were my sister, Mrs. Henry M. Dinwoodey and her husband. It was their wish that my wife and I should be their guests for a season at their elegant mansion on East South Temple Street; but a previous invitation from my daughter Virginia precluded acceptance of the kind offer. We had no home of our own at that time, having sold our Eighteenth Ward property just before leaving for Europe. The Dinwoodeys took us in their car to Virginia's place in Highland Park, where a family reunion immediately followed. My son Murray, with his wife and two

children, then living at Hooper, had boarded our train at Ogden and come with us to Salt Lake. My son Bert met us at the station. He, with his wife and children and Byron's family, were among those who gathered to greet us. Don and Virginia, their two little ones, and May and myself made up the rest of the party.

Very soon President Grant and members of the Council of the Twelve, with other Elders, came to call on us. They blessed me repeatedly, promising complete restoration and continued usefulness in my sacred calling.

At that time I could neither read nor write, nor even think clearly. There was a weight on my brain like an iron clamp, and I felt when walking as if I were lifting great chunks of lead. I doubt if any of the brethren, or even the members of my family fully understood my case or realized what I was passing through. How could they, without a like experience?

Looking out upon the dreary winter landscape, I longed for spring. I envied the very dogs the freedom with which they moved about. Walking has always been my favorite exercise, and reading and writing the occupations in which I have taken most delight. The sympathetic reader can well imagine, therefore, the amount of privation that my long illness entailed. It was the loneliest, and in some respects the saddest period of my life.

Bishop Stayner Richards of Highland Park Ward invited me to attend a Sunday evening service, and kindly sent a car to take me to the Chapel. My wife and I both went, and I was prevailed upon to speak a few words to the congregation; but found it exceedingly difficult to collect and utter my thoughts. I spoke about five minutes, and lay awake nearly all night in consequence. I attempted no repetition.

Forenoon and afternoon I took outdoor exercise, and gradually learned to walk again, tottering on my cane (given me by the Elders in London) and trudging through deep snow or along muddy roads in quest of renewed physical and mental health; happy to find, at last, that I could walk without faintness and without artificial stimulant. I slept soundly, and that,

I believe, was an important factor in my "marvelous comeback," as the doctors styled it. Soon I began to read again, but could not concentrate my mind sufficiently to indite a letter.

President Frank Y. Taylor and High Councilor Joseph Anderson, with a comfortable closed car owned and driven by the latter, took me on my first trip to the Church Offices, where I was warmly welcomed by the Presidency, the clerks and other employees. Friends came and took me for drives, but I benefited mostly from my rambles on foot. Once or twice I went to town on the electric cars, walking into the Temple where the Church leaders were sitting in council, and taking lunch with them, as I had so often done in the past.

Early in February, 1923, Emily and Winslow, back from their mission, resumed occupancy of their home, 269 B. Street, rented out by them while they were away. During the next seven months or more, my wife and I lodged and boarded with them, paying our way, of course, as we had done at Virginia's. I was now in my native neighborhood, nearer the civic centre, and better able to attend regularly the Council meetings in the Temple.

Thenceforth my life was less solitary. I rode out more frequently, thanks to thoughtful friends who came with their cars or sent them for that purpose. But I walked as much as possible, in order to overcome the heaviness that weighed upon me. I would trudge down to the Temple on Thursdays, and usually one of the brethren would bring me back in his auto. I read a great deal, having regained the power so to do, and for many months it was my only source of entertainment.

I still had gloomy hours, and was glad when night came and I could go to sleep and forget my situation; but sorry when morning broke and I had another day to drag through. There was a mocking bird next door, and it sang beautifully. But I could not endure its music, which heralded the dawn and roused me up to meet it.

While yet at Emily's I began to write again, first trying my pen, at Winslow's suggestion, on some verses for a Mother's Day observance in the Eighteenth Ward Sabbath School.

Another poem, struck off a little later, was a tribute to the Prophet Joseph, entitled "To His Memory." I read it to the Council one morning, and President A. W. Ivins requested a copy and embodied it in a discourse at the Tabernacle on the following Sabbath.[a] Likewise welled up from my heart this offering:

TO THE MASTER

Savior, Redeemer of my soul,
Whose mighty hand hath made me whole,
Whose wondrous power hath raised me up,
And filled with sweet my bitter cup!
What tongue my gratitude can tell,
O gracious God of Israel!

Never can I repay thee, Lord;
But I can love thee. Thy pure word,
Hath it not been my one delight,
My joy by day, my dream by night?
Then let my lips proclaim it still,
And all my life reflect thy will.

O'errule my acts to serve thine ends;
Change frowning foes to smiling friends;
Chasten my soul till I shall be
In perfect harmony with thee.
Make me more worthy of thy love,
And fit me for the life above.

The poem, "To His Memory," was written September 21st, the one hundredth anniversary of the Angel Moroni's first visit to the youthful Prophet, and the date of a notable celebration at the Hill Cumorah. My wife and I were among those invited. We also had been urged to attend the dedication of the Alberta Temple, at Cardston, Canada. But my condition forbade long journeys at that time.

In the autumn of 1923 we moved into a new home, a cozy little bungalow between L. and M. Streets, in the very heart of a choice residential section. The house—No. 764 Fourth Avenue—was well built, handsomely furnished, and equipped

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a L. D. S. Hymns, No. 323.

with every modern convenience. The owners were selling out —house, furniture and all—to go to California. We had but to pay the price, move in and take possession, which we did on Saturday the 29th of September.

A marked improvement in my condition now began. Those who had given me up to die, and thought me unwise for purchasing a home instead of renting an apartment pending my anticipated early dissolution, found it necessary to revise their hastily formed judgments, even as I had done. What I needed was not "a change of worlds," but something to do in this world—something that would occupy my mind and keep me from brooding.

"Occupation," said Napoleon, "is the scythe of Time." So it was for him, a lonely exile dragging out a dreary existence on the prison rock of St. Helena. But to me it meant more, far more than that. Occupation, not as a killer of precious time, but as a cure for care, a preventive of misanthropy, and as a means of further progress and development—that was what I needed. I was strong enough to work now, and the work that I loved most extended its hand, like a good Samaritan, and helped to lift me to my feet.

Early in December, at the solicitation of Hon. Franklin S. Richards, I undertook the revision of a manuscript of twenty-two chapters covering the life of his father, President Franklin D. Richards. This manuscript, prepared by a grandson of President Richards, I carefully revised, added some parts, and engineered the book through the press, receiving for that service the sum of five hundred dollars. Though working hard, I felt the benefit of the literary exercise. It was virtually the beginning of my mental rejuvenation.

About the first of the New Year (1924) I received a pleasant call from my friend, James A. Langton, associate editor of the Deseret News. During our conversation he proposed that I publish a signed card acquainting the public with my condition and feelings. To his kindly suggestion I demurred, remarking that I did not consider myself of that much consequence. "You wouldn't feel that way," said he, "if you could hear what I am

hearing all the while. You have hosts of friends who are continually inquiring about you, anxious to learn of your welfare." The result of the interview was my consent to his putting something in the paper, not over my signature, but extending greetings and good wishes to all interested in my case.

My first public address, after that long period of retirement, was in the Twenty-first Ward, of which I had become a member. It was Sunday evening, January 27, and the occasion was the reorganization of the Bishopric. I had not intended going to the meeting, thinking it might be crowded and that my presence would deprive someone else of a seat. But my wife persuaded me to go, and we were called for by my daughter Emily and her husband, the new President of Ensign Stake, of which the Twenty-first Ward is a part. I was glad I went, for it proved another step upward.

Among those seated upon the stand when I entered the Chapel, was the President of the Church. He greeted me cordially, as did many others, and after the retiring bishopric each had spoken briefly, and the incomers—Bishop Harold G. Reynolds and Counselors—had likewise expressed themselves, the President asked me to occupy the remainder of the time, saying that all would be delighted to hear from me.

Trustfully I took the stand and spoke for about twenty minutes, surprising myself by the clearness with which my thoughts came and the energy with which they were delivered. It was my first attempt to speak in public since leaving London —if I except the feeble five-minute talk in Highland Park Ward, to which reference has been made. After I sat down the President arose and said: "Brother Whitney has told us truly that it has been a long time since he stood before a congregation of Latter-day Saints. But I think you will agree with me that he has spoken tonight with all his old-time fire and spirit." He went on to predict that I would regain my health and further magnify my calling in the Priesthood.

After dismissal, I was showered with congratulations, and invited by President Grant to assist him in setting apart the new bishopric. He then called for his car, and delivered me and

my wife at our home. I was happy that night in the thought of being launched once more upon the sea of usefulness in the work of the Lord.

Invitations to speak in public at various places now poured in upon me. The first occasion was a funeral service in the Eighteenth Ward; Miss Aura Rogers the decedent. Sunday, March 9th, was the date of my reappearance at the Tabernacle.

At the General Conference in April, I briefly sketched my mission to Europe, my experience while there, my journey home, and other incidents of more recent occurrence. I bore testimony in these words:

Brethren and sisters: I testify in all solemnity that I know this to be the work of the Lord. I never knew it so well as I do now. I have been just near enough to "the other side" to sense it most thoroughly, and my one desire is to live to bear witness of the Truth. This work will go on conquering and to conquer—not with worldly but with spiritual weapons. Nothing can stand before it to impede its progress; and it never will be smaller or weaker than it is today. Like the little snowball from the mountain top, gathering as it goes, it will yet become a mighty avalanche, sweeping all evil before it and fulfilling the Prophet Daniel's forecast concerning it. It is "the stone cut out without hands," which is destined to grow into "a great mountain" and "fill the whole earth." God speed it on its way!"

I felt well, was in good voice, and had the undivided attention of the vast congregation. "Mr. Whitney's address," said the Tribune in its report, "was given with his customary polish and vigor." A great feast, after a prolonged period of fasting, that conference was to me. My passage through the crowds, both before and after adjournment, was one continuous ovation. The following letter is a sample of many like expressions received by me at that time:

Salt Lake City, May 20, 1924.

Elder Orson F. Whitney.
My dear Friend:

I read with great pleasure your very splendid address of April 4th at the Tabernacle. We always get from you, not

only the product of a mind well stored with the classics, but the overflowing of a soul attuned to the poetry of God's great universe, and en rapport with the finest spiritual emanations. We are never disappointed when we expect from you the spiritual and intellectual food contained in this most interesting address.

May God bless you with health, and preserve your life long in the land to give us not only the bread of life, but to interpret for us the music of the spheres.

Sincerely your friend,
George W. Middleton

Sunday, May 18, 1924, I attended the Cottonwood Stake Conference in Salt Lake City, having as a companion Elder William A. Morton, whose presence with me on that occasion partly fulfilled the prediction made by him at Liverpool, that we should yet attend Stake conferences together—an event that seemed highly improbable at the time, owing to my weak condition. A little later Elder Morton was with me at the Nebo Stake Conference in Payson, thus completing the fulfilment of the prophecy. I had helped to fulfil it by inviting him to accompany me on both occasions. These facts, I related at his funeral, six years later.

Sunday evening, June 1st, 1924, I delivered the baccalaureate sermon for the Brigham Young University; first marching with the "caps and gowns" from the main building to the Provo Tabernacle, which was filled to its capacity. My reception left nothing to be desired.

The October "Improvement Era" featured an article from my pen entitled "A Hymn With a History." It was based upon President Penrose's beautiful and sacred song "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother." My article, I think, convinced those who read it that I was still able to use a pen. The "Era's" associate editor, Edward H. Anderson, reissued the article in pamphlet form, and my friend Langton had it reprinted in the Deseret News. George H. Brimhall, President Emeritus of the Brigham Young University, expressed to me by letter his sincere appreciation of the "thrilling message," and many others voiced similar sentiments.

Columbus Day, that same month, I was the speaker at

the Tabernacle, and by direction of President Grant my address, "America—Past, Present and Future," was reproduced in the Christmas issue of the Deseret News.

About that time the News began to publish in its Saturday issues, a series of sketches under the general caption, "Our Home Writers." They were prepared by the editor, Harold Goff, who began with me. After mentioning my principal works as "Poet-Historian," his article went on to say: "Innumerable smaller writings, both in verse and prose, have emanated at various times from his tireless brain and ever busy pen. Many solicited articles, signed or unsigned by him, are to be found in histories, encyclopedias and magazines all over the land; and yet he has made little or no effort for recognition as a writer outside of his native community. 'My name,' says the Bishop, with good-natured irony, 'will not be found in that illustrious collection of immortals, 'Who's Who.' I have never had time to cultivate its acquaintance.' "

Let me add, in explanation of this jibe, that a certain friend of mine had been asked by a well known Eastern editor to contribute a signed article for his magazine. Overworked and worn down, my friend declined, but suggested me as one qualified to furnish what was desired. The editor, in reply, stated that he did not find "Mr. Whitney's name" in the "Who's Who" book, and again urged my friend to write and sign the article. Sign it he did, and it was widely published.

My first experience as a radio speaker was on Sunday evening, January 4, 1925. The station KFPT (now KSL) was then on the roof of the Deseret News Building. My theme was "The Everlasting Gospel." "Magnificent!" exclaimed the director, Earl J. Glade, as I closed. Almost immediately I was called up by Editor Anderson, requesting the address for the February number of the Era.

During the M. I. A. Jubilee in June, I spoke at the Sunday evening service in the Tabernacle. My discourse was on the slogan: "We stand for an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ." In the course of my address I related my dream-vision of the Savior, and recited portions of the third

canto of "Elias"—"Elect of Elohim." Said President Grant: "I have never listened to anything more interesting." On a subsequent occasion President Ivins bore indirect testimony to my improved condition. Accosting me just after I had addressed a Tabernacle congregation, he said: "That was a well organized and powerful sermon."

It was now generally recognized that I had indeed "come back;" that my faculties were unimpaired, and that I was still able to lift voice and wield pen "for the establishment of truth and righteousness."

XXXIII

Visiting the Missions

1925—1926

AT the beginning of 1925 an arrangement went into effect whereby the labors of the Twelve were to be more widely distributed. Up to that time most of their visits had been to the Stakes rather than to the Missions. Now it was decided that each near-by mission should be visited by an Apostle at least once a year, and the more distant fields as often as might be deemed necessary.

My first appointment under the new regulation took me to the Northwestern States Mission, then presided over by Elder Brigham S. Young, a leader much loved by the missionaries and Church members in that part. His headquarters were at Portland, Oregon. North of that city I had never been, and consequently had formed no adequate idea of the region lying beyond.

Reaching the Rose City (Portland's charming soubriquet) on Saturday, July 4th, I addressed two well-attended Sabbath meetings at the Madison Street chapel; and on Monday morning, with President Young, his wife and son Whitney (our efficient chauffeur), sped out to Hood River, along the Columbia River Highway.[a] A smooth, hard-finished road, winding in and out along the great river's wooded shores, or through deep canyons walled by precipitous cliffs or pine-clad mountains,

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a This grand thoroughfare extends up the south side of that noble stream as far as "The Dalles," where until recent years Portland-bound tourists were wont to leave the railroad and take to the boats plying between that point and their destination. I pursued this course in September, 1908, when going to Portland to gather up my son Race's effects. The boat transportation has since been discontinued.

with here and there a snow-crowned peak lifting its crest heavenward, while far below yawned almost bottomless chasms choked with remnants of "the forest primeval"—such was the Columbia River Highway. Wondrously, fearfully grand was the scenery we gazed upon for hours, while our vehicle threaded its seemingly precarious way through those rocky and sublime fastnesses.

But this was not a sight-seeing junket. I was to speak in Hood River that night, and did so at a meeting held in the Carnegie Library Hall. The audience that assembled to greet us was clearly discernible with the naked eye, but the hall was not crowded to suffocation. Doubtless the attendance would have been larger, but for the fact that the Chautauqua was giving a performance of "The Mikado," for which tickets had been sold in advance, and the fascinating comic opera well nigh proved a "Lord High Executioner" to our modest entertainment.

Leaving Portland and the State of Oregon, our route lay to the north. Having preached in Olympia, the Washington state capital, we went on to Tacoma for a sabbath evening service in the L. D. S. Chapel. At Tacoma the tourist gets a fine view of snow-capped Mount Rainier—but he must not call it that until he has left town and is well on his way to Seattle. Mount Tacoma is the approved title at the former place. It gets Rainier as you go north, and woe betide the forgetful wight who then refers to it as Mount Tacoma. As in the days of Noah (when it got rainier still) forty days of dampness or decided coolness is sure to be his portion.

A delightful boat ride up Puget Sound brought us to Seattle. Throned on mountain and wave, this beautiful city exceeded all my anticipations concerning it. By trolley car and motor coach we reached Bellingham, where resided my son-in-law, J. W. Timpson, in charge of the Utah-Idaho sugar interests at that place. "Billy" and his wife, my daughter Helen, took us to Vancouver, B. C., a two hours run by automobile.

It was Wednesday, July 15, when I first set foot upon the soil of British Columbia. We arrived about noonday, to find the city agog with excitement over the visit of Field Marshal Earl

Haig, who was touring the Canadian provinces in the interest of a new organization of war veterans, "The British Empire Service League." The civic authorities were giving the Earl and his countess a banquet at the Hotel Vancouver, as we rode into town. We did not see them, nor did they seem to be aware of our presence! The Earl may have learned of it later, however; for he left by special train for the East the same evening!

I spoke in Odd Fellows Hall that night, and after dismissal a sandy-haired, red-faced man, of rather belligerent aspect, approached and accosted me:

"Did you intend to irritate your audience?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Well, we came out to hear something about Mormonism, but you gave us the history of the United States."

"My friend," said I, "I gave you nothing but 'Mormonism;' but it is so big a subject that it takes in the United States and every other good thing under the sun. It includes Canada and the British Empire."

He staggered, but I had hold of him, so that he fell not. "You have drawn a wrong inference," I continued.

"Well, I hope so," he replied. "But it struck me that you had forgotten you were in a foreign country, and that we Canadians are very sensitive on some points."

I assured him that my memory was perfect upon those points and that it was farthest from my intent to say anything that would irritate or offend.

The cause of umbrage—the ostensible cause—was a comparison made between European and American forms of government, with a view to showing how "Mormonism" had been able to come forth under the Constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. Probably the real cause was a recent celebration of the Fourth of July by a host of Americans who had crossed over to Vancouver, taking with them the Stars and Stripes. The automobiles carrying this peaceful, perhaps thirsty invasion, were said to have numbered thousands. My florid friend virtually admitted this to be the rock of offense in say-

ing: "When we go to the States we honor the American flag; when they come over here they bring their flag with them."[b]

Patting him on the back, I said at parting: "I am of English stock myself, ye knaow," and this "soft answer" seemed to "turn away wrath," for his beery face grew a shade whiter as he peacefully went his way.

From Vancouver, the Timpsons returned to Bellingham, while a boat ride over the Strait of Georgia ended for the rest of our party at Victoria, the aristocratic capital of British Columbia. We had heard that the Ministerial Association at that place was bent upon barring us from holding a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium, for which arrangements had been made by our missionaries laboring there. They had paid twenty-five dollars for the use of the hall, held a receipt for the money, and the contract, of course, was binding. But a strong protest had arisen against the "Mormons" contaminating with their presence and preaching the hallowed precincts of the Chamber of Commerce. Stirred up by the ministers, who remained diplomatically in the background, the women brought such a pressure to bear upon their liege lords that at least one-fourth of them threatened to resign—not as husbands, but as members of the Chamber—if this "oful" contract were carried through.

Such was the situation when our boat arrived. We were making our way up the landing stage, when we were met by the assistant secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who briefly stated the case and urged in a rather excited manner an immediate interview with the head of that organization, who had sent this messenger to request it.

President Young at once repaired to the Chamber of Commerce building, while the rest of our party of six, including two lady missionaries, went to lunch. The result of the interview was an amicable adjustment whereby the President of

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b This, I was told, is quite a reciprocal custom, Canadians frequently crossing the line for a similar purpose on Dominion Day—July first. And no one objects to the waving of the Canadian flag on such occasions, so long as the American flag waves beside it.

the Chamber, who frankly acknowledged his obligation, but appealed to the consideration of the Mission President, was released from his awkward predicament, on condition that he would procure us another hall. This he promptly agreed to do, and was as good as his word. He refunded the amount advanced for the use of the Auditorium; obtained for us the Knights of Pythias Hall, and had notices posted informing the public of the change and directing them to the place of meeting. Ten dollars was paid for the use of the Pythian Hall, and thus was saved fifteen dollars and the situation.

A good-natured audience assembled at 8 p. m. and gave respectful attention to what we had to say. The papers published column reports, mostly on the sensational phases of the incident, but perfectly fair and respectful, in pleasing contrast to the Billingsgate utterances of the clergy, who had referred to us as "idiots" and "fools," who "if given enough rope" would "hang themselves."

The President of the Chamber was courtesy itself, feeling grateful, no doubt, for the generous manner in which he had been treated. He invited President Young to call upon him whenever he came that way.

Our engagements across the border having been filled, we took boat at Sidney, eighteen miles from Victoria, and early in the afternoon landed at Bellingham. That evening, in the Odd Fellows Tulip Hall, I faced a splendid audience, about one-third of them non-"Mormons." The Sugar Company was well represented, the sweet contingent including Timpsons, Cluffs, Loves, Kimballs, Newells, and other scions of well-known Utah families.[c]

A three-hours' ride by motor car brought us to Everett, where, at noonday of Sunday the 19th, we halted for lunch at the Hotel Monte Cristo. While in no way suggestive of that jeweled grotto in the Mediterranean where, according to Du-

c Bellingham was named for an English nobleman of the long ago. It is called "The Little Seattle," and like that great city is "on the Sound." This has no reference to honking automobiles and other noisy agencies of civilization, but to a near-by body of landlocked water, a natural harbor dotted with pine-covered, grassy islands, and all but separating the mainland from the Pacific.

mas, Edmund Dantes, escaped prisoner from the Chateau D' If, found the buried treasure that changed him into a Count and made the world "his'n," it is nevertheless a good place to rest and refresh the inner man.

The Timpsons, who had brought us thus far, now returned, and President Young and I went on by rail to Seattle. Our coming had been well announced; many people had driven in from other towns to swell the attendance at our meeting, and the L. D. S. Chapel on Eighth Avenue could scarcely accommodate the throng.

At Yakima the heat wave, hitherto absent, hit us with full force, and at Wenatchee most of the men in the mixed gathering that we addressed had their coats off. Following their example, I shed mine and preached for the first time in shirt sleeves.

Spokane, for which we entrained next day, is about the size of Salt Lake City, and is the center of the great Coeur d' Alene mining region. Like many other towns in that section it was named for an Indian chief; and this is about all that "Lo the poor Indian" got out of it—except himself. I wonder if I am right in supposing that the use of wooden Indians for tobacco signs, and the placing of their portraits on cigar boxes, originated in a conscientious desire on the part of the white man to do justice to the wronged race!

Mining is not the only great industry in the State of Washington. It is also a wonderful fruit-growing region. The Washington apples are among the finest in the world. If cherry trees are less abundant there, it is probably owing to the name of the State!

At Moscow, Idaho's university town, our meeting was something of a "frost;" though not of the same kind that ruined Napoleon at the older and more famous city of that name. The University had closed for the summer, and many of the people, including practically all of the students, were away on vacation.

Returning to Spokane, we joined with the Elders and Saints in celebrating Utah's natal day. Amid outdoor games

and an undertree banquet in Manito Park, a sudden rain drove us all to the shelter of the L. D. S. Church, where I addressed the picnickers on the subject of "Utah and the Pioneers."

It would make this chapter too long to mention every name and incident connected with that interesting tour. Skipping over some of the meetings held—about twenty-five in all—I will just say that one of the best was at Butte, Montana, where, on the evening of Sunday, August second, I wound up my visit to the Great Northwest.[d]

The Canadian Mission came next. In company with its able and amiable president, Elder Joseph Quinney, Jr., I traversed, during May and June of 1926 that very attractive field. Ontario, one of Canada's nine provinces, takes in Toronto, a city associated interestingly with the early history of the Latter-day Saints. It was there that Parley P. Pratt, in 1836, fulfilling a prediction made by Heber C. Kimball, found "a people prepared for the fulness of the Gospel," and there a work was done that helped to spread the glad tidings to the shores of England.

Toronto abounds in handsome homes, numbering among its stately structures a feudal castle, built, it is said, by Sir Henry Pellet, at a fabulous cost. "Riches have wings." So had this castle, for it flew away with its owner's fortune. It enriched the architect and bankrupted the proprietor. Toronto is noted for its many beautiful parks and playgrounds. Reservoir Park is a vast glen—miles of picturesque ravine, provided by nature, cultivated by human hand, and extending through a thickly populated district, furnishing pure air and wholesome recreation to the inhabitants.

Wandering through the well-kept grounds of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, reading the tombstone inscriptions, I could not but note how many names of the departed were identical with those that have made the Great West what it is—such names as Smith, Young, Taylor, and others equally reminiscent.

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d During my absence Professor John J. McClellan, the Tabernacle organist, died in Salt Lake City. I arrived home in time to take part in the funeral service.

Nor is this to be wondered at, since the West, and especially Utah, was peopled largely from the same sources—Mother England, Mother Scotland, Mother Wales, and other racial fountain-heads.[e]

Following a conference at Toronto on the 5th and 6th of June, President Quinney and I took train for Ottawa, and a pleasant ride of seven hours brought us to the Canadian capital. We alighted at the Chateau Laurier, a palatial hotel right next to Union Station. It was raining at the time, but ample shelter was provided by a marble-walled tunnel connecting the depot waiting room with the hotel lobby. Through a surging mass, mostly of guests, we made our way to the clerk's counter, only to learn that every one of the Chateau's three hundred and eleven rooms was taken, and that cots were being placed in parlors, corridors, and in a sleeping car at the railroad station, to accommodate the overflow. A Lions Convention had just adjourned, and the lions and lionesses were still roaming about the place, not having yet departed for their native jungles.

We had wired ahead for reservations, but it availed nothing. There were other hotels, but they were up town, and it was getting late. Besides, we wished to be near the railroad, having to entrain early next morning. The two lady missionaries with us were cared for by local sisters, and Quinney and I waited upon the forlorn hope of someone "checking out" and leaving a vacant room before bed-time.

Meanwhile, there being no better place to slumber in, we strolled up to the House of Parliament, where the Dominion's legislature was in session. From the gallery we gazed upon the sons of thunder below. They were discussing resources—Hudson's Bay, etc. Said one orator: "We have more white ice (snow) than any country in the world." Nobody disputed him, there being no Esquimaux within hearing. I was sleeping when he shouted out again: "Canada is the greatest part of this

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e This mention reminds me that a certain house in Toronto is pointed out as the birth-place of the famous queen of the movies, Mary Pickford, whose name originally was Smith.

whole western continent!" That woke me up, in more ways than one.

Returning to the hotel and finding that nobody had "checked out," back we went up-town, where I was glad to get a room in an apartment house and "turn in." Next night we slept in the Chateau Laurier, and then took train for Montreal.

Through that city I had passed more than once, but now really saw it for the first time. Situated on the St. Lawrence River, a thousand miles from the sea, this great inland port harbors two distinct peoples, who, however, mix fairly well and work together for the common good. When the British took Canada they did not drive out the French; they just assimilated them, or were assimilated by them. As when Rome conquered Greece and became Grecianized, so in Montreal and Quebec the British became more or less Frenchified. But "a French fry" is not a bad thing—when its good!

Three-fourths of Montreal's million inhabitants are Roman Catholics; the rest, Protestants, Jews and nondescripts. Mount Royal, which gave its name to the town, is a noble elevation possessing a unique feature in the form of a gigantic steel cross, studded with electric bulbs, lit up every night and giving a grand illumination.

As in the case of the Chateau Laurier, the Mount Royal Hotel was in the throes of a convention—the Kiwanians this time—and every one of its thousand and fifty rooms was taken. But "all things come to him who waits," and finally, the Convention having adjourned, we secured accommodations without going elsewhere.

We were just too late to witness the Kiwanis parade and the great Corpus Christi procession; but caught a glimpse of these glories at the Palace Theatre, where every announcement by the manager and every speech of the players was flashed from the screen in both English and French.[f]

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f It looked strange to us Westerners to see men and women kneeling on the pavement as the Corpus Christi procession went by, presenting, in the consecrated wafer borne aloft, what all sincere followers of the Pope revere as the real body of the Lord. It is called "The Host" because the Savior was the host, as his apostles were the guests, at the Lord's Supper in Jerusalem.

At the time of my visit there were only forty-three Latter-day Saints in Montreal. Most of these, with their friends, came together on Sunday evening in the Lodge Room of the Borin Building, where I discoursed upon "The High Points of Mormonism." Then we said good bye. When I was a boy it was common for one, in venting his anger upon another, to say: "Go to Halifax!" Well, that's where we went next.

The capital of Nova Scotia is a charming seaport town rising from wooded and grassy slopes fronting on one of the finest harbors in the world. Most of the people are Scotch. You would know it by their features and their Gaelic accent, even if you did not see the statue of Bobby Burns in Victoria Park, or failed to interpret the provincial title, the classic alias of New Scotland. Just why the Scotch settled in that part, I cannot say. Perhaps they just wanted it—and that settled it! I can think of no other reason, except that it is a good long way from Montreal, where Catholicism sits enthroned. In New Scotland the religion of John Knox is dominant as to numbers.

Nova Scotia reminded me of a humorous story by "Scip" Kenner, one chapter of which begins: "All of a sudden it continued to rain." It rains there a great deal, and when "It" stops raining, the King continues to reign—continues to be "It," as it were. So there is no break in the chain of continuity. It was raining when we arrived at Halifax, but the next day was beautiful, and I shall not soon forget the delightful ride that followed an enjoyable meeting with the Elders laboring in that part. The ride was "Down the Dingles"—a smooth winding road along which our car sped up and down through sylvan shades skirting the placid waters of Chebucto Bay, the original name of Halifax Harbor.[g]

On the way to St. John, N. B., we passed the site of the

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g We were shown the spot where a huge anchor, weighing at least a ton, lay imbedded in the earth, after being blown through the air a distance of two miles. This tragedy—for such it was—in which eighteen hundred people lost their lives, occurred in the year 1918, when a shipload of dynamite exploded in the harbor, bringing death and destruction to houses and inhabitants along the shore.

village of Grande Pre, well known to readers of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline." Yes, we were right in the heart of Acadia, the ancient name of the Nova Scotian peninsula. Our train touched at the station only for a moment, but in that moment I glimpsed from the car window a bronze statue in front of a quaint little church by the roadside; the statue, that of a woman—the poem's heroine—standing in an attitude of sublime despair, with eyes upturned to heaven.

The church is a reproduction of one in which the French peasants of Grande Pre, during the Seven Years War, were gathered by the British governor, then removed by force; their property confiscated, homes broken up, families torn apart, husbands and wives, parents and children, lovers and sweethearts, separated and scattered at various points along the Atlantic coast, never to meet again. As pathetically related by the American poet, it is one of the sweetest, saddest stories ever told. And the saddest thing about it is, that it is true. That cruel deportation actually occurred; though the heroine and hero of the story, Evangeline and her lover Gabriel, are probably children of the poet's imagination.[h]

St. John the town was named for St. John the river, which flows into the Bay of Fundy at that point; and the river was christened in honor of Saint John the Baptist. It was during the time of Cromwell that Acadia fell under British rule.

The real founding of the city was in 1783, at the close of the American War for Independence. Its principal founders were expatriated Tories ("United Empire Loyalists")who had aided the British Government against the Colonial patriots. After the War, finding the social and political climate around Bunker Hill and Yorktown uncomfortably warm for them, they proceeded to settle in a less heated zone.

Benedict Arnold once lived in St. John. The site of his home, occupied by warehouses, was pointed out to us, as also the place of his "shop." Yes, General Arnold became a shop-

h The Catholic Church, to which those expatriated peasants belonged, rebuilt the chapel, and still pays for its upkeep. Memorial Park, in which chapel and statue both stand, is owned by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, virtually a branch of the Canadian Pacific, which erected the monument to Evangeline.

keeper—an honorable but rather tame occupation for his fiery spirit. After selling his honor for British gold, he invested the proceeds in other saleable articles and set up in business. But he never prospered, and was despised even by those who had bribed him to betray his country. A brave man, a gallant fighter, was Arnold, as Quebec and Saratoga bear witness. But he was weak in character, and character is above courage, or rather, it is courage of a higher type.

After the usual meetings we bade St. John "good night." This phrase is used there as a greeting, the same as "good evening." It is the alpha, not the omega, of conversation, when meeting a friend or scraping an acquaintance. They have lots of good times in St. John—Atlantic standard time, Eastern standard time and Daylight saving time. Atlantic time is one hour earlier than Eastern time, and Eastern time an hour earlier than Daylight time. By the time you're through with that it's bed-time. But you must keep your eyes open, or you'll be late for a meeting set by some other time. When parting time comes you start for the station at six o'clock, to catch a train that goes at five. Think of it, and marvel no more that hair can grow white in a single night.

That one must go from home to hear the news, is proverbial. I was shown a paper that devoted three columns to a story aiming to prove that Brigham Young was born in New Brunswick; the alleged proof being that there is a place called Young's Cave in Queen's County, and that a family named Young once lived there. How very conclusive!

After a spirited conference in Bangor, Maine, President Quinney and I parted, he returning to Toronto and I going down to Washington, D. C., where I was the guest of my friend and brother-in-law, Hon. Heber M. Wells, of the U. S. Shipping Board's Emergency Fleet Corporation. In company with the Treasurer of that concern, Mr. Edward H. Schmidt, we lunched at "The Powhattan," and went through some of the Government departments. "Heeb" wanted to take me to the White House for an interview with the President, but as

I had no advice for Mr. Coolidge and the Government seemed running smoothly enough, I put aside the proffered crown!

In response to my request, President B. H. Roberts, then at the head of the Eastern States Mission, had made appointments for me in Washington and New York. The first one I filled on the evening of Friday, June 25th, speaking at "The Playhouse" on N Street, a hall hired for the occasion. Utah people and others made up the congregation, unusually large, I was told, for a week-day gathering, and certainly very distinguished, with Senator Smoot on the stand, and such notables as Mrs. Smoot, Governor Wells, wife and daughter; General Briant H. Wells, wife and son, and other well known characters occupying seats in the body of the hall.

Saturday morning came too soon—though at about the usual time, I believe. Parting reluctantly with my Washington friends, I took train for New York. President Roberts had been called away, but the Elders deputized by him to make my stay a pleasant one, did their whole duty, and assured me that its other and truer name was delight. At the Hotel Astor, in the North Ball Room—hung with glittering chandeliers and adorned with beautiful statuary—I addressed, on Sunday afternoon, a choice gathering, and in the evening an equally attractive congregation at the L. D. S. Chapel in Brooklyn.

My next stop was at Painesville, Ohio, where I passed a pleasant day with my cousins, the Reynolds family, before journeying on to Chicago, to spend a happy birthday with my children. Sunday, July 4th, I was the speaker at Logan Square, and the following midweek found me once more at "my little grey home in the West."

XXXIV

After Fifty Years

1926—1927

MY first public appearance after returning from the East, was at the Citizens' Military Training Camp, Fort Douglas, on Sunday morning, July 11th. President Ivins had an appointment to speak there, but was called away, and by request I took his place. General Holbrook, commander; Captain Blakeney, chaplain; and Colonel John T. Axton, chaplain of chaplains, U. S. A., were among the notables present. My address was well received.

At the General Conference in October I delivered the following discourse:

There is nothing that I enjoy more, in the way of public gatherings, than the General Conferences of the Church. The present occasion has for me a special, personal interest, in that it marks a distinct epoch in my life. Fifty years ago this very month, at the General Conference in October, 1876, I was called upon my first mission, to preach and teach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And I have been preaching and teaching it ever since, both by tongue and pen.

My field of labor, during the fore part of that mission, was the State of Pennsylvania, and at Philadelphia a World's Fair was in progress—the Centennial Exposition. It is something of a coincidence, interesting to me if to no one else, that as I enter upon another half century of service—all of which I do not expect to spend in the United States nor in any other place this side of the Spirit World—another great exposition, the Sesqui-Centennial, is in full blast at the famous old town.

One hundred and fifty years ago, July 4th, 1776, the representatives of the Thirteen United American Colonies, which up to that time had acknowledged allegiance to Great Britain, met

in Philadelphia for the purpose of declaring those colonies free and independent. They put forth the immortal document known and revered as the Declaration of Independence, the preface to the Constitution of the United States, which the Lord has declared in our day to have been established "by the hands of wise men" whom He "raised up unto this very purpose." The signers of the Declaration were fifty-six in number, and some of the sentiments to which they subscribed their names are as follows:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The Declaration, after enumerating the acts of usurpation and tyranny for which the King of Great Britain (George III) was held to be responsible, closes thus:

"We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved. . . . .And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

These men were not Latter-day Saints. They did not bear the Priesthood, nor did they have the fulness of the Gospel, with the gifts and powers of the Holy Ghost. They were not members of the Church of Christ; they had no opportunity to be, for it was not then upon the earth. Yet there was something that made them willing to imperil their lives for freedom and justice and the rights of man.

Their act was heroic, thrilling. Even to read about it almost brings the tears to one's eyes. One of those men, after signing his name and laying down the pen, said: "Now we must hang together, or we shall all hang separately." And this was no exaggeration. Had they failed, they would have been executed as traitors and rebels. It was their success that saved them, and God gave them that success.

Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration, though some of its phrases were current in that day—common property. Jefferson, heaven-inspired, breathed into them the breath of life and made them live forever. It was a great achievement.

"All men are created equal." This phrase is Rousseau's—he whose pen kindled the fierce fires of the French Revolution. It does not mean, of course, that all men are equal in intelligence and capacity, any more than they are equal in stature or in weight. But all have equal rights to life, to liberty, to the pursuit of happiness, and are entitled to equal opportunities for possession and promotion.

That is America's doctrine, and it is God's doctrine, too—yet to be emphasized when Zion's children, the pure-in-heart become equal in temporal as in spiritual things, and are of one heart and one mind, "every man seeking the interest of his neighbor, and doing all things with an eye single to the glory of God."

"Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." That also is God's doctrine—the doctrine of common consent, exemplified by the Latter-day Saints at every Church, Stake or Ward conference, where the names of their presiding authorities are regularly placed before the people, to see whether or not they will sustain them as their leaders and teachers. This they manifest by giving or withholding consent.

Compare this doctrine with the notion once prevalent in European as in Oriental countries, that the king or hereditary ruler of a nation was the owner of that nation, the proprietor not only of the land, but of the people living upon it. They all belonged to him and he might dispose of them as he saw fit, not being accountable to any human power for his actions. When a reigning princess married the monarch of another realm, all her dominions and all her subjects went with her as part of the bridal dowry.

Such was the case when the Netherlands, largely Protestant in religion, passed into the possession of the Catholic king of

Spain, who forthwith undertook to convert his new subjects by force, using for that purpose his pillaging and slaughtering armies, with all the horrors of the cruel and merciless Inquisition. The Stuart kings governed England as if it were their personal property, and the controversy that arose brought forth a Hampden and a Cromwell, and cost King Charles the First his head. He had "lost his head" a little while before. The German Kaiser habitually referred to his people as "my Prussians," and even in democratic England the king, according to the custom of centuries, still speaks officially of "my armies," "my navies," "my government."

A wonderful and startling change was wrought when men arose upon these Western shores who dared to say and maintain: We, the people, are the true sovereigns. We choose our rulers, and they are our servants, not our masters, and are accountable to us for the manner in which they govern the commonwealth and administer the laws enacted by our representatives for the general welfare.

That is the American idea, "government of the people, by the people, for the people," as Lincoln expressed it in his famous Gettysburg speech.

And nothing proves more conclusively that Joseph Smith, God's prophet, was a real and true American, than his reply to one who inquired of him how he managed to govern a community made up of so many different nationalities, with all their varied languages, customs and traditions. Said the Prophet: "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves."

The United States is a Republic, in which the people are recognized as the one source of power. The Church of Christ is a Theo-democracy, in which God speaks and the people say "Amen." It is the Church of God and his people—the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Were I to say that the founders of this Nation builded better than they knew, few if any would question the statement. But if, in addition to that, I should voice my conviction that this great Government was established purposely to favor the coming forth of the Church of Christ in this dispensation—the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times—many would deem my declaration presumptuous, and even preposterous. Great movements are generally so regarded at the beginning.

It was "presumptuous" in Columbus to pit himself against the learned ignorance of his age, and proclaim the earth round, when public opinion held it to be square and flat or shaped like

a cheese. But his "presumption" led to the discovery of the Western Hemisphere and the founding of the mightiest nation of modern times. It was "presumptuous" for the American colonies to declare their independence and array themselves against the militant might of the British Empire. But they succeeded, and their "presumption" was swallowed up in victory amid the thunders of the world's applause. In like manner it may look presumptuous for a little handful of people, numbering only three-quarters of a million all told, to claim that a nation originally of three millions and now of one hundred and twenty millions, was founded for the express purpose of furthering their God-given mission of preparing the way before Messiah's second advent. But when the Kingdom of Heaven prevails, and Christ is reigning in person over a sanctified planet, such a claim will not be considered presumptuous, preposterous, nor at all out of the way.

All great builders build better than they know. Some realize in part, but others not at all, that they are instruments of Deity, used for carving out His sublime and beneficent purposes.

Passing by the patriarchs, prophets and apostles of old,—all of whom helped to prepare the way for this last and greatest of the Gospel dispensations; and dismissing with a word such characters as Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus—the former referred to in sacred writ as the Lord's "servant," and the latter as His "anointed"—let us consider the case of Alexander the Great.

When I was a child I was taught to sum up this great man's career by saying: He conquered the world, but could not conquer himself, and died a drunkard at the early age of thirty-two. But I have learned since that Alexander did something more, which is not often referred to—I don't know why, since it is quite as important as a dissertation on the wine cup and the evils of intemperance. Alexander's conquests carried the Greek language as far as the borders of India, and that is the language into which the New Testament was afterwards translated. Thus the Macedonian conqueror paved the way, not consciously, but as an instrument of Providence, for the subsequent promulgation of the Gospel. While building for himself an empire destined to perish with his passing, he helped to lay the foundations of the Kingdom that shall stand forever.

Dean Farrar, in his *Life and Work of St. Paul*, says: "The immense field covered by the conquests of Alexander gave to the civilized world a unity of language, without which it would have been, humanly speaking, impossible for the earliest

preachers to have made known the good tidings in every land which they traversed."

McCabe the historian dilates upon the same fact as follows: "Alexander was no vulgar conqueror, and his title of Great does not rest simply upon his conquests. . . .Wherever he went he left the Greek language and some portion of Greek culture, as a priceless legacy to the countries through which he passed. This universal spread of the Greek tongue was all powerful in drawing the nations of the old world into a closer and more intimate contact with one another. Greek became the language of commerce as well as of the court. At a later period the Hebrew Scriptures, translated into Greek, were made accessible to the whole world, and the way was thus paved for the mission of Him of whom these Scriptures testified."

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Dean Farrar again: "The rise of the Roman Empire created a political unity which reflected in every direction the doctrines of the new faith. . . . The Gospel emanated from the capital of Judea; it was preached in the tongue of Athens; it was diffused through the empire of Rome; the feet of its earliest missionaries traversed the solid structure of undeviating roads by which the Roman legionaries—'those massive hammers of the whole earth'—had made straight in the desert a highway for our God. Semite and Aryan had been unconscious instruments in the hands of God for the spread of a religion which, in its first beginnings, both alike detested and despised."

In due time came Columbus, impelled by the Spirit of the Lord to cross the mighty waters surging between European and American shores. To what end? To prove the earth round and reach India by sailing west? Yes, that was *his* motive. But the "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," had a higher purpose in view, to which the comparatively small objective of the Genoese explorer was but tributary.

The discovery of the Land of Zion, the predestined theatre of wonderful events in the last days, events connected with the consummation of the Lord's work upon this planet—the land where the New Jerusalem is to rise, unto which Christ will come as King of kings, to usher in the reign of peace and right. This was God's purpose, accomplished through the man Columbus.

The lovers of liberty who followed in his wake and were actuated by the same Spirit, as a further preparation for the

great Latter-day development, founded upon this North American continent a nation, the mightiest on earth, under whose protecting aegis, the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom, the Church of God came forth, to be nurtured unto the complete fulfilment of its destiny.

Did the American patriots who framed and signed the Declaration, who established the Constitution and laid the foundations of this mighty commonwealth, realize that they were bringing to pass the predictions of American prophets and the words of Jesus Christ concerning the Gentiles upon this land? No; for the record of those divine utterances was yet slumbering in the earth, awaiting the set time for coming forth. Nor do the Gentile nations of today realize that with their ships and railroads and other means of transportation and communication, they are helping to gather scattered Israel in fulfilment of the ancient prophecy: "They shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines toward the West."

Columbus built better than he knew. Wycliffe, Luther, the reformers, explorers and conquerors all, as well as the founders of this Nation, did likewise. And even the Latter-day Saints, with all their knowledge of divine plans and purposes, revealed from heaven to enable them to execute another phase of God's "marvelous work and wonder," have no adequate conception of its future greatness and glory.

Nor is it necessary that they should have at this time. Well for us if we diligently discharge the duty of the present hour, and patiently bide the time of Him whose omnipotent and unerring hand is guiding the cause of Christ to its glorious consummation.

So ended the discourse. Immediately upon resuming my seat, the following note was handed me:

Dear Brother Whitney: I regard it as most fortunate for the Church, that to one of our number is given the propriety, the capacity and the inspiration to correlate the occasional momentous events of the world with the eternal progress of God's work.

I pronounce your address a masterpiece, and I heartily congratulate you.

Your brother,
Stephen L. Richards.

Calls for speeches at banquets and other social or literary functions continued to come. The Cleofan, Authors' Club, Ex-

change Club, and other organizations were addressed in turn upon "Napoleon," "Tennyson," "Poetry," and other themes. About Christmas time as I was passing out of the Hotel Utah, where I had spoken at the Exchange Club's luncheon, I accosted Dr. Beatty, the State's health officer, who was also a guest there, asking him whether he was a Fundamentalist or a Modernist, that being a topic I had touched upon. "I am a Modernist," he replied, "but wish to say, without flattery, that I have never heard the subject so beautifully presented as you set it forth today." His inclination, he said, was toward my side of the question (Fundamentalism) but his training had been in the opposite direction.

I repeated my Christmas address before the Bishop's Club in the Belvedere Parlors, and was given by President Bryant S. Hinckley, of Liberty Stake, this characteristic introduction: "Brethren and sisters, we promised you the best. Well, he's here, and will now speak to us."

It reminded me of another occasion, when Colonel John T. Axton referred to me as "a preacher without peer;" and of still another, when Governor Wells, as toastmaster for the U. of U. alumni, introduced me as "the nimblest wit and happiest raconteur that Utah has ever known." This is just about what I would have said of him, had our positions been reversed; and I might have said it, too, of Bryant Hinckley.

While grateful to these good friends, for their polite and generous offerings, I mentally handed back the right change. I have never wanted to be "a preacher without peer;" I have never wanted to excel everybody at anything. Maurice Chevalier says: "I wouldn't care to sit on top of the world, if I had to sit there alone." So say I, with a more modest summit in view. The most I have ever coveted in the way of distinction, is to stand in the front rank of those who promote by tongue and pen the cause of truth and righteousness.

In February, 1927, it fell to my lot to introduce William Allen White at a banquet of the Bonneville Club. I was not a member, but had been persuaded by the Club's newly elected president, Dr. Fred Stauffer, to act as toastmaster. It was

Ladies' Night, and a brilliant assemblage filled the Hotel Utah ball room, where the banquet was spread. My wife and I sat with President and Mrs. Stauffer, Mr. White and others, on a platform overlooking the spacious hall. My speech follows:

Mr. President, gentlemen, and those who sit beside you and so vastly improve your appearance. (Applause and laughter.)

The poet Longfellow, addressing an audience of young students, used this paraphrase: "We who are old and are about to die

"Salute you, hail you, take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome, as with flowers."

Let me paraphrase Longfellow far enough to say: We who are about to speak salute you, etc., etc.

Speaking of speakers, one was giving a lecture on "Women," and began it thus: "Generally speaking, women are—generally speaking." (Laughter.) But I don't believe it, ladies. The biggest gossips I ever knew were men; and I am glad the women have a weapon of defense and know how to use it. The same speaker was asked by a friend: "Did you have words with your wife?" The friend answered: 'Yes, I had words, but no opportunity for using them." (Laughter.)

How different my case tonight. What a splendid opportunity is here for the use of words. Shall I have the right words for the occasion? I hope so.

And now for an old-time anecdote, which you may or may not have heard before. A certain King of England—Henry the Eighth, I believe—had an original and effective way of replenishing his depleted exchequer. When out of funds he simply levied an assessement upon some rich man in his realm, and compelled him to "divvy" fifty-fifty with him, as the saying goes.

The richest man in England at that time was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to him the King sent word that he was about to pay him a visit. Whereat the prelate felt highly honored, and bade his servants burnish and brighten everything, in anticipation of the royal visit. Among other things he told them to put on their best attire, and at the head of a gorgeous retinue he went out to meet the King.

Now Henry had foreseen all this, and it was just what he wanted; it played into his hands; for he had craftily instructed his servants to clothe themselves in their shabbiest attire. So

that when the two trains met the contrast between them was very striking. The King, feigning humiliation, said: "So, so, my Lord Bishop, it seems that you are better able to make a proper showing at such a time than am I, your monarch. I think it only right that you should part with some of your vast wealth in my favor—and I shall expect it of you."

The Archbishop was thunderstruck. The King, noticing his crestfallen look, went on to say: "But I'll give you a chance. If within thirty days you will come up to London and before me and my court answer three questions to my satisfaction, I will let you off—I'll accept that in lieu of all demands. The questions are these: First, you must tell me how much I am worth; second, you must tell me how long it will take me to go around the earth; third, you must tell me what I think. If you fail, you must make over to me half of your possessions." And wheeling about the King returned to London.

The Archbishop was so astounded at the extraordinary demand, that he was unable to collect his thoughts. He allowed most of the thirty days to pass without making any attempt to conjure up answers to the King's questions. Walking out one day, gloomy and sad, he met a servant of his, a shepherd, a very witty fellow, and one who bore a striking resemblance to the Archbishop. He was bold enough, too, to inquire the cause of his master's dejection. "Well," thought the Archbishop, "why not tell him? Perhaps it will lighten my load of care to confide in him." And so he did. "Within a few days," said he, "I must go up to London and answer before the King and the court three difficult questions—answer them to the King's satisfaction, or else part with half of my possessions."

"And the questions?" inquired the Shepherd.

"They are these"—and the Archbishop stated them.

"Oho," laughed the Shepherd, "is that all? Why, I can get you out of that."

"How will you do so?"

"Let me take your place. Everybody says that we closely resemble each other. Let me impersonate you. Clothe me in your official robes, put me at the head of your train, and send me up to London, and I'll answer the King's questions."

The Archbishop thought it a desperate venture, but as it was his only chance, he took it. And so, upon the day appointed, up to London went the pseudo-Archbishop at the head of the real Archbishop's train, and presented himself at the royal palace. The King was completely deceived. He thought it was really the Archbishop. He complimented him on his

promptness in appearing, and expressed the hope that he would be equally prompt in answering the questions. He then convened the court and proceedings began.

"First, my Lord Bishop," said the King, "You must tell me how much I am worth."

Said the Shepherd: "Our blessed Lord and Savior was sold for thirty pieces of silver. I don't think you could be worth more than five." (Laughter.)

"Well done, well done," exclaimed the King. There was a good-natured side to him. He liked a clever quip. "I'll accept that as the answer to the first question. Now tell me how long it will take me to go around the earth."

The Shepherd: "If you get up with the sun and travel as fast as he does, you can go around in twenty-four hours." (Laughter.)

The King: "Well done, well done again! I'll accept *that* as the answer to question number two. And now tell me what I think."

Said the Shepherd: "You think I am the Archbishop of Canterbury. (Uproarious laughter.) But I am only his humble servant, and have come to plead for my master and beg your Majesty to be lenient with him." And the King was so pleased with the Shepherd's wit, that he forgave the debt—if debt it could be called—and all ended happily.

Now I hope that none of you ladies and gentlemen will fall into the same error as did the King, and imagine me to be someone else. I am not the speaker of the evening, though the length of this introduction might cause you to think so. I am only his humble forerunner, sent ahead to prepare the way.

"A certain rich man" (the title of one of Mr. White's books) has come among us—rich in intellect and literary achievement—editor, author, broad-minded American. After he has spoken you will think of him as of that great prehistoric sea that once laved with its briny billows the bases of these grand old mountains, now robed in *white* in honor of this occasion (loud applause). And you will look upon me as upon a diminutive pool of salt water—the residuum of Lake Bonneville—caught in a hollow of the ground when the great flood passed on.

We are all white men here tonight—except the women; and they are whiter than we are, or would be were it not for their rosy complexions. It gives me great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce to you the whitest man of all—Hon. William Allen White, the speaker of the evening. His theme: "Calvin Coolidge and the Changing Times." (Tremendous

applause, all rising and greeting the distinguished visitor, who then addressed them).

The wine of mirth and the wormwood of sorrow ofttimes commingle, bearing out the apostolic proverb: "In the midst of life we are in death." That same month the Whitney family were in mourning over the death of my sister Helen (Mrs. George T. Bourne), whose demise left but two of my mother's children in mortal life—Mrs. Florence Marion Dinwoodey and myself. And "Floddy" had but three more years to remain, before joining father, mother, sisters and brothers, who doubtless waited with open arms to receive her, as her free spirit soared from "The Valley of the Shadow" to the luminous hills of Paradise.

XXXV

In the Southland

1927

I HAVE always felt a deep interest in the Southern people. My sympathies have been with them from my earliest recollection. A desire to become better acquainted with them and with the land they inhabit prompted me to ask for an appointment to visit that section. The fact that an Alabama paper had published a sermon of mine which liberalized public sentiment toward our missionaries in certain parts of that State—items officially reported by the Mission President—may have enhanced, it certainly did not diminish, my interest in "The Sunny South."[a]

My tour of the Southern States Mission began on Friday, November 11, 1927, when I arrived at Memphis, Tennessee, and was met upon my arrival by Elder Charles A. Callis, the genial, wide-awake head of that great mission. He took me to the Hotel Peabody, where for the next two days I was a guest.

Following an afternoon priesthood meeting and an evening

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a Said the Deseret News (in which the sermon first appeared, the Montgomery "Alabama Times" republishing it March 8, 1917): "At whose request or suggestion The Times devoted five and a half columns of its space to this discourse, The News is not informed; but an incident of its delivery last fall is worth mentioning. . . . On that occasion a Scottish visitor in the city who was present at the service declared to a resident fellow-countryman that he was impressed as never in his life before by the words which had been uttered; and upon departing from the city he left a request that whenever the discourse should be printed, copies of the paper containing it should be sent to relatives and friends whose addresses he furnished. . . . Elder Whitney is to be complimented upon the wide publicity given his excellent sermon, and the Montgomery Times is to be commended for its fairness and friendliness, as well as for its enterprise, in laying before its host of readers so comprehensive, logical and convincing an enunciation of the doctrines and belief of that which the world calls 'Mormonism.'"

reception at the L. D. S. Chapel in Barrett Place a special conference convened on Sunday the 13th, in the Knights of Pythias Hall. Much interest was manifested, members and non-members of the Church vying with one another in expressions of appreciation. Some of them had motored three hundred miles to attend the meetings. An orchestra of nine pieces, all but one of the performers non-members, assisted at the evening service. The lion's share of the speaking time fell to me; the lamb's portion being divided among several others.

The conference over, President Callis and I took train for Atlanta, Georgia. The journey thither was enlivened—to put it no stronger—by the antics of a madman, who with his keepers occupied the drawing room of the same car in which Callis and I had lower berths seven and eight. The poor fellow was being taken to Atlanta for an operation. While most of the car's occupants, including the keepers, were asleep, he escaped from the drawing room and ran down the corridor shouting: "Help! help! They're going to kill me." We thought he might be going to kill us, but instead of calling for help we deemed it best to lie still and "let the clouds roll by." The keepers, roused from slumber, pursued their man, and with some difficulty finally got him back to his berth.

"And so we sang the chorus,
From Atlanta to the sea,
As we went marching through Georgia."

Yes, it was from this point, in the autumn of 1864, that General Sherman, at the head of his devastating host, laid waste the land "sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main," leaving behind a trail of ruined homes and bitter memories that have since divided, far more effectually than Mason and Dixon's line, the South from the North. The two sections no longer hate each other, but "Marching through Georgia," a fond memory in the North, is execrated in the South, and the tune is hissed whenever played by orchestra or band.[b]

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b Apropos of Sherman's March, one of Moody and Sankey's famous hymns is said to have originated in an incident connected with that warlike episode. The story runs that a Union garrison, surrounded by a Confederate force, received

Atlanta, the headquarters of the Southern States Mission, might be considered the hub of a wheel, with the surrounding districts or roads leading thereto as the spokes. Soon after my arrival at "The Hub," I attended with President Callis a mid-week conference at Greenville, a growing industrial town in South Carolina. While at breakfast in the Hotel Imperial, I was waited upon by a reporter of "The Piedmont," who solicited an interview for his paper. Here are a few of the items of that interview:

Dr. Whitney, apparently in the early fifties, but actually more than seventy years old, wearing a handsome gray beard, with regular English features, clear and pleasant blue eyes, spoke freely of the Mormon Church, the South, and matters of passing interest.

The well-groomed gentleman, with the build of a husky athlete, took a prominent part in the Constitutional Convention which wrote in the organic law of the State of Utah in 1895, "Polygamy is forever prohibited."

His wife, who died in 1900, was virtually a southern girl, her father being a Kentuckian, and her mother a native of South Carolina.

Dr. Whitney, a former journalist, has written a complete history of Utah in four large volumes. He is also a poet. He has traveled much in the interest of his Church, having on two occasions journeyed to Europe.

While I might have found it difficult to resemble in all

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from Sherman the signaled message, "Hold the fort, for I am coming;" and the genius of the song-writer applied it to a greater General signaling to his soldiers from Above:

" 'Hold the fort, for I am coming'—
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
By thy grace we will."

The proverbial "single step from the sublime to the ridiculous" was taken one Sabbath morning by a Sunday School chorister, waving his baton over an army of children singing that identical song. In his enthusiasm he stepped down from the platform and, calling upon the whole school to follow him, led them around the hall singing "Hold the fort, for I am coming." All went well until the second verse, which begins:

"See a mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on!"

When all at once it struck him that it was time to break ranks and disperse the host that he himself was leading.

respects the flattering portrait drawn of the "husky athlete" with "clear and pleasant blue eyes" (mine were not of that color when I saw them last) it is better, I think, to be given a blue eye than a black eye, by a spicy South Carolina newspaper.[c]

At the conference in Greenville a number of Indians occupied the front bench. One of them, Elder Samuel T. Blue, presided over a "Mormon" branch on the Catawba Reservation. He was among the speakers, and spoke well. These Indians were not savages. They were in civilian attire, clean and neat in appearance, and would have passed for white men anywhere. One of them was a graduate of Carlisle University.

At Columbus, Georgia, I dedicated a chapel. "Husky" I had now become, owing to a severe cold. My voice had almost left me, and I was beginning to ponder ruefully upon the prospect of a premature return to Utah, when suddenly my throat cleared and my voice was strong again. I need hardly say that I had prayed earnestly for this blessing.

Sunday, November 20, at the L. D. S. Chapel in Atlanta, the Georgia Conference convened, bringing together the membership of that and other districts, with their outside affiliations. Many prominent citizens—business men, lawyers and other professional people—were present. I addressed three splendid congregations, and at the close of each meeting many came down the aisles to shake hands and express satisfaction.

Louisville, Kentucky, was one of the big cities included in my tour. Situated in the famous "Blue Grass" region, popularly supposed to be overrun by race horses and jockeys soaked in mint juleps, it failed to resemble the portrait thus drawn. Nary a horse nor a jockey nor a julep did I see. Perhaps evolution has changed the horses into autos, the jockeys into chauffeurs, and the juleps into gasoline. There were plenty of autos about, and they added to the picture, though subtracting now and then from the population. In the handsome lodge hall

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c The liberal attitude of the press all through the South was a pleasing feature of my experience. Such great papers as the Memphis "Commercial Appeal," the "Atlanta Constitution," and the "Florida Times-Union" gave generous advance notices, and in some instances synopsized the discourses delivered at various points.

of the Shubert Building, I addressed three representative gatherings. What I said I do not recall. One of the Elders was heard to remark: "Golly, if I should speak that plain they'd mob me." From which fact I was led to infer that I had delivered my message.

At and in the vicinity of Atlanta two notable objects attract attention. First, the famous Confederate Memorial, carved on the face of Stone Mountain, a huge granite pile looming skyward sixteen miles out from the city; second, the cycloramic "Battle of Atlanta," on permanent exhibition in Grant Park. The Memorial was not designed, it is said, to commemorate the personal exploits of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson—whose gigantic figures will stand out in bold relief on the side of the mighty monument—but to exalt the virtues of sincerity, fortitude and self-sacrifice, manifested by these and other heroes of "The Lost Cause." The "Battle of Atlanta," presented to the municipality by a wealthy citizen, depicts with startling vividness Sherman's advance upon the doomed city, and the gallant resistance offered by the men in gray, so hopelessly outnumbered by the men in blue. This great painting's most pathetic feature is a Northern soldier dying in the arms of a soldier of the South, who recognizes, and is recognized by, the man whom he has just shot down, as his own brother, mortally wounded in the blind, undiscriminating on-rush of battle. The pitiful sight recalled a song I used to sing:

"Brother fighting against brother,
'Tis well—'tis well that thus we part."

Years ago, on th West coast of the Continent, I was spinning through Golden Gate Park in a crowded sight-seeing car, the conductor of which was the usual purveyor of drolleries for the entertainment of tourists. After informing us that the Pacific Ocean was "undoubtedly the largest ocean on the Pacific Coast," he switched to the weather, saying: "San Francisco has 365 sunshiny days every year—that is, unless it rains; then we lose our reckoning." It is much the same in Florida, "the land

where sunshine spends the winter." In a letter to the Deseret News I wrote thus from Jacksonville:

While you-uns are shivering, we-uns are sweltering; and this, on the very verge of winter. An overcoat in this climate is a joke, a chest-protector a scream. I have had to doff mine, not out of deference to sectional sentiment—for the South is tolerant, and where Confederate uniforms were once the exclusive fashion, Union suits are now freely worn! No, it was purely a physical gesture, a desire to be cool and comfortable.

Jacksonville numbers among its two hundred thousand inhabitants about five hundred Latter-day Saints, the largest branch of the Church in the Southern States. This pivotal point in the Florida District (which could muster a membership of three thousand) hopes to be "some sweet day" the headquarters of a Stake of Zion. And why not? Why San Francisco and not Jacksonville? Why Mexico and not Florida?

Our party from Atlanta included the President's amiable wife, his equally amiable daughter, and Miss Grace Mickelsen, of Draper, Utah; the latter a capable stenographer and typist, who aided me in preparing my letters for the press.

At their fine new chapel, corner of Park and Copeland streets, in the choice Riverside section, the Saints of Jacksonville, with their friends and neighbors, met in conference on the 27th of November. The event had been thoroughly advertised, not only through the papers, but by house-to-house visits and cards placed in show windows. Even the theatres had been enlisted in the good cause, no less than six of them throwing upon the screen announcements of the conference and the expected presence of "an Apostle from Salt Lake City." Forenoon, afternoon and night, the chapel was thronged, and the prevailing spirit fully justified the large attendance and the efforts put forth to secure it. The two policemen who stood outside the Chapel during the meetings were not there because of any anticipated disturbance, but merely to see that traffic was not impeded or wrong parkings made. Jacksonville's chief-of-police (A. J. Roberts) is a Latter-day Saint of long standing.

At a social gathering following the conference a fine pro-

gram was rendered in the recreation hall, and I was presented with a handsome wallet of alligator hide, with my initials in gilt upon the polished surface. I responded with a speech of acceptance, and being encored, gave humerous stories and recitations.

Preceding the conference, our party had taken a side trip to St. Augustine, "the mother city of America." Returning thence we halted at the Alligator Farm near Jacksonville. There we listened with amused interest to the colored custodian, who regaled us with sundry humorous observations. Pointing to one of the huge reptiles basking lazily in the sun, he informed us that "that there alligator is seven hundred years old," and went on to say that the reason it could live so long was because it was "contented." "A man could live that long if he was contented and would stop thinking," said Rastus. "The alligator he can't think—he ain't got nothin' to think with." He didn't say that some people reminded him of alligators.

Bidding Florida good-bye, Friend Callis and I took train for Charleston, S. C. There we were joined by two other Elders, and with them paid a visit to world-renowned Fort Sumter. Having boarded the yacht "Recreation," after thirty minutes on the waters of Charleston Harbor, we stepped ashore at the old cannon-pounded fortress. The only man met there—for the place was ungarrisoned—was the commandant, Sergeant William Cody, who received us graciously. We were shown through what remained of the partly crumbled fort, covering a small island of only two and a half acres. One part had been rebuilt, and from the stone parapet on that side two monster guns frowned seaward. The other part remained as it was when Major Anderson and his comrades, after a brave defense, surrendered to General Beauregard, by whose order, on April 12, 1861, the bombardment had begun.

At Fort Moultrie on Sullivan Island we were shown the spot—and stood upon it for a picture—where Sergeant Jasper, on June 28, 1776, jumped down outside the breastwork, and amidst a storm of shot and shell from the British fleet picked up the fort's fallen flag and planted it again upon the walls.

How the cannon balls from the ships sank into the soft palmetto logs, doing no harm, but actually strengthening the rude barricade, every American schoolboy knows. South Carolina, "The Palmetto State," did well in choosing that tree for her emblem.[d]

In most parts of the South the color line is rigidly drawn. At all the big railroad stations "Colored Waiting Room" is a conspicuous sign and a "Jim Crow" car forms part of every passenger train. Up North, well-to-do negro families hire white servants, but nothing of that kind would be tolerated in Dixie's Land. In Durham, N. C., the status of the negro is said to be unique, the white and colored elements cooperating in tolerance and mutual helpfulness.[e]

In spite of bad weather—reputedly "the worst storm in many years"—our conference at Durham was successful. Next day the weather changed, and under a clear, blue, sunlit sky, through a picturesquely wooded country, we continued our journey.

"On to Richmond"—and with fewer impediments along the line of travel than those encountered by the indomitable Grant when he advanced upon the Confederate capital. Crossing into the "Old Dominion," we reached Petersburg, one of those impediments, where the Northern general mined the Southern earthworks and fired the mine with fearful effect before he succeeded in taking the town. The "Crater" caused by that terrible explosion is still in existence, inviting the attention of tourists.

Late in the afternoon of December 5th our train rolled into the historic city on the James. And a beautiful city it is—"a brave smiling city, like Paris; a charming city, like Washington; a city rising, like Rome, on seven hills." Such is Rich-

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d The Fort Moultrie of today, garrisoned by a thousand men, is built of brick. Nothing remains of the original redoubt but the sand dunes upon which it once stood. In a dismal dungeon under one of these, died as a prisoner Osceola, the famous Seminole chief, a terror to the whites as long as he lived to lead his tribesmen against them. "Patriot and Warrior" is the inscription on a stone slab covering his mortal remains.

e It was at Durham that General Joseph E. Johnston and General William T. Sherman, at the close of the Civil War, came to terms, whereby all Confederate soldiers east of the Mississippi River laid down their arms, completing the work of disarmament begun by Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

mond, according to Frances Parkinson Keys. In and near this famous town of two hundred thousand inhabitants have occurred many of the most significant events in the political life of the Nation.

Contiguous to our hotel—The Richmond—was Capitol Square, with its equestrian statue of Washington; also Capitol Building, containing the old House of Burgesses where Aaron Burr was tried for treason and acquitted. Immediately facing the hotel is St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, and General Robert E. Lee, its main defender, once had pews, as indicated by silver markers. It was there that President Davis, while engaged in divine service, received the news of the fall of Petersburg, necessitating the immediate evacuation of Richmond.

Monument Avenue displays statues of President Davis, General Lee, General "Stonewall" Jackson and General J. E. B. Stuart. Lee's is the most beautiful and the most impressive. The great soldier is on horseback, bareheaded, and gazing steadfastly as if witnessing the progress of a battle. A single word is carved on the base of the monument, and that word is "Lee." It is enough; a volume could tell no more. The Jackson and Stuart monuments—also equestrian—are equally simple. The Jefferson Davis memorial represents its subject as in the act of public speaking. It was a drizzly day when we surveyed these and other engaging sights, but the interest they evoked amply compensated for the discomfort involved in viewing them.

On one of the hills where sits this queenly city, stands an unpretentious frame structure, more renowned, perhaps, than any other building in Virginia. I refer to St. John's Episcopal Church where, in March, 1775, sat the famous Virginia Convention, its members spell-bound by the fiery eloquence of Patrick Henry, whose immortal speech ending with the impassioned words, "Give me liberty, or give me death," is one of the classics of American oratory. Among those who listened to that wonderful forensic outburst, were George Washing-

ton and Thomas Jefferson, both destined to preside over the new nation whose coming was thus heralded.

"Why was the convention held in a church?" I inquired of the man in charge. "It was the largest building available for the purpose," was his reply.

St. John's Church has since been enlarged, though the original dimensions are preserved, with some rearrangement of the pews. We sat in Patrick Henry's pew (shown by a silver marker let into the wood), and after that nothing would satisfy Friend Callis but for me to mount the old pulpit and recite the renowned oration, which I had learned in boyhood. The caretaker joining in the request, I gratified them in the manner suggested.

But I must not forget the main purpose that took me to Richmond. In Traboy Hall, on December 7th, the district conference convened. Besides preaching the Gospel, I told of my kindly feelings toward the South, and went so far as to say that while my earliest American ancestor, sailing from England in 1635, landed in Massachusetts, I was convinced that he wanted to land in Virginia, but was blown out of his course!

"All who would like Brother Whitney to come again, raise your hands," said Callis as I closed. Every hand went up, and mine was among them. So ended my tour of the South.

By way of Washington I reached New York, and filled two appointments made for me by President Henry H. Rolapp, who had succeeded President Roberts at the head of the Eastern States Mission. In Carnegie Hall and in the Brooklyn Chapel, I addressed two choice gatherings, prior to entering upon the last stage of my journey back to "The Valleys of the Mountains."

XXXVI

As Far as I Have Come

1927—1930

AT the General Conference of the Church in April, 1927, an incident occurred the effect of which was to revive the memory of earlier happenings, a brief account of which will now be laid before the reader.

In January, 1910, under an appointment from President Joseph F. Smith, I prepared an article on "The Mormons," for a Catholic Encyclopedia, that was then being published in New York City. The President had received assurances from a Catholic friend prominently connected with the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, that such an article—to replace one far from satisfactory in the preceding edition—would be accepted by the editors and compilers of the new work. That Catholic friend spoke for Reverend W. R. Harris, who had charge of the Judge-Mercy Hospital, a Catholic institution at Salt Lake City. Dean Harris, as he was commonly called, represented the aforesaid editors and compilers. The article, after being approved by the First Presidency was accepted by the Dean, signed by him, and sent to New York.

In April, 1911, I was shown by President Smith an elegantly bound volume of the Encyclopedia, containing the article on "Mormons" just as I had written it—with a few glaring exceptions. Regarding the Book of Mormon I had written this: "Eleven witnesses, exclusive of Joseph Smith, the translator, claim to have seen the plates from which it was taken." And the following sentence had been inserted: "On renouncing Mormonism subsequently, Cowdery, Whitmer and Harris, the principal witnesses, declared this testimony false." The

person or persons responsible for this change had also tried to make a point against the Church in the matter of plural marriage, by asserting that the surrender of a practice alleged to have been commanded by divine revelation at the behest of the United States Government, showed that "the Mormons thought it right to obey man rather than God." There were other interpolations, but these were the most important.

President Smith was indignant over the manner in which we had been treated. So was I. Immediately I wrote to Dean Harris, expressing my surprise and disappointment. He was much moved, I was told, on reading my letter, and promised that if I would prepare another article, answering the statements objected to, he would endeavor to have it published in a later volume of the Encyclopedia. Forthwith I prepared the article, signed it and sent it to the Dean. But it did not appear.

Sixteen years went by, and then occurred the incident mentioned at the opening of this chapter. Elder Charles H. Hart, of the First Council of the Seventy, while addressing the General Conference in the Tabernacle, made a complimentary allusion to the Catholic Encyclopedia, referring to the general fairness of its article on "Mormons," but excepting certain items which he hoped would be corrected when the attention of the sponsors for the work—the Knights of Columbus—had been called to them. While Elder Hart was speaking, I penciled and handed to the upper stand a note briefly covering the facts herein set forth.

That note, read by President Grant to the congregation, started a discussion between Father Louis J. Fries, of the Cathedral of the Madeleine, and myself; our letters upon the subject appearing in the columns of the Deseret News. Father Fries presented communications from some of his colleagues in the East, among them the chief editor of the Encyclopedia, denying that any change had been made in the article after it reached their hands; thus throwing back the responsibility upon Dean Harris, who was no longer in Utah. Up to that

time I had supposed the changes in the article to have been made in New York City.

Subsequently I was told that a certain local prelate of the Catholic Church regarded me as "a most pronounced and persistent antagonist" of that ancient institution, and had reported me as such to Pope Pius XI at the Vatican in Rome. I was also informed that some of my writings—probably the printed letters to Father Fries—had been submitted to the Supreme Pontiff, eliciting from him the gracious pronouncement that in the discussion represented by those writings, I had "acted the gentleman."

While appreciating to the full the Pope's amiable attitude upon this point—showing that he, too, is a gentleman—I could neither appreciate nor admire the position taken by his informant, in representing me as "a most pronounced and persistent antagonist" of the Catholic Church, because I had tried to correct a misstatement in the Catholic Encyclopedia—a misstatement reflecting upon my religion and my people. Having said this much, I now take leave of the subject.

During the fall of 1928 I toured the Eastern States Mission, beginning my itinerary on Sunday, September 2nd, at Charleston, West Virginia, a town widely known as the scene of the execution of John Brown, the raiding Abolitionist, just before the outbreak of the Civil War. President Rolapp met me there.

An interesting feature of our conference in Charleston was the confirmation of six newly baptized converts, a father and five children, who came to the stand and sat facing the congregation while I completed the ceremony of their initiation. The branch president was a retired U. S. mail carrier, a staunch Latter-day Saint, while his wife was an equally staunch Presbyterian. Of this fact I was unaware until seated at her table between meetings, or I might have been more diplomatic in referring to the "good Mormon gravy" she had just brought on. She informed me that it was "Presbyterian gravy," and gave me a John Knox look that seemed to emphasize that bit of information. Not that she was ill-natured; quite the contrary. She came to our next meeting and listened attentively

to all that was said. Needless to add, the subject of "Mormon gravy" did not again come up.

Fifty miles west of Charleston, embowered in wooded hills on the banks of the Ohio River, sits Huntington, a pretty little town laid out by and named for Collis P. Huntington, of railroad fame. In compliment to President Brigham Young, whom he admired, he copied, I was told, the wide streets of Salt Lake City. Fairmont, in the northern part of the State, is a noisy mining town, with coal fields rivaling those of Pennsylvania. We put up at the Hotel Fairmont and slept soundly—most of the sound coming from the railroad depot, too near by.

In Washington, D. C., my time was mostly spent with Senator Smoot and Governor Wells. Mrs. Smoot was then in a feeble condition, her life slowly ebbing away. I gave her the blessing that she solicited at my hands. Senator Smoot's tender, unflagging devotion to his invalid wife was as touching as it was admirable.

Governor Wells' family remained the same as when I was last in Washington. His wife and his daughter "Flolly" were still with him, all the rest of the birds having flown. Since my former visit the Governor had succeeded to the position of Treasurer of the Merchant Fleet Corporation, fitting into his new office like a hand in a glove. As Assistant Treasurer, he was the logical candidate for the superior office upon the death of his respected and lamented predecessor, Mr. Schmidt. It took the "higher-ups" some time to read the many glowing testimonials presented by him, but at the finish there was only one verdict: "Wells is our man."

"Heeb" wanted me to go with him to a favorite haunt of his —a Turkish bath, with swimming pool and barber shop adjuncts, where one can be bathed, shaved and shined "while he waits," and have his suit pressed while he naps. But Reed would none of it: No, I must go with him to the baths in the basement of the Senate Office Building, there to be rubbed, scrubbed and toweled by act of Congress, as it were. Befor dressing, we stood upon the scale and found to our mutu surprise that our weights were just the same, one hundred a

eighty-four pounds—the only point of resemblance between us. Those who lean upon Senator Smoot—and many do lean upon him—are not reclining on a broken Reed, nor even a slender one. It is his unusual height that attenuates him to the eye. Standing under the measuring rod, I strove to make my five-feet-eleven equal his six-feet-two; but all in vain.

Sunday morning President Rolapp and I met with the members of the Washington Branch and reorganized the presidency thereof. That day we dined at Senator Smoot's and took train for Baltimore.

Maryland's fair capital has a population of nine hundred thousand, almost twice that of Washington. The Saints in Baltimore are far from numerous, but they and their friends can comfortably fill the little hall of their chapel on Federal Street, where we addressed them. In the congregation were Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Olmsted, with whom I had had some acquaintance. Mrs. Olmsted was formerly Miss Rosalind Grant, at one time a stenographer in the Church Offices at Salt Lake City.

By courtesy of the Olmsteds, who numbered among their possessions a fine automobile, I saw for the first time the famous battlefield of Gettysburg, fifty-two miles west of Baltimore and ten miles over the Maryland border into Pennsylvania. Through a beautiful undulating country—all Maryland is that—along wide smooth roads fringed with woods and corn fields, with here and there a silvery sheet of water—Druid Lake the principal one—an up-hill, down-dale ride of about two hours brought us to the little town from which the great battle derived its name. Gettysburg in 1928 had five thousand inhabitants, more than twice its population at the time of the terrible three-days struggle which saved the Union and sounded the doom of the all but victorious Confederacy.

We first viewed the Gettysburg cyclorama, painted by a French artist, Paul Philippoteaux, who in executing his task put himself into the picture as a Union soldier. This vast painting, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, aims to depict the action of Friday, July 3rd, when Pickett's men made their wonderful charge upon the Union center and all but

pierced it—in fact did pierce it, but were driven back by men as brave as themselves, who thus prevented Meade's army from being cut in two.

The spot where Armistead fell at the head of his charging Virginians—who were mowed down in swaths by the Federal guns while crossing an open plain, ascending a fire-swept slope and dashing against a stone-wall fortification bristling with bayonets and cannon—is indicated by a stone marker. Near by, at a place called "The Bloody Angle," where Lee's veterans were finally repulsed, is a monument with a carved book of stone containing the names of the men who reached that extreme point. "The High-water Mark"—such is the inscription on the flinty page that preserves their names. There the invasion of the North was checked. There the back of the Confederacy was broken. Thenceforth it was a lost cause for which the valorous men of the South contended.

Gettysburg, in many respects, resembles Waterloo, and takes its place beside that fateful conflict as one of the world's sixteen decisive battles. In both the numbers were about equal, and in each instance one army attacked while the other defended. Like the British, entrenched upon Mont St. Jean, the Union soldiers, behind that low stone wall on Cemetery Ridge, withstood and rolled back the fiery onslaughts hurled against them in raging human billows. Pickett's heroic though futile charge, like Ney's with the Old Guard, was the finale of the great fight. Lee, like Napoleon, was a military genius beaten by a captain less gifted than himself.

Unlike Napoleon, however, Lee was not routed, but withdrew in order from the field and led his decimated host across the Potomac back into Virginia. Pleading no alibi, he took upon himself the sole responsibility for Pickett's failure. Instead of giving way to anger and loading the air with profane epithets, the Confederate chieftain, every inch a gentleman, addressing an English officer at his side, simply said: "Well, General, we cannot always win victories."

Greatness shines brighter in failure than in success, in adversity than in prosperity. General Robert E. Lee was a great

man, though he made a serious mistake, not only at Gettysburg, but in his attitude upon the question that caused the Civil War. In spite of all, he is nearly worshipped in the South and respected and honored in the North. His equestrian statue, erected by the State of Virginia, is one of many monuments dotting the field of Gettysburg. Standing upon the very spot where Pickett's charge was launched, it faces a similar statue of General George G. Meade, the Union commander,on the opposite side of the field.

We did not fail to visit the hallowed piece of ground where Lincoln, a little over four months after the battle, stood in the midst of forty thousand graves and uttered his immortal tribute to the dead who had died in defense of the nation's life. There, where the burning issue had been decided, was registered the high resolve "that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

But my story must march on. At Pittsburgh, Pa., President Rolapp and I held a conference in Barth's Hall. At the beginning there was a loud hullabaloo, a regular pandemonium, outside under the windows, as if a political meeting were in progress and someone had just nominated somebody for something. I despaired of making myself heard, but the din soon subsided. It was only the newsboys getting their evening papers from the printing press next door. Why newsboys need to use plenty of lung power in selling their papers, I can easily understand; but why they must yell like catamounts while getting ready to sell them, is past my comprehension. But boys will be noise, I presume, to the end of the chapter.

After a conference in Binghamton, N. Y., we proceeded to Brooklyn, the headquarters of the mission. In the office Miss Pearl Bridge, stenographer and typist, before and since employed in the Church Offices at home, lent capable assistance in copying my letters to the Deseret News.

Following a conference in the Brooklyn District, an early train bore our party to Boston. Though the night was wet, Huntington Hall, where the Saints hold regular services, was

well filled. After the sermon I answered questions put to me by those who filed past the stand after dismissal. "What is your attitude toward the other churches?" one young man inquired. "They are all doing good," said I, "but are without the fulness of the Gospel." He bowed and walked away thoughtfully.

Next came a conference in Philadelphia. I had been there before; had entered Independence Hall and stood within the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed and the Constitution framed. But this was my first opportunity to preach in the famous old town where the greatest of modern nations had its birth.

The following Saturday found me on the rails of the New York Central, running up the left bank of the Hudson, admiring its scenic beauty and indulging in reminiscent thoughts. Passing Tarrytown, where Washington Irving wrote and "Rip Van Winkle" was written; then West Point, with its memories of many Utah boys, cadets there at different times, we arrived at the city of Rochester. There and at Buffalo we completed the tour and parted, Friend Rolapp returning East, and I continuing westward, arriving home in time for the General Conference in October.

In August and September, 1929, I toured the Northern States Mission, first visited by me some nine years before. This time my companion was President Noah S. Pond. The main incidents of our itinerary were the organization in Chicago of an Elders quorum—the first ever known in the Church missions; and the dedication of two L. D. S. chapels, one at Cincinnati, the other at Dayton, Ohio.

On Tuesday, September 10, by courtesy of Mr. Fred Essig, brother to my daughter Margaret's husband and chairman of the Chicago Rotary Club's entertainment committee, I appeared before that distinguished body of professional and business men at their regular weekly luncheon in the Sherman Hotel. It was their custom to invite ministers of all denominations to offer the invocation. I made a brief prefatory talk from the speaker's stand, where I sat next to Colonel Archer, who,

after I had spoken, gave an entertaining address on "Sanitation and Civilization." He began by saying: "While Bishop Whitney was speaking, I recalled the story of the two oysters. One of them inquired of the other, 'Where are we?' The other answered, 'We are in the soup at a church festival.' 'Must be some mistake,' said the first, 'what need had they for both of us? ' "

I was billed on the program as "Bishop Orson F. Whitney of the Mormon Temple, Salt Lake City"—the maker of the program evidently supposing the Temple to be a church, with me as its pastor. "Who is this Mormon priest that's going to give the invocation?" had been asked of my daughter Margaret—Mrs. Lester C. Essig. "It happens to be my father," she said. And "there was silence" in that vicinity "for the space of half an hour."

The Church's Centennial celebration was many months in the future when I began work upon a poem, "The Lifted Ensign—A Call to Israel," which I read in the Tabernacle at the second session of the General Conference, beginning Sunday, April 6, 1930. This poem, written in the form of an allegory introducing three characters— Elias, Ephraim and Judah—represents my first venture in the field of dramatic poetry. It was composed in response to a request made of the Council of the Twelve by President Heber J. Grant, who had asked for suggestions as to how the great anniversary should be commemorated. I was the first to respond.

My original intent was to cast the three characters, with myself in the role of Elias; but I abandoned that idea and chose the simpler method of a solo reading, one reason for the change being that I had no one to help me. The Committee appointed to prepare and present the Pageant which was so notable a feature of that memorable occasion, had all that they could do, without shouldering any additional responsibility. Consequently I paddled a lone canoe.

I had been urgently solicited by the Pageant Committee to write the scenario—"The Message of the Ages;" it being recognized, I suppose, that I had done some thinking along that line,

as my "Epic of the Ages" bears witness. But I was obliged to decline, not feeling equal to the undertaking after pouring all my thoughts into my poem. I therefore recommended Bertha A. Kleinman, and she was chosen to write the scenario.

My poem, though not presented as originally designed, was published in the Centennial number of the "Improvement Era" and, as stated, I had the privilege of reading it in public on the opening day of the great conference. Tracy Y. Cannon took a lively interest in my work and rendered all necessary assistance at the organ console.

Nor was I left in doubt as to the favorable impression made upon the vast congregation that listened to the reading in the Tabernacle, and the yet vaster audience that received it over the Radio. Among many expressions of appreciation came the following from the pen of a California poet:

1226 N. Miller Avenue, City Terrace,
Los Angeles, California.

The Improvement Era.
Dear Friends:

The April Era just arrived, and I would like to congratulate you on the splendid work. Of course poetry appeals greatly to me, and The Lifted Ensign, by Orson F. Whitney, used as an opening for the magazine, seems to lift it above the general religious publications; for it adds dignity and power to the rest of the magazine, since poetry is recognized as the highest spiritual form of expression.

Sincerely yours,
Edith Cherrington

Another letter, addressed to me, ran as follows:

Office of the State Auditor,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 8, 1930.

Apostle O. F. Whitney.
Dear Friend:

While listening to the radio Sunday, I heard your Centennial poem, and was impressed with the masterly manner in which you depicted a great drama, with the world as a stage and the characters of religious history admirably cast.

I think, too, your delivery was perfect. Truly, it seems to me this poem is a masterpiece. Permit me to congratulate you.

Sincerely yours,
Ivor Ajax,
State Auditor

In the preparation of this poem I received valued advice from Miss Laura Hickman, sister to Professor J. E. Hickman and teacher of English in some of the leading schools of the State. None of my scholastic friends have been more helpful to me than these twain. Miss Hickman has a high sense of literary values, and her intelligent, incisive criticisms have more than once put me on my mettle and prodded me into doing my best.

During the month of May I toured the Central States Mission in company with President Samuel O. Bennion. It was a time of floods and tornadoes, but we traveled in safety through Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, holding conferences at principal points—the final one at Independence, Mo., the Mission headquarters. While there I made arrangements with Zion's Printing and Publishing Company to bring out my memoirs—the book now in the hands of the reader.

On Tuesday, July 1st, 1930, the members of my family, all who could come together, including my Chicago children and a number from Bellingham, assembled at the home of my bereaved and dear brother-in-law, Henry M. Dinwoodey, 815 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, to celebrate my birthday. It was a most delightful occasion. Thirty-two persons, mostly my children and grandchildren, sat at the table, and after a delicious feast, I arose in my place and addressed them, relating items of family history, and exhorting them to righteousness of life and loyalty to God and his work. We then knelt, and I invoked the divine blessing upon all my loved ones, there and elsewhere. The party broke up at 10:10 p.m., the exact time of my advent into this world seventy-five years before.

XXXVII

What Others Have Said

IN the Spring of 1903, while I was still connected with the Church Historian's Office, I was interviewed by a representative of "The Character Builder," who requested the privilege of giving me a phrenological reading, with the understanding that it would be published in the April number of that periodical. I consented, and the result is here appended.

WHAT PHRENOLOGY TELLS

(*Nephi Y. Schofield*)

We have much pleasure in presenting this month the photograph, delineation and sketch of Orson F. Whitney.

It is rare that a more striking and interesting subject can be found, therefore we invite a close scrutiny of the methods employed to determine from an examination of the physical organization, the quality, quantity, strength, weakness, direction and also the nature of those various organs that mould, create and fix character.

In measuring the head and noting the fulness thereof, one is reminded that this is an age of syndicates, monopolies, trusts, etc., for here is a veritable colony of distinct mental faculties which, in size, culture and prominence, seem to have combined for the purpose of intimidating the average man by their secret power and silent boldness.

Certainly, in delineating this head, if one had the tact and wisdom to confine his observations to the frontal lobe and "perfecting group" of organs, he could make almost any prediction with reasonable safety; but outside this area there would be more or less danger, for although the brain in bulk is extra large, it is not of uniform strength.

Actual measurement shows it is nearly 23 1-2 inches in circumference, 14 1-4 inches from the orifice of the ear over the head to the other ear, and six inches in diameter. The weight

of the body—180 pounds—is nicely proportioned to these figures, thus establishing harmony and balance between body and mind; but the second measurement, though actually large, is relatively small. To correspond with the 23 1-2 inches, this should be at least 15 inches, hence the disparity points to a relative weakness in the coronal portion of the brain, and further inspection discloses that in the region of the crown also there is a distinct falling away.

We shall refer to this again, but now, having laid the foundation for our structures, it is important in reading character always to bear in mind the modifying effect of quality, temperament, education, health, etc., and right here we strike perhaps the most important consideration in our subject, viz.—his "Quality."

This is not expressed by the size of any single organ, but by the texture and flexibility of the hair; smoothness and fineness of the skin; lustre and expression of the eye; delicacy and color of the lips; tone of voice, and in a score of ways familiar to the practised eye. Apart, therefore, from all consideration of cranial development, and by reason of his quality alone we know nature never intended Mr. Whitney or his type to become a conspicuous factor in the petty details and monotonous routine of commercial life. Buying and selling, bartering and competing is not his forte; and though possessing many splendid business qualities, yet he has other endowments of a still higher order, and while he recognizes the utility, necessity and advantage of conditions that exist which to him are distasteful, he is personally opposed to the shackles that bind one either to the drudgery of business or to the slavish pursuit of worldly pleasure.

Such men, though always respected, are rarely fully appreciated, because rarely understood. The fact is their ideals are too high and thoughts too deep for the average busy crowd, and

"—oft-times a secret something
Whispers—You're a stranger here."

The word "quality" here referred to and as applied to individuals, is analogous to the word "breed" in cattle, and the extra quality in the present instance is intensified by the "perfecting" group of organs already mentioned, and found in the middle side-head where the hair is parted.

Of course if we examine this head as the skeptic examines his Bible—to find flaws, certainly we can do so. It may be necessary to refer to a few, but now, keeping in mind the various

measurements before given, the distinct mental-motive temperament, the high "quality" of organization, the unmistakable evidence of culture, etc., we would say to Mr. Whitney:

You have a wiry, but not a robust constitution; a large active brain which, with your temperate habits, is well nourished; otherwise you have no excess of vitality.

The intellectual faculties are wonderfully developed, which, with your strong ideality and sublimity, gives a distinct literary cast to your mind.

You are keen in perception, poetic in temperament, profound in reason, serious in purpose, deep in reflection, sensitive in feeling, intense in desire, lofty in ambition, agreeable in style, modest in bearing, mirthful in disposition, clean in conversation, proud in spirit, bold in conviction, earnest in effort, systematic in method, kind in motive, cautious in speech, and broad in opinion.

It is seldom we find all the organs classified in the intellectual group so highly and harmoniously developed in one man, but a glance at the high, broad and symmetrical forehead proves the statement.

The heavy dome-like appearance above the eyes shows powerful perceptives, the function of which is to unite man to the material things of life; to gather and retain facts; to collect data; to observe, weigh, discriminate, measure, classify and store useful information; and you are, therefore, a natural historian.

These organs are practical in character. They give a thirst for useful knowledge; the power to absorb and utilize it; a strong, retentive memory, and combining with large causality and comparison, give literary talents of a high order; the ability and inclination to delve beneath the surface; to originate, analyze and dissect; while the strong artistic endowments already emphasized, give poetic embellishment to the endless thoughts that constantly crowd such an active mind.

Your dominating sublimity enters into and will color every phase of life. It intensifies and quickens your veneration. You believe in God, both by intuition and reason; naturally revere sacred things, and your admiration for the grand and sublime in nature transcends the powers of adequate expression. Though social in nature and prizing the company of congenial friends, yet solitude has no terrors for you. Occasionally you enjoy it. The dense forest, the rugged mountain, the turbulent ocean, the angry elements, the open grave, extent of space and the thought of eternity—all these are springs of thought and meditation, all will reflect the image of God.

The height of the upper portion of the forehead, near where the hair begins, measuring from the opening of the ear to this point, shows strong "human nature," which gives you a clear, intuitive insight into the motives and natures of men; while the prominence of the middle forehead where it begins to round off enables you to appreciate the witty and humorous side of life. Next to this, however, and equally strong in development, is Ideality, which imparts polish, grace, refinement and a love of the beautiful; therefore mirthfulness will never be allowed to descend to the gross, vulgar, and immoral.

The religious group of organs in an average (22-inch) head would be counted extra large, but in your case, though good, are not developed to the point of piety. Looking backward we find cautiousness and approbativeness need restraining. They are too active for your personal interests and peace of mind. The former often causes you to waver, hesitate and procrastinate; and with only average self-esteem, you are very apt to stand in your own light, to encourage groundless fears and lose what you otherwise might gain.

Approbativeness, while it gives ambition, the desire to excel, etc., does not give the necessary self-reliance, but, on the contrary, exposes you to many stings and wounds that are none the less real because concealed. Sometimes one's weakness comes from strength. Many people will misjudge you and mistake the dignified bearing which results from quality, ideality and approbativeness, to be self-esteem. As a matter of fact, you are unfortunately comparatively weak in this respect. While your anxiety and misgivings may not be apparent to others, you are painfully aware of them yourself, and should cultivate more stoic reserve and quiet, determined independence. You are inclined to shun rather than seek responsibility, to discount your own powers and criticise too severely your own efforts.

Scientifically, you possess in a high degree all the literary talents of the author and speaker—especially the former. With your splendid mental and physical machinery you should, and no doubt will, succeed in proportion as you are tried.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

(Elder John Nicholson)

In his life experience Bishop Whitney has passed through a great variety of processes, and in the bulk of them has shown adaptability and skill. There are exceptions to this, however. For instance, none of his close and observing friends would commit the error of placing him in the front rank as a workman on railroad construction. The man of mind who has a disposition to soar, has, as a rule, a correspondingly small inclination to dig in the ground. Neither are such occupations as express driver and salesman apt to be congenial to his tastes. It is doubtful that the Bishop flourished in such employments, but he showed sturdy manhood by engaging in them.

His ability in those lines which require the exercise of broad intelligence and forceful characteristics is strikingly pronounced, and his versatility is equal to his ability. In his line of work, he is original and resourceful, and invariably rises to the occasion.

As an exponent of the drama he excelled—his impersonations being lifelike, and the realism of his acting intensified by a resonant voice and a natural and dignified bearing. As a journalist he showed much capacity, yet his preference was always toward the more thoughtful lines of literature.

He has demonstrated excellent fitness for public office; in which he has had considerable experience; and the same can be said of his administration as a Church official, evidenced by the satisfactory condition of the Ward over which he, with his counselors, presides.

Bishop Whitney is popularly and deservedly rated as occupying a position in the front rank of the orators of the State. In the exercise of this gift he is clear, forcible, dignified and convincing, to a degree reached by few. His funeral sermons are noted for their fervent eloquence and power to console.

In literature, especially in poesy, he shines with rare lustre. There is one gem in his poetical volume for which the present writer has a special admiration, and yet it is unpretentious in character. A number of persons, all of critical and some of poetic ability, were asked which of the poems in the book was his or her favorite, and several promptly answered, "The Mountain and the Vale." That piece alone is sufficient to stamp Bishop Whitney as a genuine poet.

But all his previous efforts go down before his latest production, "Elias—an Epic of the Ages." It is lofty, massive, grand, exhibiting fertility of thought, expansive research and wonderful constructive ability. It is doubtful if the great theme—Eternal Truth—has ever before been treated so extensively in a poetic way and from a poetic standpoint. Up to date it is the crowning effort of the author's genius.

The Bishop retains his early affection for music and the drama. He makes it a point to see and hear the most gifted artists and reads the best of books, both sacred and secular. He toils early and late to finish or forward any work by him begun; often seeks solitude or the open air when composing, and is persistent and painstaking, noted for completing what he undertakes.

In disposition he is serious, with a tinge of melancholy in his nature. It is mixed with mirthfulness, however, and this quality, with his pronounced spirituality, has enabled him to conquer the tendency to despond. Like all poets he is keenly sensitive, and has an ardent temperament. Genial and unruffled as a rule, when imposed upon he knows it, and the offender is also apt to find it out. At the same time he is patient, and would rather suffer wrong than do wrong.

There is nothing of the gloater in his nature. He would be ashamed to exult over a fallen foe, a discomfited opponent, a defeated competitor. Rather would he pity one, could it be done without causing humiliation. He is magnanimous and loves to be just, even to an enemy.

Though poetic, he is far from impractical. His decisions in the Bishop's Court have, with but one exception, been sustained by the High Council. He reveres authority, but despises arrogance; likes comfort, but cares nothing for wealth; and would lay his all upon the altar for a sacred conviction.

SOME MEN WHO HAVE DONE THINGS—ORSON F. WHITNEY

(*John Henry Evans, "Improvement Era," September,* 1910)

Orson F. Whitney has neither built a railroad, nor established a canning factory, nor invented a rapid calculator, nor got fortune and place out of the stock exchange or the butter trust, nor even founded a society of anybody's sons or daughters. All he has done, if one could allow the Practical Man to put it, is to make new phrases, to coin words.

And yet, a hundred chances to one, when the Man-with-the Scythe is endeavoring painfully to recall the name of him who built this railroad or factory, or invented that machine which turns bran and sawdust into bright five dollar gold pieces, Whitney's name will come fresh to his lips, ready to drop off any minute into the vocal word. Such havoc does Father Time work with our poor balances and measuring-rods!

And why? Because, if we must confess it, machines, factories, railways, what-not, necessary though they are, do but satisfy a lower want in us, a transitory desire, whereas the poetic and the eloquent word ministers to a higher craving, speaks to the thing in us that abides, heartens us to endure these mere bread-and-butter implements. The poet, the preacher, the writer, the artist, the sculptor, the musician—these we must measure by something other than the commercial foot-rule. They shine by their own light, and not by the glint of mica. Fortunate we are that we have them, and we pay ourselves a high compliment when, in our harum-scarum chase after things that perish, we pause long enough to pay our toll of admiration and praise, as all "Mormondom" does, to this man.

In eighty years, only four men stand out as great preachers of the New Dispensation, and, singularly enough, all four have won laurels almost equally as writers and speakers. Whatever "Mormonism" may hereafter produce in oral and written expositors of the Word, the names of these four will be easily distinguished from all the rest in this period. Not that the rest are inconspicuous. We have had pioneers and colonizers, editors and educators, financiers and spiritual guides, all of whom have done signal work in the department of activity which they have chosen. All of these, too, with hundreds of others, have engaged in preaching. Nevertheless, we have had, thus far, only four great preachers, men in whom was the gift of expression in an eminent degree.

Of these four, not the least is Orson F. Whitney. And, like his companions in the group, he wears two laurel wreaths—one given by the muse, the other by the god of the spoken word. This is rare . . . Moreover, compared with at least two of the group in which I have placed Orson F. Whitney, his total output in writings and addresses is larger. As a poet, he is far and away the first in our eighty years, whether we consider the level of his art or the bulk of his work. . . .

Orson F. Whitney has the *gift* of oratory. There is no doubt about that. Else why have not hundreds of other Elders in the Church, with the same or even more practice, exhibited

the same power of oral utterance? It was not in them, to begin with. It was in him. That's the difference. . . .

Then, too, his mind is creative, and abhors the adoption of the ready-made phrase. He prefers his phrases made to order. Not only his poetry, but his addresses and sermons, abound in original dynamic and beautiful phraseology. . . .

Essentially, I cannot but think the gift of the writer and the gift of the speaker are one and not two. . . In Mr. Whitney's case of writing, it was merely an oratorical gift expressing itself through the pen. Or, to reverse the order, the poet sometimes expressed himself by means of the tongue.

To use a gift in building up the kingdom of God, that is Orson F. Whitney's motto. Naturally he would do this, once take for granted his conversion to the truth. He is a product of "Mormonism." His every thought and emotion has its roots deep down in his religious faith. All that he has said, whether by the pen or by the tongue, takes its rise in "Mormonism." There is no need to go outside for material. Only in "Mormonism" could there be found another theme as great as "Paradise Lost." Here is a big lesson for the "Mormon" writer.

At present the profession of letters with us is in a sad state. If one writes for the "Mormon" public alone, there is no bread in the larder. If one writes for the larger public of the nation or the world, one has to abandon distinctly "Mormon" themes, unless these are disguised beyond all recognition. And so the "Mormon" writer must ever steer between Scylla and Charybdis. But that way lies in the direction our poet-preacher has pointed in "Elias." One has to do one's best work and leave the event to Providence and the critics. . . .

In "Mormonism," Apostle Whitney thinks, the preacher has limitless possibilities in theme and opportunity, for its development and presentation. "The Gospel," he told me, "must be preached to all men, not alone the poor and unschooled, but also to the rich and scholarly. And we need all sorts of men to do this work. Hitherto we have done our proselyting among the so-called middle classes. But the Gospel will have to be presented to the so-called high born, the aristocracy of the blood and the mind. They, too, must be left without excuse. . . We must reach the educated and cultured classes through preachers who are themselves cultured and educated."

PATRIARCHAL PROMISES

(*Patriarch Ola N. Liljenquist, Hyrum, Utah, February* 26, 1879.)

Brother Orson: In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood, I place my hands on your head and seal upon you a father's blessing; that you may have lawful claim on all the blessings, hopes and promises that were given to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. For thou art entitled to all these blessings, through your obedience to the Gospel, as well as by birthright.

Thou shalt be filled with the power of God to lift up thy voice both loud and long in proclaiming the Gospel of peace, and thousands and tens of thousands shall be made to rejoice exceedingly through your administrations.

At all times when thou art sick, thou shalt have power to be healed, through the administration of the servants of God.

Thou shalt stand at the head of a numerous posterity and be blest abundantly with the fruit of your loins.

I seal upon you the attributes of faith, that they may continue to increase with you, until you shall have faith like unto the Brother of Jared, and have power to perform many mighty and marvelous works.

Thou shalt stand as a Savior on Mount Zion, crowned with all the blessings, and receive a fulness of joy.

Thou art of the tribe of Joseph, through the loins of Ephraim, and unto you are all these promises, and through your faithfulness they shall be given to you and to all your posterity.

(*Patriarch William J. Smith, Salt Lake City, October* 11, 1881.)

Thou hast a great work to do in this generation.

Great wisdom shall be imparted unto thee.

Every gift and grace of the Holy Spirit shall rest upon thee from time to time, and the Spirit of Revelation shall flow unto thee like a fountain of living water.[a]

At all times, in thy holy position, when thou shalt give counsel, the Spirit shall bear record that the counsels of the Holy One are with thee, and the convincing power of the Spirit shall accompany thy words to the honest in heart, and thousands shall call thee blessed.

Thy faith shall be mighty in Jesus. When thou layest

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[a] "You have a revealing mind—the power to grasp sacred mysteries," said President Lorenzo Snow, during one of our confidential talks.

thy hands upon the sick, the power of God shall come upon thee and the sick shall be healed.[b]

Thou shalt have power to cast out devils.[c] The blind shall receive their sight.[d] The deaf shall hear, and the lame leap like an hart through thy faith and instrumentality.

Thy faith shall be like unto Enoch's of old, and that power which caused the earth to shake at his words shall rest upon thee.

The kings and nobles of the earth shall hear thy voice,[e] and it shall be as the voice of an angel unto them.

None of thy enemies shall have power over thee.

Prisons shall not hold thee,[f] fetters shall not bind thee, and thou shalt have power to break every yoke.

Thou shalt receive the fulness of the Priesthood, with every ordinance and blessing that ever was bestowed upon mortal man upon the earth.

Thou art a lawful heir to these blessings; a savior to thy father's house and thy forefathers that have died without a knowledge of the Gospel. Thou shalt assist in their redemption.[g]

I bless thee and thy posterity after thee to the latest generation. They shall bring thy name in honorable remembrance in the House of Israel forever.

Thou shalt have wives and a numerous posterity upon the earth that shall rise up and bless thee.

Be strong, be valiant for thy God, for there is a great and a mighty work lying before thee, not only for the living but for the dead.

Thou shalt have dreams and visions to forewarn thee. Holy angels shall minister unto thee; and thou shalt have power to perform any miracle that was ever wrought by man upon the earth for the salvation and redemption of Israel.

(*Patriarch Abraham O. Smoot, Provo, Utah, October* 16, 1881.)

The Lord thy God hath favor toward thee, and inasmuch as thou art faithful in time to come, thou shalt be great in the midst of the earth.

Thy name and thy fame shall be known among the inhabitants of Zion; thou shalt be sought after for counsel; and thy wisdom shall be made manifest in the midst of the people.

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b Many cases of healing are recorded in previous chapters. See also Chap. 38, Note c.

c and *d* Chap. 26.

e Chap. 16.

f Chap. 19.

g Chap. 38.

Thou shalt have power, if necessary, to command the elements, and they shall obey thee.*h*

Thy heart shall be inspired to console the afflicted and build up those who are weak and cast down, that they may become strong.

Thy posterity shall rise up and bless thee, and thou shalt stand at the head of thy posterity in time and all eternity.

If need be, thou shalt commune with the spirits that have gone hence, and they shall visit and revisit thee.*i*

Thou shalt not die until thou art satisfied with life. And if thou truly desirest it thou mayest remain upon the earth and behold thy Savior when he shall come to reign King of Kings as he now reigns King of Saints.

(*Patriarch John Smith, Salt Lake City, March* 28, 1886.)

The eye of the Lord has been upon thee from thy birth. He has given thine angel special charge concerning thee.

It shall be thy lot to travel much, at home and abroad, by land and by water, laboring in the ministry.

Many shall seek thee for counsel, and shall rejoice in thy teachings, for thou shalt bring many to a knowledge of the Truth.

Thou shalt also confound "wisdom" in the wicked, and set at naught the counsels of the unjust.

As a judge in Israel thou shalt have power and influence among the people. Thy decisions shall be just, for the gifts and power of God shall be with thee.

Thou shalt have great faith, and when necessary thou shalt prophecy.*j*

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h More than once I have put this promise to the test. I will mention an instance. At Wasatch, in Little Cottonwood Canyon, a fierce mountain storm was beating upon the tent where lay my sick wife, trying to sleep. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and nearly drove her wild. Offering up a silent prayer, I rebuked the tempest in the name of the Lord, commanding it to depart. Not another flash, not another bolt was seen or heard, where we were. But far down the canyon muttered the faint remnant of the retreating storm.

i Early on the morning of April 24, 1918 (Paul and Virginia's birthday) while I lay on my pillow, half asleep, half awake, a pair of hands were laid upon my head. My first thought was that someone was in the house who ought not to be, and that I must lie perfectly still in order to be safe. But the touch was so soft and gentle that all fear soon left me, and with my own hands I took hold of those resting upon my head. They were a woman's hands. Presently I saw my wife Zina, who had been dead for eighteen years. She was hovering over me. I held out my arms to her, and she came into them. It was all so real. I could not doubt that she was actually there, a guardian angel, watching over her children and me.

j Chap. 19.

Be of good cheer and be comforted, for thy days and years shall be many.

I seal thee up unto eternal life, to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection.

(*Patriarch Charles W. Hyde, Salt Lake City, March* 25, 1886.)

Thou shalt be called to proclaim this Gospel from nation to nation,[k] and before kings and rulers; and the Angel of the Lord shall go before thee, and no power on earth shall stay thy hand.

Thou shalt do a great and mighty work in the Temple of God, and shall be crowned with glory and eternal life, with all thy father's household.

(*Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, Salt Lake City, June* 2, 1920.)

Thy name shall be known for good among kindred, friends and strangers, both far and near, and thy blessings shall continue to be multiplied.

Thy words shall be written in many languages, for the defense of the Truth and for the advancement of the Lord's work.[l]

Be of good cheer, for the Lord loves thee, and is pleased with thy ministry and thy devotion, and will continue to strengthen thee both in body and in mind.

And because of thy teachings and thy firmness and thy humility, the answers to thy prayers will reach into the lives of thy children, touching their hearts, and bringing them to acknowledge their Creator.

And unto this end, for thy comfort, both now and forever, I seal this blessing upon thy head, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

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k Chapters 13-17; 29-31.
l Chap. 24.

XXXVIII

More About the Family

1898—1930

THE Whitneys are not a gregarious family. They are hardly entitled to the appellation of "clan." "Birds of a feather" they undoubtedly are, but they seldom "flock together." Some of us see so little of one another, that we are scarcely acquainted with many of our next of kin. This ought not to be.

It was by mere chance that I fell in with Jethro Whitney, one of my grandfather's sons and consequently my uncle. I had heard of his being at Park City, Utah, engaged in silver mining, but until the summer of 1898 we had never met. I was at "The Park" filling an appointment to speak at a memorial service in honor of "The Martyrs of the Maine," and Jethro's twelve-year old daughter, Blanche Melvina, attended the service. Through this child I became acquainted with that branch of the Whitney family.[a]

In May 1904, there was a gathering of Grandfather Whitney's descendants at the home of his youngest daughter, Mrs. Mary Jane Whitney Groo. On that occasion I proposed that as long as such gatherings continued, a special feature of each occasion should be the delivery by some member of the family, of a brief address, biographical or otherwise, with a view to keeping alive the memory of our ancestors and acquainting ourselves more fully with the family history.

The proposition met with the hearty approval of all present,

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a Many years later—Jethro and his wife both being dead—I confirmed their grandson, Orson Jethro, a member of the Church. He had just been baptized in the Fifth Ward of Pioneer Stake. This youth had been named for me, in memory of my first visit to his grandfather's home.

and upon motion of Horace G. Whitney I was elected chairman. Also, I was authorized to appoint the speaker at each meeting and assign the subjects. Pursuant to this arrangement, Miss Hattie Whitney was appointed secretary, and I consented to deliver at the next meeting the first address of the kind proposed.

We assembled, a few weeks later, at the home of my brother, Joshua R. Whitney, where I read to my kindred the promised sketch, "The Whitney Family—Origin of the Name." Other duties then intervened and gradually the meetings were discontinued.

I have made mention of a work compiled and published by a relative of the Whitneys—namely, Colonel Frederick Clifton Pierce of Chicago. That work, "The Whitney Genealogy," contains many thousands of names, with much interesting data concerning the family, both in Europe and America. I assisted Colonel Pierce in gathering names and dates of the Utah Whitneys, and as soon as his book was out, I secured a copy for my library. It has been used in the Salt Lake Temple, and a work done there and in other sacred places for and in behalf of the Whitneys "behind the veil."

And now to record some items relating mostly to my children and grandchildren—items necessarily omitted, for lack of space, in previous chapters of this volume.

My eldest grandchild is my daughter Emily's first-born—namely, Winslow Whitney Smith. "Whit," as we call him, came into the world on May 14, 1907, under the roof-tree of his grandfather, John Henry Smith, who assisted me in blessing and naming the boy. He grew to manhood, and filled a remarkable mission in Switzerland and Germany, for which I set him apart June 21, 1927. The day of his departure for the other side of the world was the seventy-second anniversary of my arrival on this side. He was gone just three years, returning, as he had departed, on my birthday.

My daughter Helen's first child, also a boy, was born April 15, 1908. The event took place at Sugar City, Idaho, where the father, J. W. Timpson, was in the employ of the Utah-Idaho

Sugar Company. My wife was with Helen, from the day after the baby came, until her presence was no longer necessary. I was in California at the time. The babe was christened Richard Whitney Timpson—"Dick" for short. When very young he went with his parents to the State of Washington, and as a youth studied engineering in the University at Seattle. He is the first of my grandchildren to marry.

My son Byron, on September 19, 1913, took to wife Miss Lillian Edith Russell, the marriage ceremony being performed in the Salt Lake Temple by myself. "Bye" and "Lil" are the parents of seven children, named in their order as follows: Sarah Dawn, Orson Byron, Russell Hayes, Zina May, Max Lund, Emily Jean and Nancy Lillian—all born in Salt Lake City excepting Zina May, a St. Louis product.

My son Albert Owen ("Bert") married Miss Leah Ransom, at Pocatello, Idaho, October 18, 1915; Bishop Milo A. Hendricks officiating. The fruits of this union are a daughter named Helen Mar, and a son named Drew, the former born at West Jordan, Utah, the latter at Sugar City. Following a return to Salt Lake, the parents separated, Leah marrying again. The children are now with their grandparents, the Ransoms of Monroe, Utah.

Bert has been variously employed, mainly in the sugar industry, notably in Idaho and Porto Rico. In the cleaning and pressing business he likewise has shown efficiency. Moreover he possesses real literary ability. Two of his poems, addressed respectively to his little daughter and son, have been published.

My daughter Margaret married Lester C. Essig, of Spokane, Washington. She met him in January, 1915, while she and her company of Salt Lake boys and girls were touring the Pantages circuit with a musical skit entitled "The Wrong Bird." The comedy bits were by Arthur Morse Moon. The music and lyrics were Margaret's and she directed the orchestra. "The Wrong Bird," hatched in Salt Lake, flew first to Winnipeg, Canada; then to British Columbia and down the Pacific Coast.

At Spokane the Essigs, one of the first families of the place, came in touch with Margaret and her company by attend-

ing one of their performances and later through formal introductions. The young bloods of the town gave a supper in their honor at the Hotel Davenport. Wine was served, but at a signal from Margaret every glass was turned down, not a drop being taken by any member of the troupe. They were "the wrong birds" for that sort of thing.

Their young hosts were astonished, and wonderment gave way to admiration. From that hour Lester paid court to Margaret, sending her flowers as she traveled, and finally, with his father, Dr. Essig, his mother and brother Fred, he visited Salt Lake City.

Lester and Margaret were married at the home of her sister Helen (Mrs. Timpson), 1489 Kensington Avenue, April 28, 1917. The Apostles being restricted by Church regulation to Temple marriages, President Richard W. Young of Ensign Stake, at my request performed the ceremony. The reception over, the young couple took a night train for Kansas City. There they resided for a time and then removed to Chicago. In that busy center the Lester Company, designers, costumers, and dealers in all lines of theatrical merchandise, has had a phenomenal growth. Margaret and Lester's one child, Lester C. Essig, Jr., was born November 8, 1923.

When "The Wrong Bird" took its flight to Canada, the World War was raging and everything German was shunned and hated. Mr. Moon, who played a German part, found it advisable, before crossing the line, to change the Teutonic into an Irish character. To further commend the erroneous flyer to the good graces of the Canadian public, Margaret wrote a song, words and music, carrying a complimentary allusion to "Mother England," and had her company sing it at the opening performance in Calgary. Upon catching the drift of this number, every army officer in the audience arose and stood at salute till the last note was sounded. It was just another instance of Margaret Whitney's native tact, her ability to seize upon a situation and turn it to account.

On a subsequent occasion, while going down the Pacific Coast with another of her musical plays, "The Shadow Girl,"

she and several members of her company went into a cafe. While awaiting service Margaret asked the manager, rather timidly, if his orchestra played "Dearie Girl," which was being sung and sounded all over the land. "Dearie Girl? Dearie Girl?" echoed the one addressed, who then shouted to the leader: "Play Dearie Girl for the lady." "Dearie Girl" was accordingly played, but neither manager nor musicians dreamt that the composer of the famous little ditty was the one who had requested its rendition that evening.[b]

When the United States entered the World War my son Wendell enlisted in the 145th Field Artillery and went into training, first at Jordan Narrows, then at Fort Douglas, and finally at Camp Kearny near San Diego, California. My sons Byron, Murray and Bert were drafted, but Murray was exempted for health reasons, and the others on account of their marital status. As already related, I visited Camp Kearny several times, and took my wife and daughter Virginia to spend Christmas and New Year's in San Diego.[c]

Before leaving for the training camp, Wendell asked me for a blessing. I blessed not only him, but several of his comrades—boys of the neighborhood. All went to France, and all returned safe.[d] Wendell served his country faithfully, first as

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b More than one of Margaret's little opera company became noted in after years. Wanda Lyon, a Winter Garden prima donna, afterwards a popular dramatic star; and Betty Compson Cruse, a star of the screen, were both members of that talented combination. Walter Woolfe, of New York fame; and Charles LeMaire, internationally known designer, were also brought to the fore by Margaret's productions.

c While there we had as neighbors Mrs. Anna Butler and her daughters Laura and Melva, members of the family of Bishop Alva J. Butler of Sandy, Utah, who had a son in the training camp. Laura, as a girl of sixteen, had been miraculously healed, under my hands, when almost in a dying condition, a year or two before. It was a very remarkable case. The family physician had given her up to die, saying that she "could not live till morning." But a Power greater than man's intervened and decreed that she should live; and she lives today, a happy wife and mother. I myself united her in marriage to the husband of her choice.

d Two of them, Kingsley Clawson and Louis Squires, passed through some thrilling experiences. They told how the German shells burst over their heads as they bore dead bodies from front to rear, expecting every moment to be killed themselves. But they remembered their blessings, said their prayers, burrowed into their shell-holes, and were not even wounded, though the rest of their squad was practically wiped out by the enemy's fire.

corporal in the 145th, and then as sergeant in the Government secret service at Bordeaux. That transfer kept him out of the blood-soaked trenches, where so many lost their lives.[c]

This boy, like other boys of mine, has shown marked ability with his pen, though too busy in other pursuits to cultivate his literary gift. His satirical poem, "The Slacker," written at Camp Kearny and published in the Salt Lake Tribune, was the talk of the town. Since returning from abroad he has been much from home, seeking his fortune in other parts, mainly at Toronto, Canada, and in Chicago. He excels as a salesman. On September 26, 1929, Wendell married Miss Mary Christensen at Salt Lake City.

My son Murray has been more of a home body. Steady-going and reliable, he has had a varied business experience since childhood. Beginning as a grocer's clerk and delivery boy, he afterwards served efficiently in the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad offices, traveling with the Superintendent, Mr. Van Housen, as his private secretary. While there he studied the draughtsman's art and mastered stenography and typewriting. Next he was employed by the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, first at Sugar City, and then in the general offices at Salt Lake. While so engaged he took a correspondence course in higher accountancy, and received a certificate of graduation. This prepared him for an advanced position, that of auditor for the Hooper Sugar Company. He was given this place upon recommendation from the head of the department in which he had been working. Subsequently he engaged with W. H. Wright and Sons Company, Ogden, as comptroller, and is with them at the present time.

Murray's wedding day was September 18, 1918. He married Miss Dorothy Young, daughter of John M. and Chloe

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c General Richard W. Young, in a letter to me, October 26, 1918, said: "Wendell has a position with the Provost Marshal at Bordeaux; is permanently out of danger, and yet serving the Government in a useful and honorable way. I had taken him into my office, with the thought that before long I might get him in the way of earning a commission, but he was attracted, quite naturally, by the position offered, and after all is quite as well off or better."

Louise Spencer Young. I officiated at their marriage, which was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple. Murray and Dorothy are the parents of three boys—"Johnnie," "Mickey," and "Spence," all born in Salt Lake City.

My daughter Virginia's early life seemed clouded with misfortunes. She has survived more perils than any other member of the family. When but a wee mite of a girl she accidentally fell from an upstair window, against the screen of which she had playfully thrown herself. It was twenty-five feet to the ground, but she struck first, it appears, upon some matted vines and bushes before bouncing to the lawn, where she lay unconscious. She was picked up and carried in, and my wife watched over her through the night. A slight scratch on the child's forehead was all that remained to tell the tale of her alarming mishap. This occurred at the Seckels House.

After we had removed to Fourth Avenue, when she was about nine years old, she had an adventure that came near costing her life. Seated in a child's pony cart, with two other little girls, they were crossing a street near the intersection of First North and First West, when a runaway team and wagon came plunging furiously toward them. Virginia's companions ran for the sidewalk and gained it. They had tried to take her with them, but she was too heavy to lift, and, paralyzed with fear, could not help herself. She bowed her head and waited for death. But it came not. Horses and wagon passed over her, smashing the little cart into kindling wood and severely shocking and bruising its terrified occupant, but inflicting no fatal injury.

Better days were in store for her. Virginia's marriage to Dr. Don C. James has been mentioned. Their first child, Donald Whitney James, was born on Armistice Day, while his father was still in France.[f] A series of coincidences surround this little fellow. He came into the world at the very hour when the Ar-

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f Apropos of Armistice Day, on its third anniversary (November 11, 1921) I stood with Elder William A. Morton on Church Street, Liverpool, waiting for a car. Eleven o'clock struck and the signal gun spoke, calling upon all to stand still in silent reverence, commemorating the day and hour when the Great War closed. The whole city obeyed, not a wheel moving nor a whistle blowing nor a bell sounding, during two minutes of intense silence. It was most impressive. Other British cities did the same.

mistice was signed—11 a.m. on the eleventh day of the eleventh month. His mother is my eleventh child, and he my eleventh grandchild. Enough elevens, one would think, to leaven the whole Whitney lump! His little sister, Dolores, arriving later, escaped all that arithmetic. Virginia, with her husband and children, after residing for several years in Chicago and at Mar Vista, California, returned to Salt Lake, where Don resumed the practice of optometry.

From July 1919 to February 1923, my daughter Emily, with her husband and three children—Whitney, Dorothy and Virginia—resided in Chicago; the head of the house presiding over the Northern States Mission. Emily herself was a missionary, set apart to supervise the Relief Societies in those States. I was with them at the mission home, 2545 North Sawyer Avenue, on the evening of October 25, 1920, when a telegram from Lafayette T. Whitney apprised me of the death of our brother Horace, who had suddenly expired that day at his home in Salt Lake City. We were having a little social, and I had just recited Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," when summoned to the telephone to receive from the Western Union office the sad tidings. As soon as I could command myself, I wrote a letter of sympathy to "Bud's " sorrowing wife and children. I could do no more at the time, owing to important engagements in the mission field.

My daughter Helen and her family are still at Bellingham, Washington. She has four living children, having buried her second-born, Philip Whitney Timpson ("Budge") who died in April, 1912, when about two years old. Her other children, excepting "Dick"—already mentioned—are Margaret ("Peggy") William Whitney ("Bill") and Elizabeth ("Betty").

Paul, my youngest son, has been for several years a resident of Chicago. He was once with the Lester Company; but, encouraged by his sister Margaret, took a course of lessons in the art of advertising. Thus qualified, he secured a fine position with the Curtis Lighting Company, becoming the assistant advertising manager and editor of the weekly bulletin. On April 12, 1928, Paul married Miss Evelyn Ganschow, stenographer

and typist in a Chicago business office; Elder John H. Taylor, then Mission President, performing the ceremony. The Essigs gave the young couple a brilliant reception at their sumptuous suite of apartments, 3750 Sheridan Road.

At the date of this entry I am the father of eleven children, nine of them living; and the grandfather of twenty-three, all living but one. They are about evenly divided as to sex, and all are bright and promising.

THE WHITNEY FAMILY

(*Richard L. Carey*)

From a little English hamlet,
From Whitney-on-the Wye,
Where the hawthorns bud and blossom
Underneath an English sky,
Came a stalwart, sturdy Whitney
Three long centuries ago,
Like the hawthorn spread and blossomed
In the sunshine and the snow.

All about him grew the forests,
Trees of maple and of oak,
And the pine trees bent to listen
To the words the river spoke;
While the warwhoop of the red men
Rent the silence far and near
In the wilds of Massachusetts:—
But the settler knew no fear.

Grew a family up around him
As the swift years drifted by,
While about his old log cabin
Fell God's blessings from the sky;
And the family name took root there,
Spread its branches far and wide,
Till they reached from York to Frisco—
Sunrise gate to evening tide.

Some there were that for the Union
Wore the tattered army blue;
Some the grey, and then forgot it
When the old became the new;
One the cotton gin invented,
'Twas his own peculiar plan;
And where'er you find a Whitney
You will find an honest man.